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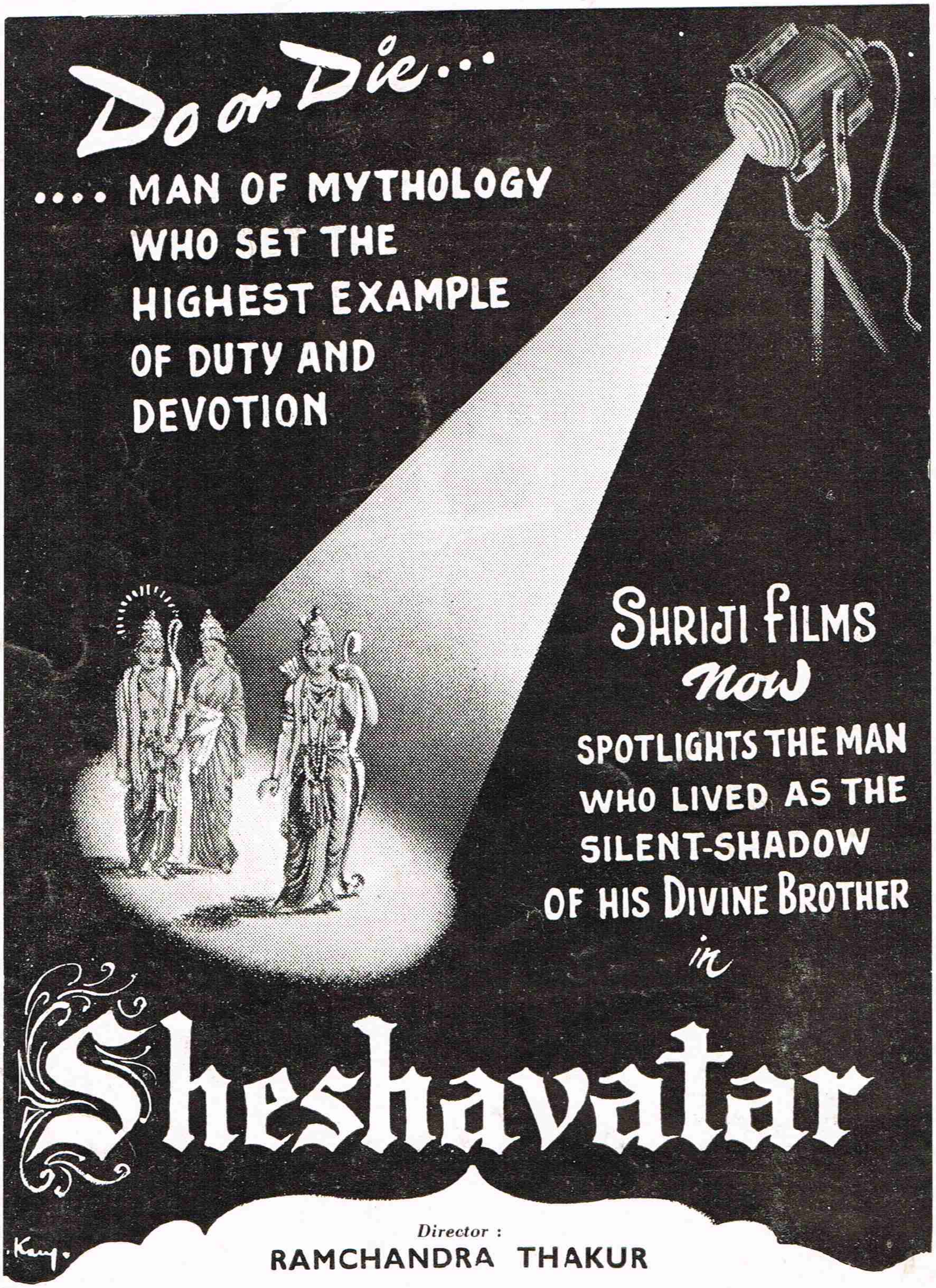
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Between The Devil And The Deep Sea

"As far as I can judge, the Congress will win with a thundering majority", said Pandit Nehru on February 8, at Trivandrum on the eve of the Travancore-Cochin elections. And after a six-day hectic election tour of the province and after addressing millions of people, on February 10, he again said at Ernakulam, "The Congress will win easily".

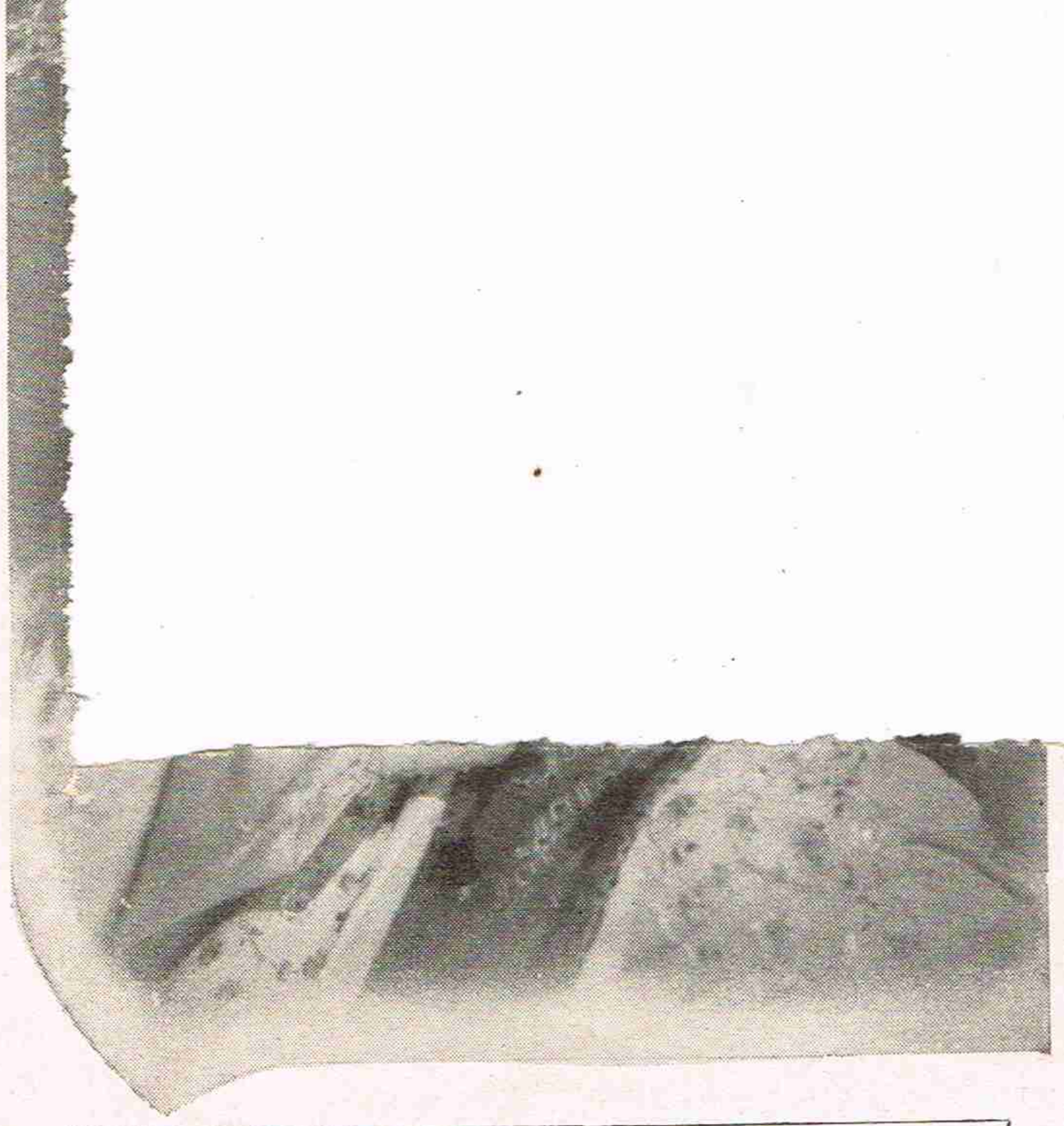
This great political prophet has been proved false.

Out of a total of 117 seats in the Travancore-Cochin State, the Congress contested 115 seats and won only 45 seats i.e. 39% of the contested seats and got 17,62,992 votes out of a total of 39,06,415 votes polled i.e. 45% of the people who actually went to the polls to choose their own misfortune. The Opposition captured 61% of the total seats and 55% of the total votes polled.

What a "thundering majority" has the Congress scored!

And Pandit Nehru travelled 800 miles for six long days over rough and dusty roads; raved and rushed through Trichur, Ernakulam, Kottayam, Muvattupuzha, Trivandrum, Wadakkancherri, Punnamkulam, Anthikkad, Kazhinjampara, Kozhancherry, Ezhumattoor, Eraviperoor, Ranni, Pathanamthitta, Kalankav, Pathanapuram, Punalur, Chadayamangalam, Nilamal, Kilimanoor, Venjaranmoode, Nedumangad, Kanjirappally, Quilon, Chengannur, Vallikunu, Alleppey, Pallurithy, Chittur, Nemmara and a hundred other small towns and villages; condemned the abusive tactics of the Communists and proceeded to abuse them himself; described his own government as a "good government of able men with highly creditable political and economical achievements"; spoke to millions, smiled at millions more, threw garlands at thousands, embraced children and at Alleppey even climbed a pole to enable the crowds to see him.

And the man who did all this and more said at Trichur, on 5th February, "Petty things like elections do not interest me much when there are bigger problems to face". Only two hours earlier and a few miles away at Wadakkancherri, Nehru had said, "Of course, I am interested in this election. But I believe that people get unnecessarily excited during election time. It is true that elections are very important."



Youth itself is a thief that steals hearts and when it lends its glamour to a woman it turns the world into a "chor bazaar". But then let us wait and see what youthful Chitra is doing in "Chor Bazaar", a social theme produced and directed by P. N. Arora for All India Pictures.

Now who climbed the pole in excitement—people or their Prime Minister?

After all these mental, physical and theatrical acrobatics, Nehru won only 39% of the contested seats. And with this result the Keralites slapped our handsome Nehru in the face.

What are the reasons for this disgraceful debacle?

Nehru says, "The Congress government is a good government of able men with highly creditable political and economical achievements." If this is true then why did 21,43,423 fully literate and well educated people of Travancore-Cochin reject Nehru's claim and elect 61% members in opposition to the Congress? Is Nehru bluffing us or are these 21,43,423 people bluffing us?

Speaking at Ernakulam on February 9 and emphasizing the importance of the Travancore-Cochin elections, Nehru said, "We are naturally interested in knowing what these two years' experience has taught you and made you to understand?" The people of Travancore-Cochin seem to have learnt a lot as is obvious from the election results but "these two years" don't seem to have taught anything to Nehru and his white-capped Congressmen.

At the same meeting in Ernakulam, Nehru said, "After a great struggle we have gained the freedom of India. We have to preserve it as a precious heritage now, not only to preserve it but to strengthen it."

This man is a great one at repeating the obvious. May we turn round and ask what Nehru and his Congressmen have been doing to preserve our heritage of freedom and to strengthen it?

It is now seven years since we achieved freedom and Nehru and his government have not been able to liquidate the tiny French and Portuguese pockets in India. On the other hand Nehru has allowed these foreigners to arm and strengthen themselves and they are now showing us their teeth in arrogance.

We have been at the Kashmir muddle also for the last seven years. This disgraceful affair has cost us thousands in human life and crores in money and Nehru is still tinkering with the problem and creating new enemies for our freedom.

Pakistan has been our new neighbour for the last seven years. Right from the beginning it has been utterly honest in its hostility towards us. It has continuously kept the kettle of hatred boiling with different disputes like: the canal water dispute, the evacuee property dispute, the Kashmir dispute, the trade dispute and the border disputes leading to raids and skirmishes. Failing to excite Nehru, it went out of its way to sign an arms pact with America thereby putting our hard-won freedom in direct peril. But what has Nehru done to counteract all these hostile acts and preserve our heritage of freedom? Nothing so far! Not one dispute has been settled nor has one extra man been armed nor has any defence equipment been bought. Nehru has only exploded verbal balloons in the air—millions and millions of them which neither help to preserve our heritage of freedom nor strengthen it. On the other hand, Nehru told us in the Parliament on March 23, "I do not think any bombs are going to fall." This great prophet missed the bull's-eye completely when he tried to predict the results of the Travancore-Cochin elections by people whom he had seen and addressed personally. Now he is trying to pronounce an oracle about people who have never made a secret of their racial and natural hatred for us. If Pakistanis get a bomb where will they drop it? Not in Arabia but in India! India is their natural field for exploding bombs but the great Nehru doesn't think so.

And again at the same meeting in Ernakulam, the great Nehru said, "We must improve the lot of the people; a good many of them are very poor and unhappy and unemployed. There are so many things we want to do. What can we do to make ourselves a rich country, not by getting money from abroad, but by

...the cunning of age. Shammi Kapoor makes "Chor Bazaar" an interesting picture.

When a smile lights up youth, the night is lighted up by the moonbeams of romance. And when that smile is called Chitra, "Chor Bazaar", becomes a stolen romance.

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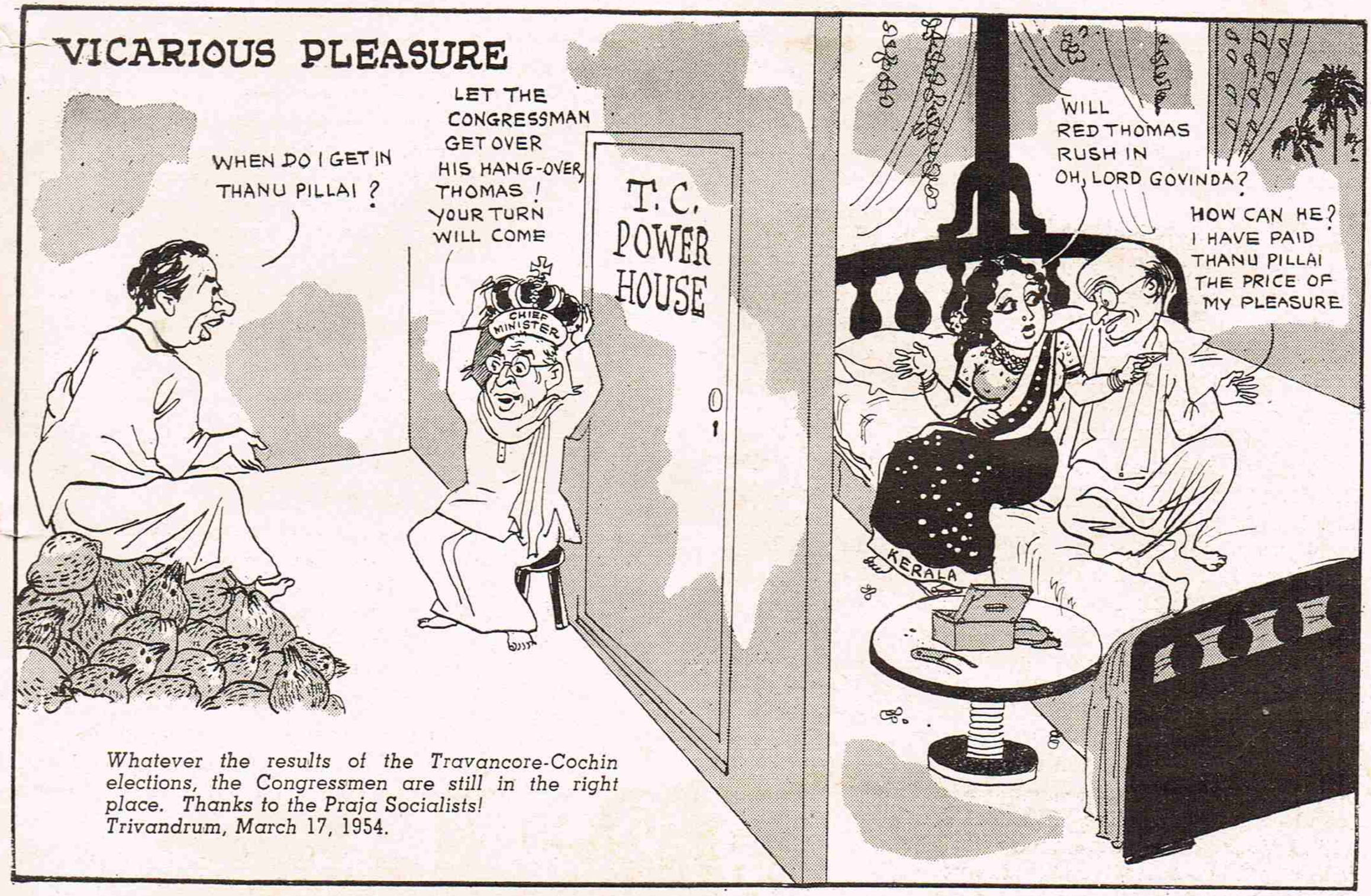

VICARIOUS PLEASURE
WHEN DO I GET IN THANU PILLAI ?
LET THE CONGRESSMAN GET OVER HIS HANG-OVER, THOMAS ! YOUR TURN WILL COME
CHIEF MINISTER
T. C. POWER HOUSE
WILL RED THOMAS RUSH IN OH, LORD GOVINDA?
HOW CAN HE? I HAVE PAID THANU PILLAI THE PRICE OF MY PLEASURE
KERALA

Whatever the results of the Travancore-Cochin elections, the Congressmen are still in the right place. Thanks to the Praja Socialists!
Trivandrum, March 17, 1954.

producing wealth by our own labour? We have in fact to build a new India, we have to give a new foundation, a new shape and a new look. It is a very big job."

Who disagrees with all this? Our work and responsibilities as free men have always been well defined. In fact the work and responsibilities of freedom have now become ancient proverbs of different languages. We know it is a big job. But for a man who indulges in Hamletian soliloquies it seems to be too big a job. We cannot escape this conclusion from Nehru's own record of administration during the last seven years.

To produce wealth and improve the lot of our people Nehru launched the Five-Year Plan in 1951. This design, for which the actual plan was prepared two years later in 1953, was intended to cost us 1793 crores of rupees originally. Now Nehru's Finance Minister Deshmukh says that the 5-Year Plan will cost us 2244 crores of rupees i.e. 451 crores more and will need deficit financing to the tune of 890 crores of rupees. So far the 5-Year Plan has not grown an extra grain of food anywhere in India. Our food position is easier this year because of the rain which neither Nehru nor his Congressmen could prevent. What the rain did Nehru's Food Minister Kidwai claimed as his own work. These Congress ministers steal even Nature's credit to induce our people to give them votes and support.

Finance Minister Deshmukh's 890-crore deficit financing of the 5-Year Plan is soon going to shrink the sizes of our currency notes by half and our necessities of life are going to cost us double the money very soon. This will create more poverty and more distress in the country. Everything from the betel-nut to cement has already been taxed directly and indirectly and life has been made into an expensive existence for the people merely to enable the ruling junta to indulge in their heartless squandermania. Not one project under the 5-Year Plan has yet been completed. All of them seem to be long-life projects designed to last the present generation of both our rulers and their millions of victims. Millions of our people will never see the end of this 5-Year Plan. To stop the people from asking an account of the net results of the first 5-Year Plan, the Congress leaders have already started designing the second 5-Year Plan. This unholy game promises to continue endlessly till probably there is either an end of the people or of the power-wielders. During the last three years we have been merely given the account of the crores spent but not a word has been said of what has been achieved with all the expenditure. The reason is simple. Till now there is nothing substantial to show. All the dams that are under construction seem to be merely dreams of the future because after all the crores spent so far not one extra grain of rice or wheat has yet reached the poor man's hut.

On the other hand Nehru's intelligent Finance Minister Deshmukh has the impudence to quote foreign statistics to justify the bungling of the Plan by his government. Speaking on the floor of Parliament on March 23, Mr. Deshmukh said that Britain took 43 years to raise its per capita national income by 100%. (Deshmukh forgets that Britain went through two

major wars which crippled its economy completely and it had to make a new beginning every time.) He said that it took 44 years for the United States to raise the per capita national income by 140%. (Here again the country either faced or financed two wars, causing inflation which brought depression in its wake.)

In trying to justify the inefficiency of his own government, Deshmukh said that even in Soviet Russia the fulfilment of its first 5-Year Plan was very much behind schedule in the early years. What Deshmukh must always remember that in Soviet Russia they prepared every Plan first and then started its execution. In India his government starts digging and wasting money first and then starts searching for a Plan. This is a basic difference in approaching a problem.

Besides India can never be compared with Soviet Russia. The Czars had left behind a land more dry and primitive than the deserts of Arabia. The Communists had to begin from scratch. India on the other hand was left behind by the British as a running concern. When the British left on August 15, 1947, India had 35 railway systems with nearly 34,022 miles of railway worth Rs. 8,33,05,00,000|-. India had 24 universities, 456 Arts and Science Colleges, 197 Professional and Technical Colleges, 18581 Secondary Schools, 1,90,811 Primary Schools, 16217 Vocational and Special Schools. That is a total of 2,26,286 recognized educational institutions. Add 10,727 unrecognized ones and we get a grand total of 2,37,013 educational institutions in which 2,15,63,046 students were under training. India had a full-fledged co-operative movement with 163,875 co-operative societies (135,083 agricultural and 27,842 non-agricultural) with a share capital of Rs. 32,70,00,000|-. India had 1615 Registered Trade Unions with a total membership of 1,662,929 persons in several employment centres like: Railways, Tramways, Textiles, Printing Presses, Municipal, Seamen, Docks and Port Trusts, Agricultural, Engineering etc. On 30th June 1947 the total gold, coin, bullion and sterling securities with the Reserve Bank of India amounted to Rs. 1,179,74,00,000|-. In March 1946 our sterling balances amounted to Rs. 1733 crores. We had another Rs. 426 crores by way of repatriation of the pre-war debt. We had another Rs. 115 crores in the Empire Dollar Pool.

The list can be endless. The British left behind stupendous assets in various fields with only one liability —the white-capped Congressman.

Deshmukh is talking tommy-rot when he tries to compare our progress with that of Soviet Russia and in doing so tries to hypnotize both himself and the nation. Will Deshmukh give us a small list—and the list will be very small—of what the Czars left behind for the Bolsheviks?

THANK YOU, FRIENDS !

It is impossible to acknowledge individually the thousands of birthday cards, letters and telegrams which I received on my 50th birthday from friends all over the world. The sentiment which these greetings symbolize is overwhelming and all I can say is, "Thank you, friends !"

Baburao Patel.

Nehru talks of removing unemployment as a part of his design to give a new look to our nation. But during seven years of his personal and sincere administration unemployment in the country increased in such a frightening proportion that Nehru's Finance Minister Deshmukh had to include unemployment as an important item of his 5-Year Plan and provide for it 175 crores of rupees. This amount has again been provided as another item of expenditure without any definite plans to alleviate or remove unemployment. Our small-town country cousin Gulzarilal Nanda, the Planning Minister, has been airing his notions about this but mere notions have never brought any relief to a suffering people.

It is an irony of fate that with the improvement of the food position over 15,000 families working in the Civil Supplies Department of the Bombay State have lost their food. The nationalization of transport, which is a clumsy ruse for getting more revenue, threw out of employment thousands more in a day. Our policy of industrialization robbed 8000 workers of their work and wage in the single employment unit of General Motors in Bombay. The country-wide repercussions of this policy will need to be assessed in millions of unemployed. The blind economy drive in administration threw out thousands more on the streets.

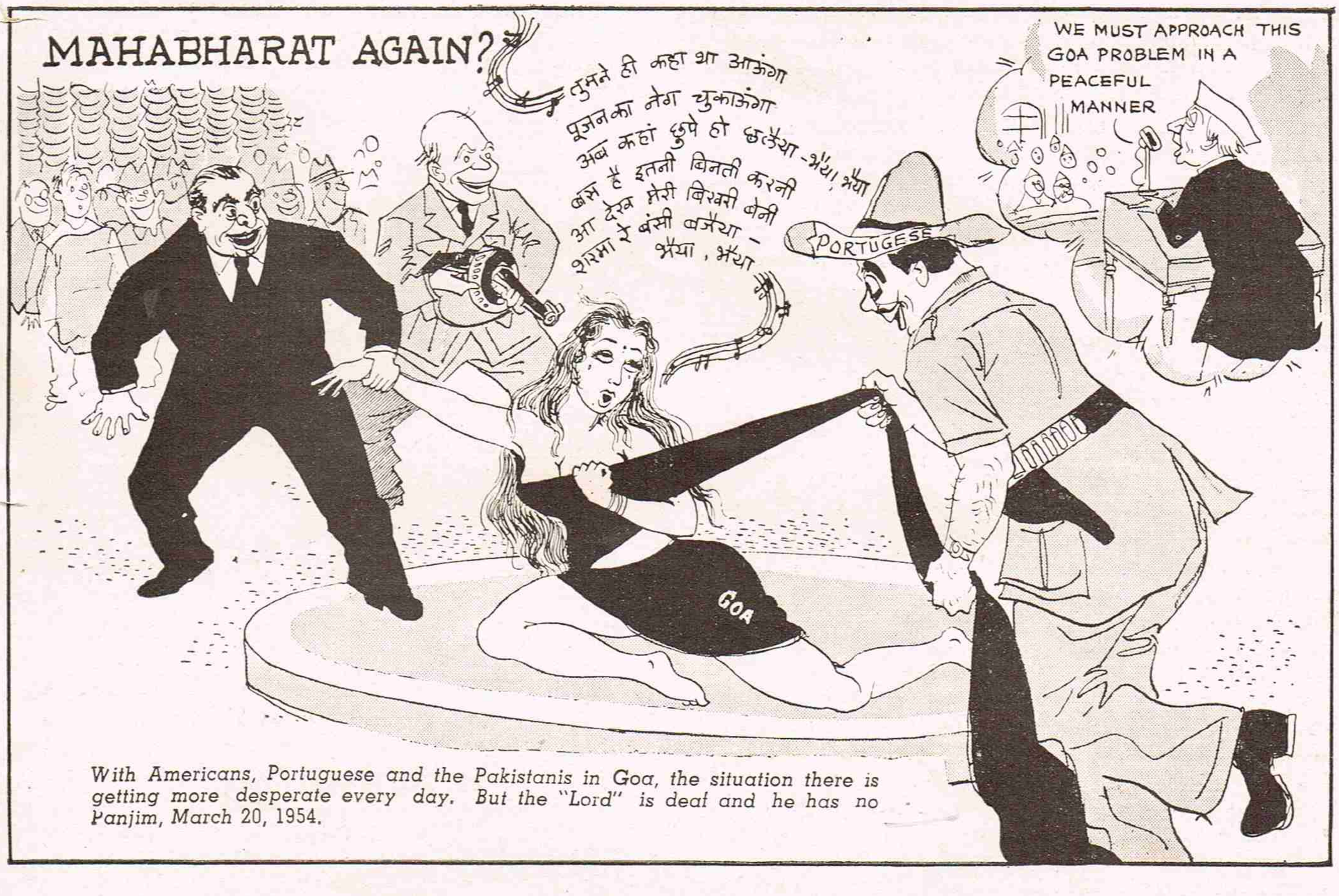
In 1932 when the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt took over from Herbert Hoover, America was very much in the same condition as we are today. 15,000,000 people, one third of the America's working force, were unemployed. Homes were abandoned; youth took to the road; collections of miserable little huts began to spring up near garbage dumps; desperate unemployed veterans formed a "Bonus Army" and began to converge on Washington seeking relief; prohibition had impoverished the State treasury; prices on all the Stock Exchanges collapsed; several banks crashed; numerous industrial plants were closed down and thousands of businessmen sought refuge in bankruptcy. And even though President Hoover repealed the Prohibition Act in a hurry, the nation still suffered from a severe economic paralysis.

When Roosevelt took over, the State Treasury showed a deficit of five billion dollars. That didn't deter this great man. He set to work. He passed the Gold Reserve Act; withdrew gold from circulation; devalued the dollar; imposed limitations on the production of agricultural products, petroleum and coal; fixed their ceiling prices; gave loans and subsidies to make production controls effective; passed the National Industrial Recovery Act and eliminated cut-throat methods and established codes of fair competition.

Through the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation and Home Owners' Loan Corporation and by changing the Bankruptcy Law, he helped farm and home owners to reduce their debts and advanced loans to businessmen, corporations and municipalities.

He passed the National Labour Relations Act and the Fair Labour Standards Act and thus recognized trade unions as workers' bargaining agencies, fixed up a minimum wage and maximum hours of work per week and abolished child labour.

By establishing the United States Housing Authority he financed and subsidized public authorities to build low-cost housing.


MAHABHARAT AGAIN?
तुमने ही कहा था आऊंगा
पूजनका नेग चुकाऊंगा
अब कहां छुपे हो छलैया - भैया, भैया
बस है इतनी बिनती करनी
आ देख मेरी बिखरी बेनी
शरमा रे बंसी बजैया -
भैया, भैया
WE MUST APPROACH THIS GOA PROBLEM IN A PEACEFUL MANNER
PORTUGESE
GOA

With Americans, Portuguese and the Pakistanis in Goa, the situation there is getting more desperate every day. But the "Lord" is deaf and he has no Panjim, March 20, 1954.

Through the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation he gave protection both to the investor and the saver.

He launched the great Tennessee Valley Project and brought electricity into millions of poor homes, apart from the huge industrial benefit derived from this world famous Project.

Through the Works Progress Administration under his pal Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt created new employment and guaranteed work and food to millions by launching long-term public construction projects.

He passed the Social Security Act which made provision for the unemployables and retired workers and created an unemployment-insurance machinery.

This wise, intelligent and patriotic man soon created an interventionist state which friends described as a social-service state and enemies labelled as a bureaucratic one. Whatever its name the state intruded into virtually every aspect of the American economic and social scene. It imposed regulations and controls on business, it bought, sold, lent, borrowed, built and managed; it used all its powers to create wealth and distribute it. It was in short a state in its own business with social security of its people as its main profit. This was not socialism. It was state capitalism without exploitation of the people.

Thirteen years later, on April 12, 1945, when President Franklin Delano Roosevelt died, he had piloted America through the greatest depression in the world and the greatest war in the world and left it the richest and most powerful nation in the world. And Roosevelt didn't have half the hero-worship from his people that Nehru gets from our countrymen. Roosevelt's ideas had legs. They took the nation somewhere. Nehru's ideas are bubbles. They explode in the air and merely deafen a starving people.

Nehru talks of making our people happy. Indeed, a noble ambition! But with sadism practised as a national virtue by his Congress ministers, how can the people be made happy? For instance, Prohibition in Bombay, Madras, Andhra and other states has given the police the power to rush into people's homes, search their persons, smell their mouths and violate their privacy. Has this made people happy? In Bombay, the city shops are compelled to close at 11 P.M. thus depriving the citizen of the right to buy something to eat for himself or to rush for ice for a sick inmate of his home. In their unholy hurry even to turn the climate of the country into Hindi, ministers of different states have been pursuing different policies making an unholy mess of the education of our children. Does all this self-righteous sadism contribute to the happiness of our people?

Nehru, the man who claims the love of millions and controls the destiny of the political party in power, virtually enjoys dictatorial powers in this country. As man, Prime Minister and Congress President, Nehru's frown can set many things right and end the mental torture of millions in a minute. But this man who talks tall of making his people happy doesn't lift even his little finger to stop his white-capped sadists in their

fell work of torturing our people. How can he then expect a people in agony to whip up enthusiasm to "build a new India, give it a new foundation, a new shape and a new look"?

Bragging about the creditable record of his government, Nehru said at Ernakulam, "I know all the international leaders personally. What do these Communists sitting in narrow cells and groups know about the world?" The Communists know more than Nehru does. They know how to get into people's homes and hearts and win their votes and change the destiny of a country. They may not know the Mountbattens of England and international leaders of the world but they know the poor voters of India well enough to misguide them. That is where they scored over Nehru in Travancore-Cochin, in Telengana and other places.

Half the time Nehru doesn't know why he is talking, what he is talking and to whom he is talking. Idealistic soliloquizing on the misfortunes of 360-million people is certainly not patriotism.

Again in Ernakulam, Nehru said, "I want you to strengthen the Congress for the Congress has fought and won our freedom." This tall and false claim can be disputed and completely disproved. But we won't do so. To humour our white-capped dictator let us accept it for the sake of further argument. If the fortunes of the country began with the Congress, as Nehru says, then its misfortunes also started with the Congress as is evident from the chaotic state of affairs prevalent in the country today.

The Gandhian Congress which fought for freedom died two years before Gandhiji was killed. Nehru turned the only political institution in the country with some democratic pretensions into a one-man benevolent dictatorship with a brutal majority. The benevolence is heard by the ears every day but the dictatorship is felt by the stomach every minute. While building up the Congress as a supreme democratic institution of the country, Gandhiji created many able lieutenants, trained them, put responsibilities on them and made them public leaders. As soon as Nehru assumed power, he withdrew from his erstwhile colleagues, kicked away his old friends and became a lone dictator on the crest of his popularity with the masses.

He arrogated to himself all the credit of Congress success in our first democratic elections completely forgetting two basic factors that made the people vote for the Congress. The first was the Gandhian hangover which the people still suffered from and the second was the woeful lack of another equally well-organized political party. He imposed this arrogance on his party members and when even a great leader like the late Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel protested against his erratic and dictatorial ways, Nehru threatened to leave the Congress and go to the masses for support. After the death of Sardar Patel, the mediocrities that were left behind were too poor a meat for any opposition. Nehru killed them with contempt and in doing so turned the Congress into a colony of silent eunuchs.

And yet, with all its present shortcomings, the Congress is the only national political institution with some traditions and democratic pretensions. The alternative to it is Communism. The Praja-Socialists are circus clowns who change their colour and costume with every new turn only to raise a laugh. The Congress has to live longer than Nehru and therefore it is necessary to save it from Nehru and his present crowd of mediocrities.

In our anxiety to save the Congress, the one and only democratic institution in our country, in our editorial "Their Last Chance" (April 1952) written after our first democratic elections we had said, "Having been returned to power at the Centre and in 20 out of 22 States, the white-capped Congressmen seem to look upon their success with a complacence that seems to forget that their Pyrrhic victory is based on a minority vote of 44.47% at the Centre and 43.6% in the States.

"It is clear that 56% of the people did not want the Congress to be in power and a good number of these chose the extreme alternative and voted for the Communists.

"A blind man can see that our country is going to have a Red future unless the democratic forces and institutions in the country take active and aggressive steps to stop the Red infection. With the old brigade of white-capped crooks back in power again, the Congress will not be able to stop the Reds from infiltrating further into our social and political life. The Communists taking full advantage of all the Congress mistakes during the last four years have reached their present destination. As the same old white-capped crooks will rule the roost again, you can with almost a tragic certainty expect the same old order of corruption, blackmarketing, starvation and criminal negligence to prevail in the country during the next five years. All this will add more grist to the Red mill and in the next elections democracy will lose more provinces to the Communists.

"Though this tragic destiny seems inevitable, it is the solemn duty of every free Indian to fight back to maintain democracy in this country. And one way to do it is to fight Communism face to face. Communism is not a panacea for all our social and political evils as the Communists seek to emphasize in their propaganda. Mere Communism cannot grow crops in our fallow fields nor turn our barren lands into green fields. This will need human labour and initiative which must come from our own countrymen and our people can work better under a democratic sun than under a Communist-dominated totalitarian imperialism. Communism murders the individual and sprinkles his blood on the state. If Indians accept Communism, they will only trade-in their hard-won freedom for a new slavery more ruthless and thorough than the erstwhile imperialism of the British.

"Anger against the white-capped crooks is driving many people into the Communist camp. That only proves that an angry man is not always a wise man. Our people must not so easily get disgusted with the Congress which is the only truly democratic people's organization our nation has got. We, the people who constitute the Congress, must purge it of its evils and do what the leaders have failed to do. We must kick out the crooks who have demoralized our best political institution. We have failed to do this in the recent elections. Let us make up our mind and do so in the next. But let us not desert the Congress and join the

Reds who are the sworn enemies of all individual freedoms. If we do that we lose everything, even our heritage as an ancient people.

"The man who has let us down this time is Pandit Nehru, our Prime Minister. He promised to "screen" the Congress candidates but brought back all the old crooks. Pandit Nehru has proved himself to be a useless leader. He collects crowds for self-intoxication but fails to guide them. He talks too much and does very little. He has a reputation for sincerity but also a record of dissimulation. He is frank and honest in his promises but vehemently protects the black deeds of his administrators. In short, he is our prize schizophrenic who runs a state of 360 million people on his impulses and emotions. He fancies himself to be the modern Atlas without the strength, wisdom and thought of the Greek God. Rightly or wrongly, the destiny of 360 million people is wedded to the glamorous career of this little Kashmiri Pandit and it is not a happy feeling for a nation to change its sighs and smiles to suit his volatile moods.

"Once again this man has taken upon himself the great responsibility of piloting the nation through the next five years. As he has still the same old team to help him, the result is also bound to be the same, as in the first four years of Congress rule.

"But this is the last chance for the Congressmen to prove their merit to rule the country. The Communists won't give them another chance. We can be sure of that, if nothing else."

Our warning fell on deaf ears and what we had feared happened in Travancore-Cochin in the second election in two years in which the people of Kerala repudiated the Congress by electing 61% of the seats in Opposition. Nehru is merely a demagogue and does not know the Congress organization and its personnel thoroughly as Gandhiji did. Gandhiji was constantly in personal contact with every Congress worker, however small, and he knew well the merits of every man. He could pick or reject any man by virtue of his personal knowledge and association with him. Nehru is a snob. He never allows any Congress worker, sincere or otherwise, to come near him. He thus doesn't know the little sincere men who help the Congress and he has to accept the recommendations of the local party leaders in choosing Congress candidates for provincial elections. Thus Nehru's "screening" drama fails every time and the old crooks are again put in harness for the election stakes. The local people who know these crooks too well reject them and repeat the tragedy of the Travancore-Cochin elections.

No one disputes Nehru's sincerity but his approach to the people is stupid. He cannot win the votes of the people for the Congress from a 30-feet high platform and by remaining a hundred feet away from personal contact. And whenever Nehru has tried to go nearer our people, the provincial Caesars have pulled him back and pushed away the people a little further on the ground of his personal security as the Prime Minister. With such manoeuvres the distance between the people and their Prime Minister constantly increases and the local Caesars turn this distance into a fertile field for planting some more crooks of the old order.

...the well-groomed man
..prefers

Pearline
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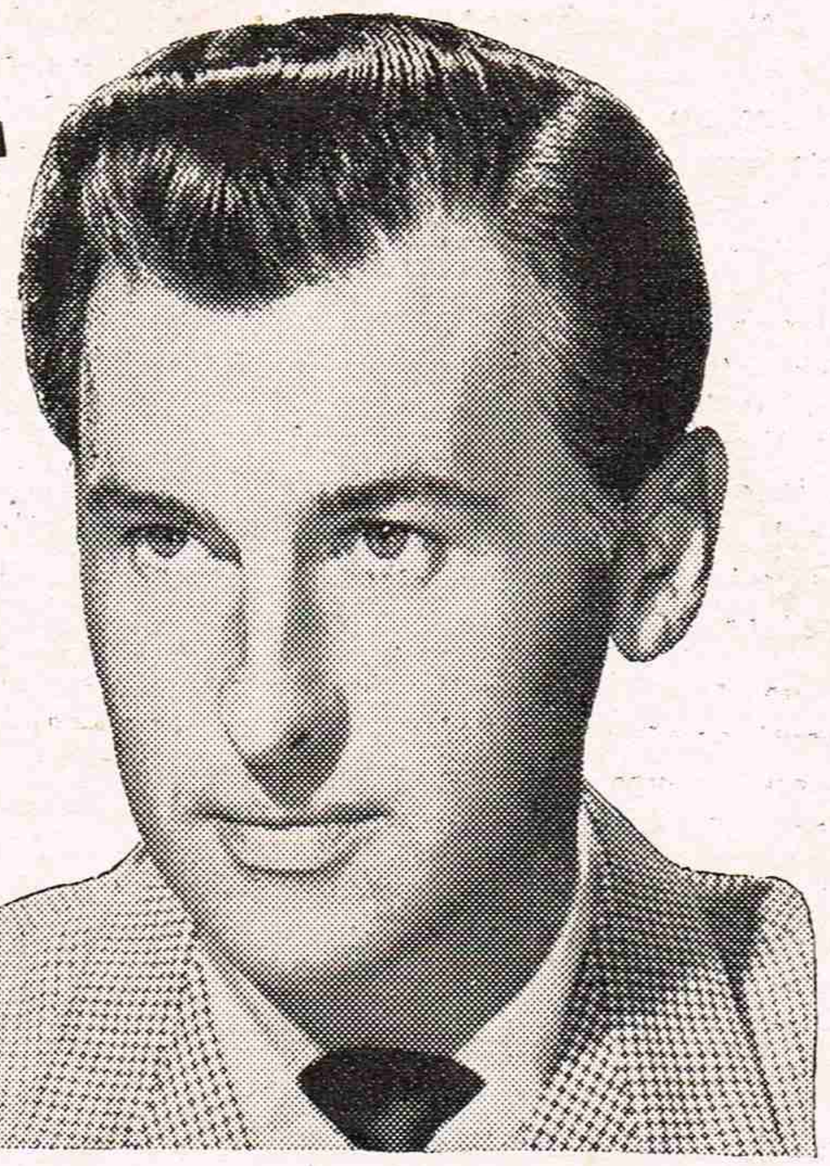

STEWART GRANGER in M-G-M's Technicolor "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

Unless some effective method of screening and elimination by primary elections is devised, the Congress will soon go to the dogs. The process of disintegration has already begun. During the last two years, the Congress has lost several bye-elections to the Parliament and the provincial Legislative Assemblies. It has also lost hundreds of village panchayat and municipal seats thus shaking the good work of Gandhiji at its very roots. In two and a half years of its purple robe, the Congress has lost many friends both inside the country and outside.

For all this we hold Nehru responsible. As the Prime Minister, Congress President and benevolent dictator of the people, he has the power to set things right in a minute. We blame Nehru for not using this power to save the Congress, the only national and democratic institution in this country.

Nehru doesn't have to search for the Congress sins. Critics, both friendly and hostile, give him a list of these sins every day in and out of the Parliament. All that Nehru has to realize is that with old and crooked tools he cannot build a new and right nation. It is true that Nehru himself works eighteen hours a day. But with this individual donkey-work, however sincere, one cannot run a nation. A nation needs team-work and for good team-work a good team is needed. And Nehru's team at all levels—from the village panchayat to the Cabinet—is inefficient and incompetent. Even Nehru cannot deny this. And if in his impulsive loyalty to his ministers he sometimes does so, results prove him a liar.

Everyday, with every new election, the Congress is losing its initiative to the Communists. Seven years ago the Communists were burrowing underground. Today they are playing football overground. The worms have come to the surface and become snakes now to poison a whole nation. These reptiles live on Congress sins. They have no virtue of their own. Our leaders and our people must realize that in saving the Congress, we shall not only stabilize our democracy but also save the country from Communism.

But only one man can work this miracle and that man is Nehru. And this is how it should be done:

1) Sack the present planners and hand over the 5-Year Plan to a military directorate, giving it all the blue-prints and setting it a time-limit to complete the job. Our army is the only honest and competent unit of public services left in the country.

2) Change the Constitution and delete from it annoying directives about Prohibition and Cow Slaughter which give an excuse to self-righteous ministers to practise mass sadism on the people.

3) Centralize and rationalize the education policy by taking it away from stupid provincial Caesars. Let our national language be introduced gradually without our losing the incomparable benefits of a world language like the English.

4) Stop the re-distribution of our provinces on linguistic basis which will create new communal hatreds, new rivalries and new financial and administrative problems. These linguistic provinces militate against our idealistic concept of a non-communal, secular and national-tongued united nation.

5) Scrap the bicameral legislatures. The Upper Houses, which usually accommodate senile and useless people and provide only an ineffective platform for word-gargling, add to the mess and expense of our country.

6) Adopt the Roosevelt Plan in its entirety in all our social and economic aspects of life. This Plan fits in with our present conditions wonderfully.

7) Hand over the Muslim Valley of Kashmir to Pakistan and end the old festering sore in a day. The Muslims of Kashmir will never belong to us in another thousand years. This move will save us money; we can utilize our army more usefully in other quarters than keeping it sitting on its haunches through sun and snow round the year and making it fat on its buttocks.

8) Withdraw our Kashmir dispute from the U.N.O. The U.N.O. is a helpless body subsidized by power-conscious nations. It can never help us as a chess-board itself cannot help the chess pieces to move.

9) Settle our evacuee problems once for all with all the sacrifices we can make today. Our people have already lost their property and by keeping a ding-dong battle of bargaining going we can never get anything out of people who are no better than professional brigands. It is no use burning our hearts over the past as we need these hearts to build the future.

10) The canal and boundary disputes between India and Pakistan are minor affairs. They can be settled in a week once the Kashmir dispute is settled.

11) Arm the nation in defence by buying, begging or even stealing arms. Our dynamic neutrality in the face of the Pak-American Arms Pact makes no sense without developing our own strength.

12) Prove the sincerity of our much-flaunted dynamic neutrality by accepting arms and technical aid from both the power blocs—America and Soviet Russia. Neutral nations should be able to take help with both hands. Let us stretch both our arms, wide and long, and take what we get. We shall get a lot if only Nehru stops his feminine frowning at regular intervals.

13) Stop talking of peace and other lofty ideologies. People have been talking of peace since the world began but all the talk has not stopped one war yet. A conflict is a nature's process of elimination and creation and all the pacifists in the world cannot help it. If war is to come a thousand Nehrus screaming from the Red Fort cannot stop it. It is therefore no use getting hoarse over peace and losing our voice which can be used to build our nation. Nehru must not inflame his tonsils and strain the eardrums of his people unnecessarily. We wish this man gets a permanent aphonia. His restless patriotism will then automatically find its expression in action beneficial to the people.

14) Stop the provincial Congress ministers from talking nonsense on subjects they do not know till Nehru can find the right man for the right jobs. Most

of our present Congress ministers cannot do even a sweeper's job well.

15) End the devil dance of the French and Portuguese pockets in India by immediate police action. This is a week-end job which is unnecessarily agitating the minds of millions. Let the French and Portuguese brigands go to the U.N.O. if they like. The U.N.O. could not do anything about Kashmir for five long years and it won't do anything about the French and the Portuguese also. No one will start a world war over these French and Portuguese lavatories in India and Nehru need not worry about his peace pigeon being stolen.

16) Start national lotteries to finance our multi-purpose projects and arms programme. The colonial Portuguese built a couple of hundred churches and schools for their proselytizing purposes by organizing what was once popular as "Goa Lottery". We can use the national lotteries to build our secular defences. People rush to buy lottery tickets but have to be dragged to the income-tax office. And India's best bankers are its people and not Americans.

17) Stop the privy purses of the princes. These old bugs have fattened on the blood of the people. With millions starving in the country, it is a crime to provide a rich sinecure for these people whose only virtue is their shameful record of sins and crimes against our people.

18) We are spending three crores of rupees on our foreign embassies every year. Half of this money is wasted in displaying Nehru's and Gandhiji's photographs in countries completely useless to us in trade or politics. Stop this unnecessary waste. It will be cheaper to post a million photographs of Gandhi and Nehru free every year to these countries by consulting their books of "Who's Who".

Saying that "the only thing to fear is fear itself", President Roosevelt got going within a week of his taking office. Within a hundred days his miracle was working. Out of the 497 seats in the House of People, the Congress holds an overall majority of 237 over other parties. That is a brute majority at the absolute disposal of Pandit Nehru. It gives Nehru a sweeping power over the destiny of 360-million people of this country.

Why can he not use this power for the good of his people by repeating with Roosevelt, "the only thing to fear is fear itself"?

Two and a half years of our first democratic rule under Congress have already passed. The balance-sheet of Nehru's administration during this period stands automatically audited by the election reverses in Travancore-Cochin and several other bye-election constituencies. With all his sincerity of purpose Nehru's administration has failed to enthuse the people. If the present state of affairs continues during the remaining two and a half years, we shall have to write off the Congress and with it democracy in India.

The complete rout of the Muslim League in the recent elections in East Bengal is a grim lesson to all political leaders who, in their arrogance of power, neglect and override the people. Goaded by want and frustration—and not because of the Pak-American Arms Pact or Nehru's propaganda against it as some Indian leaders choose to think—the people of East Pakistan jettisoned the Muslim League overnight and chose an alternative leadership. Happily they had another party and another set of leadership without having to resort to Communism. In India our only alternative to Congress is the Communist Party. And that is a desperate remedy, always more dangerous than the disease itself. And of all people Nehru, who monopolizes all political wisdom in the country, must realize this before he drives the people to desperation and into the arms of the Communists.

Nehru must save the Congress for the people and the country. It is the only bastion of our democracy. To save it Nehru must act now and immediately and boldly.

And if Nehru refuses to see the writing on the wall now, we must suspect either his sanity or his patriotism. We have no other choice.

God save our motherland.

"Girnar",
Bombay,
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Baburao Patel.

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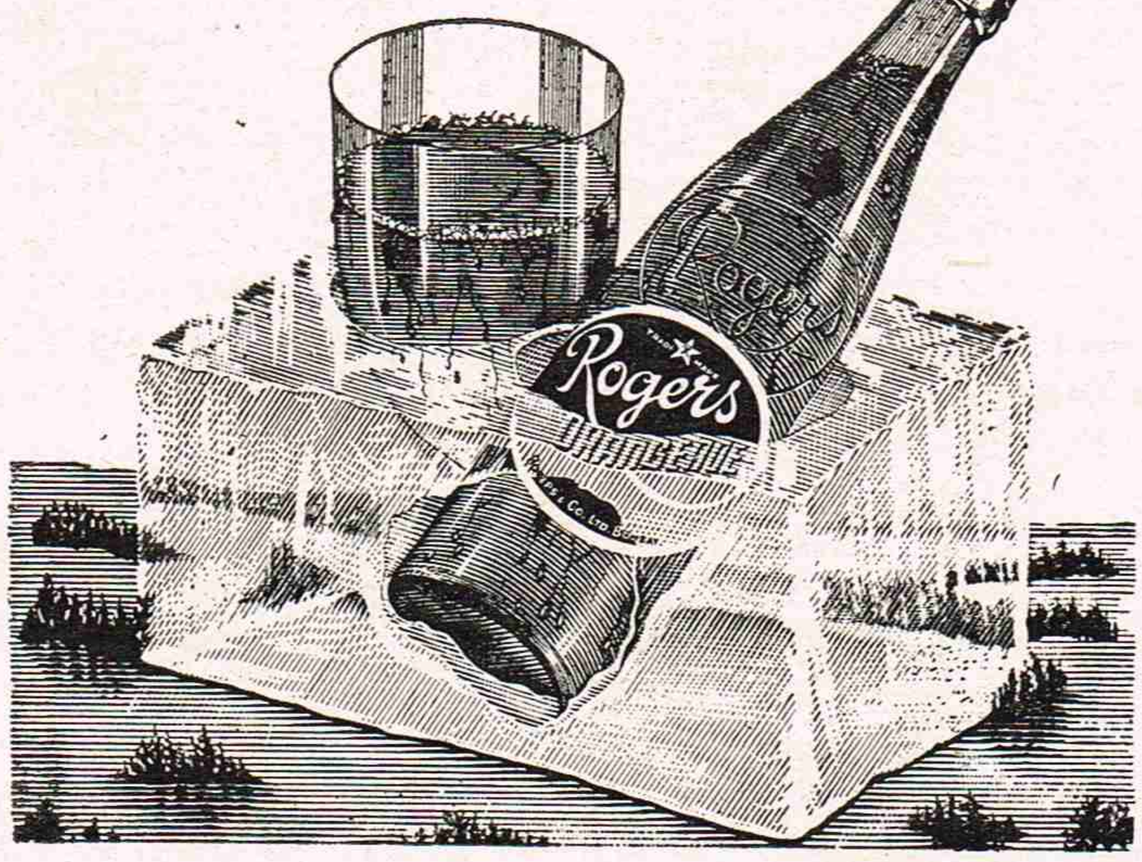

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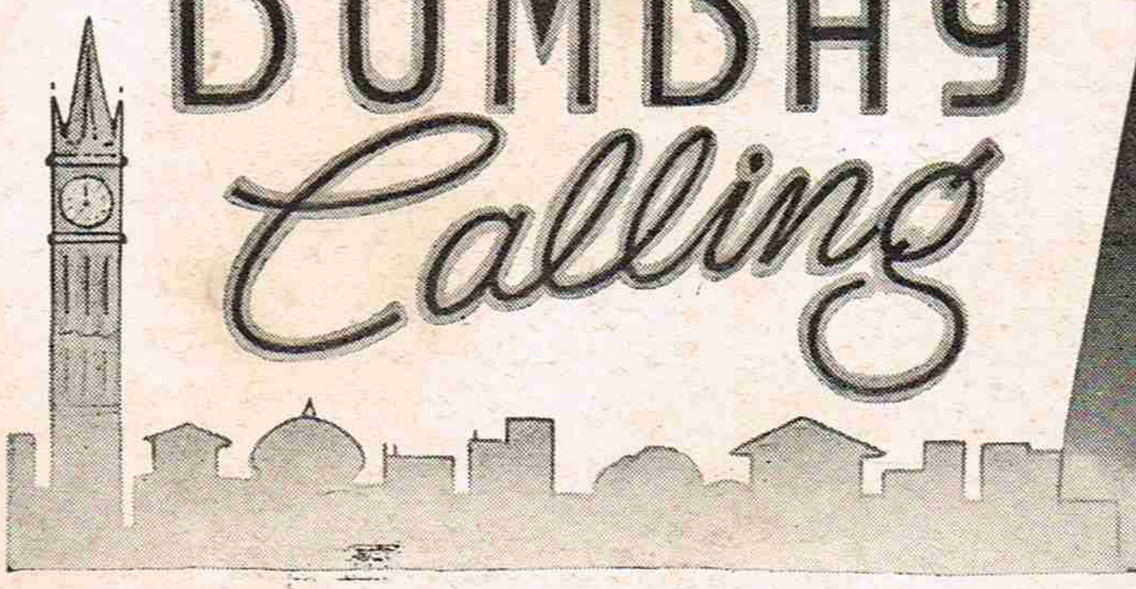


This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

SAVE US FROM OUR "FATHERS"

If there is one country in the world where people say one thing and do exactly another, it is India, that is Bharat. Words have neither weight nor character in our country. They have plenty of gas and colour and they are thrown into the air like toy balloons and allowed to explode. Right from the Prime Minister of India down to Shri Mehtar, the minister for Municipal Urinals in Bombay, everyone tosses words that leave no residual results either in the Cabinet of Ministers in New Delhi or in the water closets of the Bombay Municipality. No one realizes that words clean or create nothing unless those who utter them also have some sincerity of purpose.

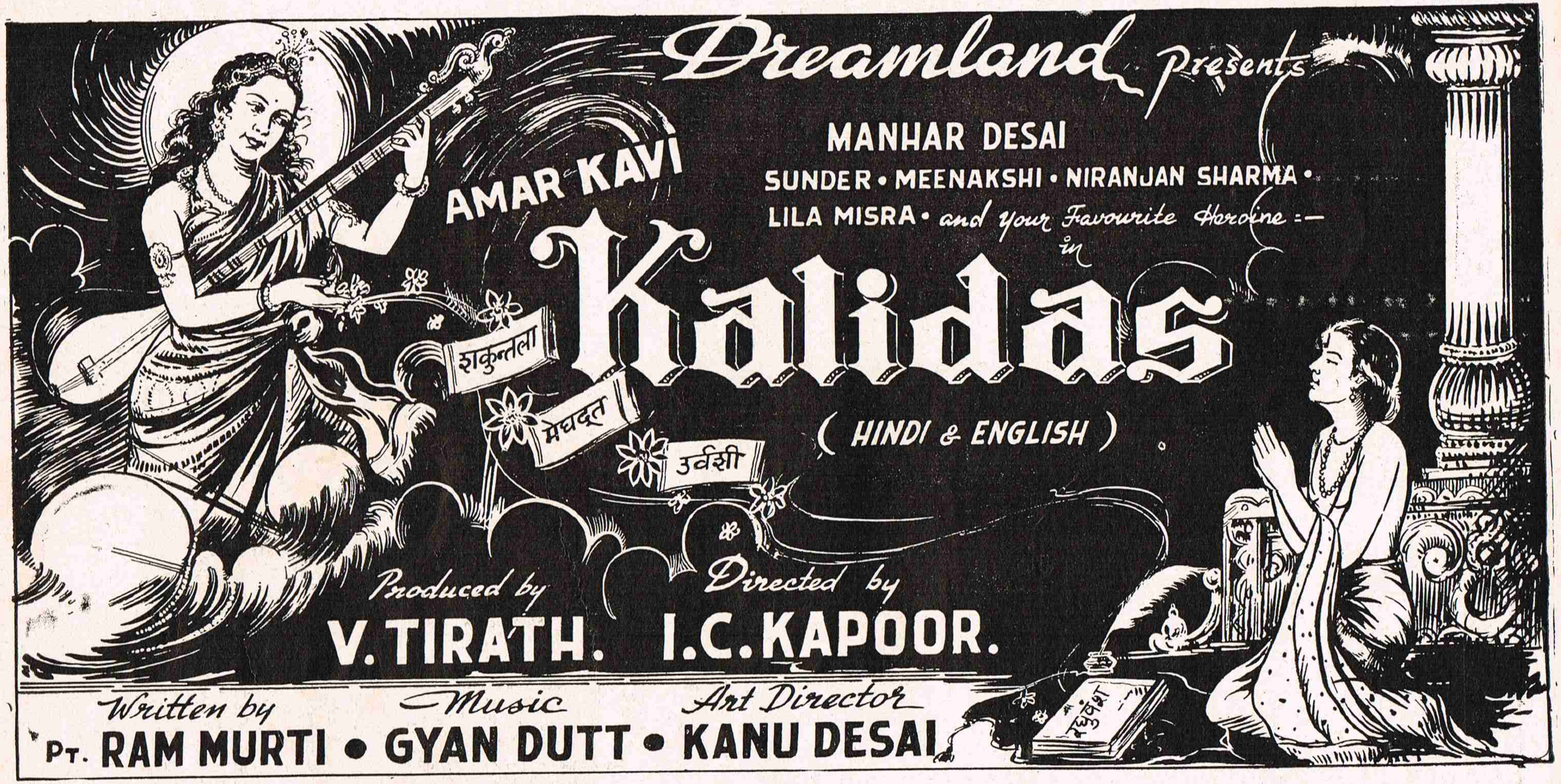
The Municipal Corporation of Greater Bombay, with an annual revenue of 9 crores of rupees, under the commissionership of Shri P. R. Nayak, I.C.S., recently organized the "Bombay Civic Exhibition", the first of its kind in the none-too-spectacular career of the Municipality. The Municipality spent over three and a half lakhs of rupees for this six-week structure of cloth and plywood lit up by neon and fluorescent lights and invited good, old Mavlankar, the Speaker of the House of People, to open it. And with Mavlankar rushed in the city's teeming millions, paying four annas each, expecting to get a glimpse of the wonderful new world of sun and smiles which Congressmen have been promising the people since the day Gandhiji first launched civil disobedience in India to chase out the satanic British people.

What they, however, found inside the cloth and plywood enclosure was a miniature replica of the bigger hell that is seen outside. Where was the wisdom in spending 3½ lakhs of rupees to create a smaller model of hell to emphasize the utter incompetence and inefficiency of the Bombay Municipality in all civic matters? It was really not necessary to remind our millions of chawl and slum dwellers of their dingy rooms, dry water taps, stinking lavatories by extracting from

Those with designs always stare at the world suspiciously. We don't know what Kuldip Kaur is about but it must be a nasty bit of business in "Mastana", a social story directed by H. S. Rawail and produced by Black & White Movies.

them four annas for admission to an enclosure where the only active and living exhibit was a mangy camel which looked as if it had his last bath when it first left the deserts of Rajasthan.

Art and aesthetics left the shores of India with the British. It is therefore futile to search for them in the Congress regime and to expect from a Municipality, that permitted Ambalal Patel's "Baap-ka-Bridge" to lie like a patch of eczema across the beautiful British-constructed Marine Drive, any structural beauty in the Civic Exhibition was like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. We won't therefore dwell on the idiotic motif of the main entrance or on the cardboard models of tramcars placed half way between heaven and earth nor even on the gutter with putrid water lit up by coloured lights and pompously called a waterway. We will return to our basic theme of words with plenty of gas and colour leaving no residual results.



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15, SILK HOUSE, HAMAL WADI,
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The Public Health Department of the Municipality had, of course, several stalls in the Exhibition. In one of the stalls, it displayed several full-size clay models of men, women and children emphasizing hygiene and cleanliness in food, homes and streets. One impressive clay model showed a man in the street selling eatables on which a big fly was shown perching. The Public Health Department told us to avoid that stuff for our stomach. We agreed. A little further we saw a cardboard model of an ideal cafeteria or restaurant for an ideal city. This model not only showed what an ideal restaurant kitchen should be but also emphasized the penalty of breaking food laws by another model of a Municipal court where a wigged magistrate punishes a man found guilty of breaking our food laws. (Our food laws, of course, are canned and hermetically sealed and our Health Officer has lost the tin-opener.)

We were mightly impressed by all this and for a moment we thought that things were after all going to improve in our country and we were soon going to have a Welfare State—the long promised Ram Raj. But then we made a fatal civic mistake. We turned round and looked back. And we saw a "Bhel Puri House" and a "Restaurant" both run by Babulal Chowpattywalla, the man who sells "bhel and puri" at Chowpatty in open air and cannot help mixing a little sand with the chutney to make his "bhel and puri" more tasty. And we saw flies, thousands of them, living kinsfolk of the one made in clay, all squatting for a long meal on the several delectable eatables (chivda, puri, gulab jamb, pakodi, mesur, sev, gathia, mithai, suterfeni and a hundred other eatables) which Babulal Chowpattywalla had spread out in an impressive array. And quite a score of flies we recognized too because we had met them a little earlier on the scabies of the mangy camel. Now, we didn't know whether to take a lesson from the big, solitary clay fly of the Health Department or be guided by the festive zeal shown by the thousands of flies nursed and fed by Babulal Chowpattywalla.

In our utter innocence of faith in the words of our welfare-wishing white-capped Congressmen, we had expected to see an ideal restaurant or cafeteria run by the Municipality itself as a practical illustration of that clay exhibit and as an object lesson not only to the people but also to the Babulals and Shamlals of Chowpatty who poison the poor millions of our city everyday by their "bhel-puri" carriers of disease. We were shocked and the flies winked at us and laughed. Babulal actually came out and invited us to enter his feasting hall but we were too shaken for the day.

Talking of civic hygiene and cleanliness, we think it would be a good idea to make a D.D.T. beginning with our city fathers before we arrive at erring children like Babulal and Shamlal of Chowpatty. Quite a number of our Municipal corporators badly need a shower-bath and a clean shirt and it is high time that welfare-minded women like Mrs. Homi Talyarkhan, Mrs. Meenakshi Bakhle, Lady Rama Rao, Mrs. Kamal Pant and others collected some volunteers and gave our city corporators at least a weekly wash in a public square. The Delhi Cloth Mills, owned by Sir Shri Ram, will willingly supply free shirts at our request. Shri Ram's shirts will make anyone look respectable in a minute—even our city fathers.

Another exhibit that attracted our curiosity was the Master Plan. We didn't see Ambalal Patel's "Baap-ka-Bridge" in it; that was probably a part of the Morarji Plan for the city. In fact no one could see anything in the Master Plan which was ten feet away from the rope and had such a dainty miniature key that it could be read only with the help of a powerful microscope. As no one was allowed to go beyond the rope and as no microscopes were provided, the Master Plan remained a mystery plan for the millions who were duped to visit the Exhibition.

What intrigued us most, however, was what was described as the "Elevated Roadway". This hideous feat of engineering skill is proposed to be executed at the intersection of the Churchgate Street and Queen's Road—right opposite the Eros Cinema, the Oval, Churchgate Station and the Head-quarters of the Western Railway. This is a raised roadway, about 20 feet in height, with ramps on all sides supported by big graduated concrete pillars. It is intended "to ease the heavy volume of pedestrian and vehicular traffic". Incidentally, it will also be useful for the pedestrians to ease themselves.

A more vandalistic project to destroy the beauty of the Churchgate Circle left behind by the British cannot even be imagined. The engineers who have planned this "Elevated Roadway" can only be called idiots. This roadway, if constructed, is going to give a beautiful roadway circle a warehouse look. It will completely screen the impressive front elevations of the

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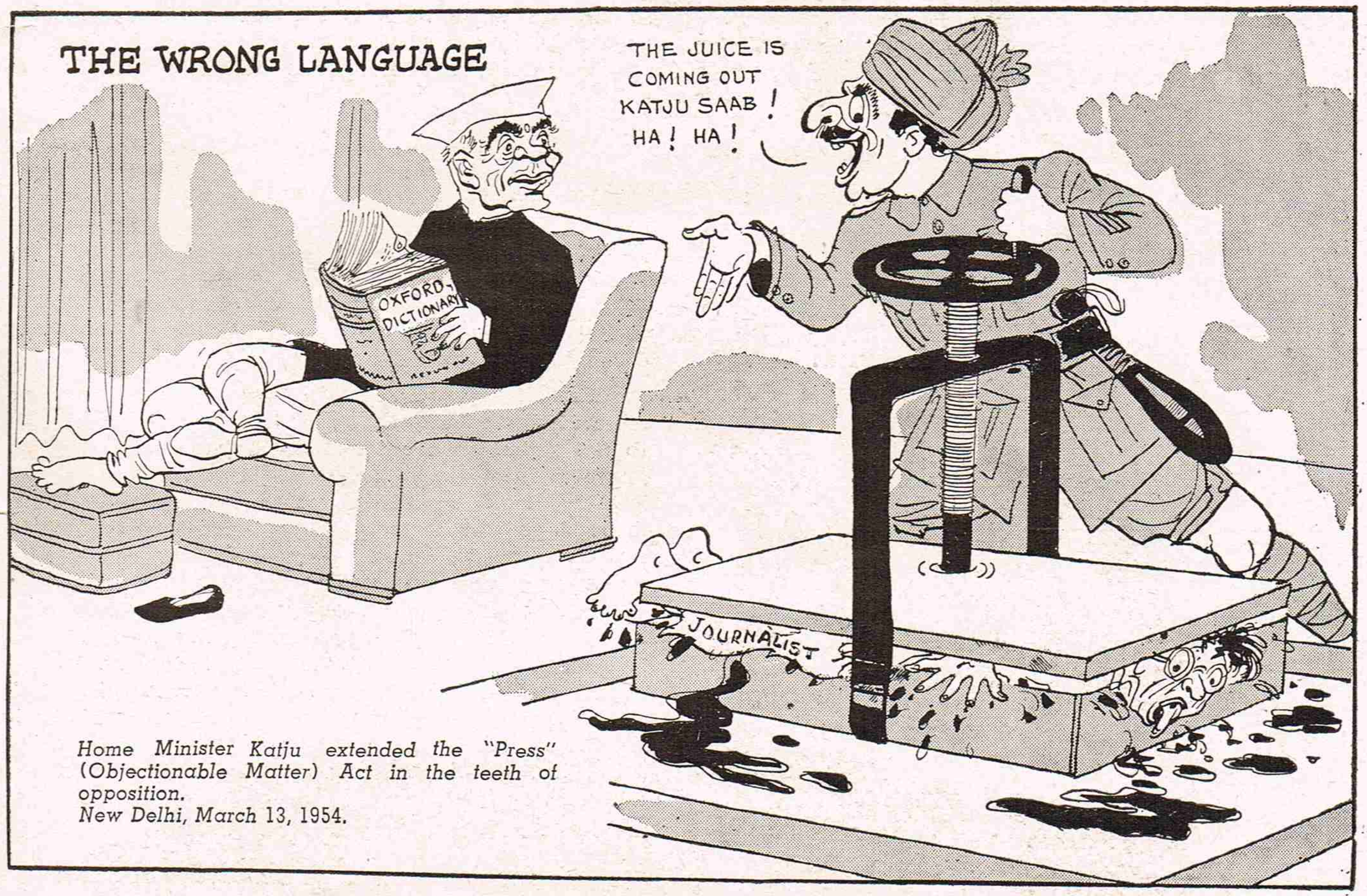

Home Minister Katju extended the "Press" (Objectionable Matter) Act in the teeth of opposition.
New Delhi, March 13, 1954.

Eros, Industrial and other buildings round the circle and ruin the entire landscape. And when this "Elevated Roadway" will make that beautiful bit of Bombay's land look like a bloated ulcer, Bombay will no longer be a beautiful city. Oh, these Municipal engineers have neither any vision nor any notions of art and beauty! Men who could allow Ambalal Patel's "Baap-ka-Bridge" to stretch itself across a beautiful marine drive can do anything.

If our City Fathers are so anxious to "ease the heavy volume of pedestrian traffic"—and no pedestrian has yet asked for this easing—why can't they build 20-feet wide, illuminated subways below the four intersections at the Churchgate Circle? This project will cost much less, would be invisible at road level, can be undertaken in four instalments without causing traffic or pedestrian inconvenience and will add to the amenities of the city without destroying its beauty and landscape. And these subways need not be more than 12 feet in height.

Our criticism of the Municipal affairs can be endless but let us pray that some one reads this note and saves us at least from the "Elevated Roadway". We don't mind being killed by Babulal Chowpattywalla's flies but let us not be murdered in cold blood by the proposed outrage on our sense of aesthetics.

WHERE SAINTS AND SINNERS MEET

Saints have always attracted sinners. Virtue when it is canalized and properly publicized acquires its own solemn glamour which often lends a human being the halo of divinity. Human superstition does the rest. Sainthood has been one of our earliest professions, and a very revered and popular one, in this ancient land of three-worldly spiritual pursuits.

From the sages, who gave us the sacred Vedas, down to Meher Baba, who thinks a long silence to be the best wisdom in the world, we have had a long unending pageant of saints who while practising virtue as a profession have given to us numerous philosophies of life to toy, adopt and experiment with. Some of these sages, because of the profundity of their thoughts and philosophy, have left a permanent impress on the human race, others sat under trees and in odd places and looked kindly at the world around them and led a passive existence of blessing all those that came to see them. Their costume varied in colour and length. While some sported the white cloth, the saffron coloured robes always remained the most popular. While that great teacher Swami Vivekananda dressed himself from head to foot in flowing robes, the Nagas loved their complexion so much that they didn't allow even a rag to touch their skins.

Saints jump into news usually when humanity is in distress. One such saint, Sai Baba of Shirdi, is very much in the news these days. The man, of course, is dead but, the saint lives in spirit inside his 'samadhi'.

This good, old, kindly Muslim lived a simple and virtuous life in Shirdi, a village in the Ahmednagar District. He believed in God and prayed to Him regularly and as years passed this devout man of virtue and religion collected a number of followers. He was not a man of miracles, though many of his superstitious

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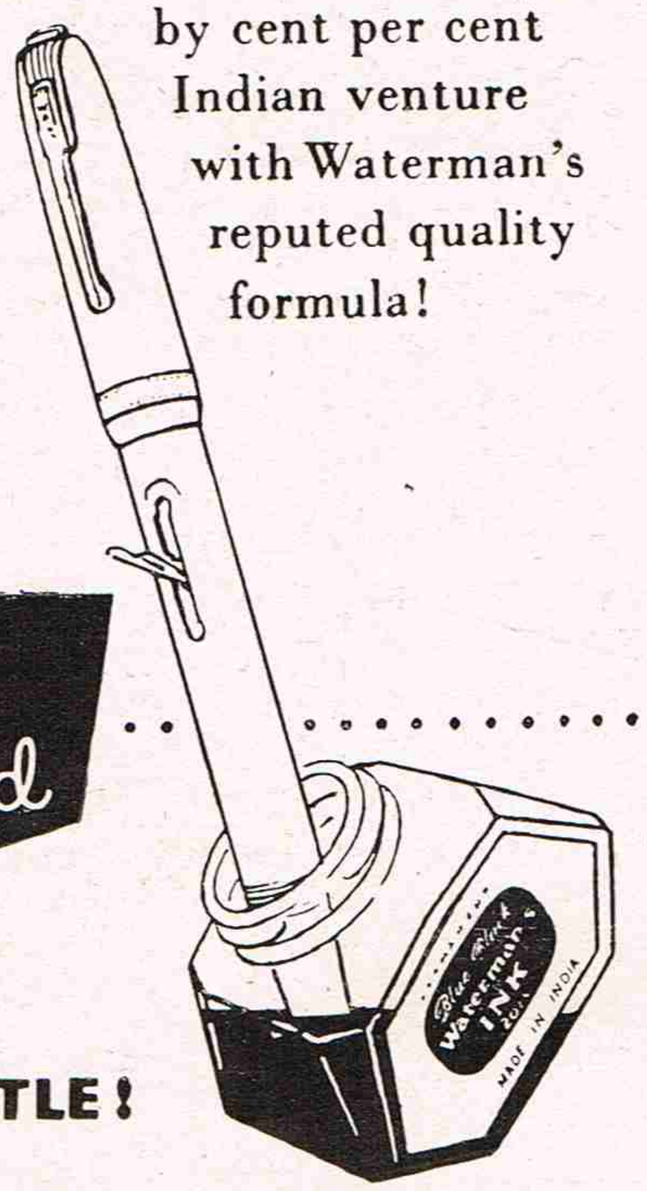

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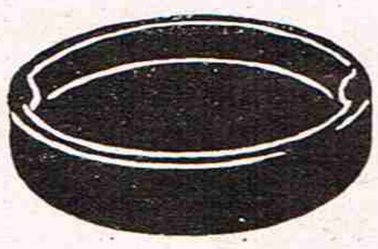

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followers now attribute to him many miracles in the hope of seeing a miracle performed on them. Sai Baba's only magic was his deep, abiding faith in God and the only miracle he performed was the blessing he gave in the name of the Almighty.

And yet his followers insist on defaming this good man of God by calling him a miracle-monger. And now to the millions of his followers is added a good number of our film folks who go regularly to Shirdi to ask for one boon or another. While living Sai Baba granted no boons beyond preaching the old maxim: Virtue is its own reward. How then can a dead man grant any boon?

The other day film stars Nargis and Raj Kapoor motored all the way to Shirdi to introduce themselves to Sai Baba. The old man must have turned in his grave to meet film stars for the first time in his life. Raj and Nargis are in economic and emotional distress these days and it is quite understandable that like average mortals, who seek spiritual guidance in the midst of conflict and confusion, they also rushed to the saint of Shirdi. If the picnic of these two popular film stars has given them some peace of mind, the trip was worth all the trouble but if Raj and Nargis expected Sai Baba to sell more tickets for "Boot Polish" at the Liberty or to soften Distributor Puri in his business transactions, let us tell these two stars that Sai Baba has no control either over Puri or over the audience.

Quite a few of our film folks go to the 'samadhis' of saints these days. And when the dead saints failed to satisfy them, they discovered a living one near home in Goregaon. Kamu Baba in Goregaon is reported to be another good and peace-loving man who blesses all people who go to him. But Kamu Baba cannot pay big petrol bills nor stop dud cheques from bouncing back from the banks. To do that his devotees themselves have to work and work hard and methodically. No saint has yet performed the miracle of cashing his devotee's cheque without a bank balance. Where money is concerned even saints fail. Kamu Baba's 'ashram' is so popular that even that veteran actress Durga Khote goes there regularly and sweeps the floor. That is a good contribution to our Community Project but it still remains a theatrical gesture in a saint's 'ashram'.

With their self-invited slump well set in, film producers, directors, actors and actresses—all rush these days to Kamu Baba asking for jobs and prosperity. The good old man doesn't know what to do to bring relief to this clan of sinners and criminals. As no saint has yet been elected the Chairman of the Imperial Bank of India, Kamu Baba has no reasonable chance of performing a miracle to save our film folks from distress. We may, however, tell Kamu Baba that most of these film folks who go to him want money for drinks, cars, cards and races and not for any legitimate personal or commercial purposes.

Seeking intercession from saints is an old human belief. Whether it does any good or not, at least it does no harm. But to turn good and saintly persons into pawns of profit is a disgustingly hypocritical practice.

We know a financial expert, a self-advertised devotee of Sai Baba, who sits in his puja room for two long hours every day, religiously recites the thousand names of the Lord, punctuates every sentence with the description of some miracle of Sai Baba and then goes out and misguides and robs his best friends, fabricates accounts and robs both his client and his government. This man is using a good saint as an effective salesman of his dirty designs. He impresses the ignorant but does he accumulate any virtue or get even an inch nearer God?

Now what have such people in common with a saint like Sai Baba? For that matter what has any seasoned sinner in our film industry to do with any saint? Why can't we leave the saints alone and not drag them through the mire of our own vices? There are still millions of innocent souls in our country who, guided by the beaconlight of faith, need the spiritual help of these saints. Let us leave our saints to them and not stain the saints with the sinful glamour of our film folks.

If our film folks realize that Sai Baba has not yet performed the miracle of the cheque, the kindly, old saint has a better chance of escaping the glamorous devotion of our film people and getting some peace at least in death.

We sympathize with Sai Baba of Shirdi.

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An income tax reference arising from the levy of tax on Charlie Chaplin, through the United Artists Corporation, his agents in India, was decided by the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Tendolkar at the Bombay High Court recently.

In his attempts to avoid payment of income-tax in India, it was contended by Charlie Chaplin that the 60% which was realized by the United Artists Corporation on his behalf was not his profit but a revenue of the Corporation and as such he was not liable to pay the tax. In support of this contention Mr. Charlie Chaplin submitted a truncated copy of the agreement between him and the Corporation.

When Their Lordships examined this copy of the agreement they discovered that it was not a full and complete copy of the agreement but merely an abstract. Their Lordships said that the omission of the most material and important Para 11 from this copy was extremely significant.

Their Lordships expressed their strong displeasure at the manner in which material information was withheld from the Taxing Department.

Giving their decision against Charlie Chaplin, Their Lordships observed, "We are afraid that Mr. Chaplin or his legal advisers do not seem to take seriously their

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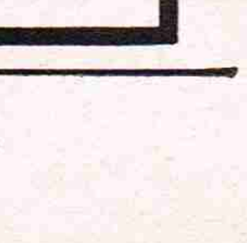

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responsibility or the duty they owe in this country to the Taxing Department and we do not think that this is a case where any indulgence should be shown, whatsoever, to the assessees."

So, Charlie Chaplin and his local agents will now have to pay income-tax on their earnings in India.

In the same week another income-tax reference was heard by the Chief Justice and Justice Tendolkar at the Bombay High Court. It concerned Universal Pictures (India) Ltd., the statutory agents of Universal Pictures Co., Inc. of New York.

Under an agreement between the two companies the American Company received from the Indian Company Rs. 1,39,891|- in 1941-42, Rs. 1,19,326|- in 1942-43 and Rs. 95,878|- in 1943-44. It was contended on behalf of the assessees that there was no business connection between the two Companies and no profits accrued to the American Company. The Income-Tax Tribunal agreed with this contention. The Commissioner did not and referred against this decision to the High Court.

Their Lordships remarked that it was difficult to understand how it could be said that there was not even an indirect connection between the profits earned by the American Company and the business activity carried on in India. Their Lordships said that the agreement in the present case was specifically for the purpose of creating an agency for exploiting and distributing films produced by the American Company. The American Company had chosen to devise a mode whereby through the means of a subsidiary company, it got its films exhibited and distributed and earned profit by the exhibition and distribution of the films.

Their Lordships therefore arrived at the conclusion that both with regard to the part of the rentals paid by the Indian Company towards the expenses as provided by the agreement and also with regard to the payment of 3 cents and 6 cents (price for positive and negative prints per foot respectively), these were profits which had accrued or arisen to the non-resident American Company through or from the business activity as contemplated by Section 41 (1) of the Indian Income-Tax Act.

These two cases show how the wind is blowing in the distribution concerns of the foreign producers and why these '(India) Ltd.' companies have been created. It is a fallacy to suppose that all the subsidiary Indian Companies of foreign distributors are run independently and without any control from or connection with their parent concerns in New York.

Like the well-known maxim, "Not a blade of grass moves without the Lord's will", the subsidiary companies of these foreign distributors in India and other countries outside America, are so closely controlled from day to day, that the local companies cannot extend even their own pictures an hour longer without obtaining the previous sanction of their New York principals.

Very recently the local office of the M.G.M. was very anxious to show the Indian picture, "Do Bigha Zamin" in the Metro Theatre. Though the picture had a theme contrary to the present American ideology in politics for the people, business being rather slack at the Metro Cinema, Mr. Wilson, the local M.G.M. chief, was pretty anxious to release an Indian picture from which he could get as much as 70% of the takings (the normal percentage is 50%) and thus attain the usual average of business for M.G.M.

But Wilson, who is described as the Managing Director of M.G.M. in Bombay, had no powers to book the picture straightaway for release. He had to cable New York several times and only after protracted correspondence and cables, during which time the Indian producer waited anxiously, he could release the picture.

The control over these Indian offices of foreign distributors from New York is so thorough and their auditing so perfect that not a pice can be spent even by their own white 'sahebs' enjoying glamour as local managing directors. Calling these Indian companies as merely subsidiary concerns is therefore entirely wrong. They can be better described as slavish concerns with their masters in New York.

It will be certainly worth while for the Government to go into the affairs of some of these companies very closely. If they do so they might find some more

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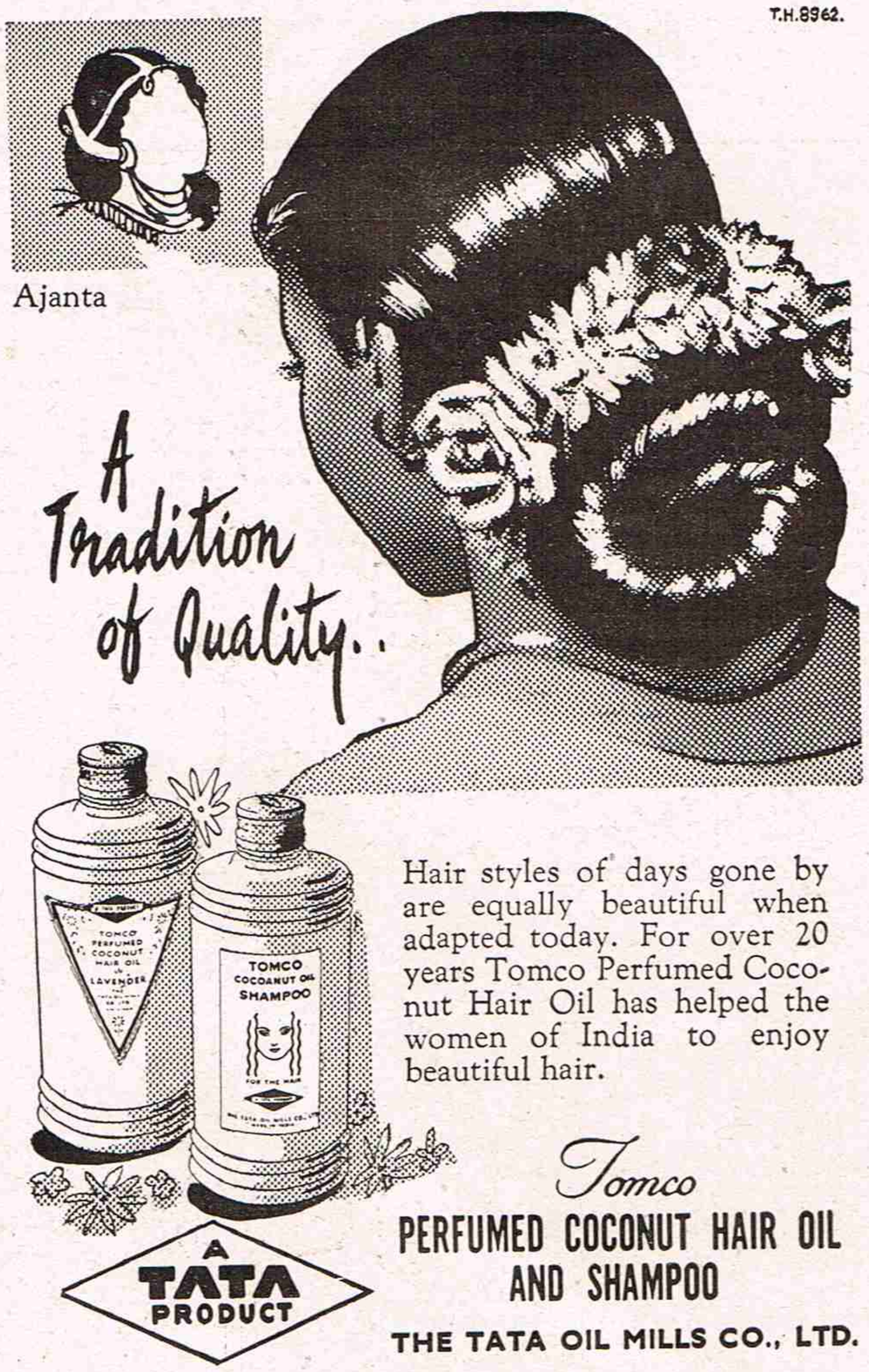

Hair styles of days gone by are equally beautiful when adapted today. For over 20 years Tomco Perfumed Coconut Hair Oil has helped the women of India to enjoy beautiful hair.

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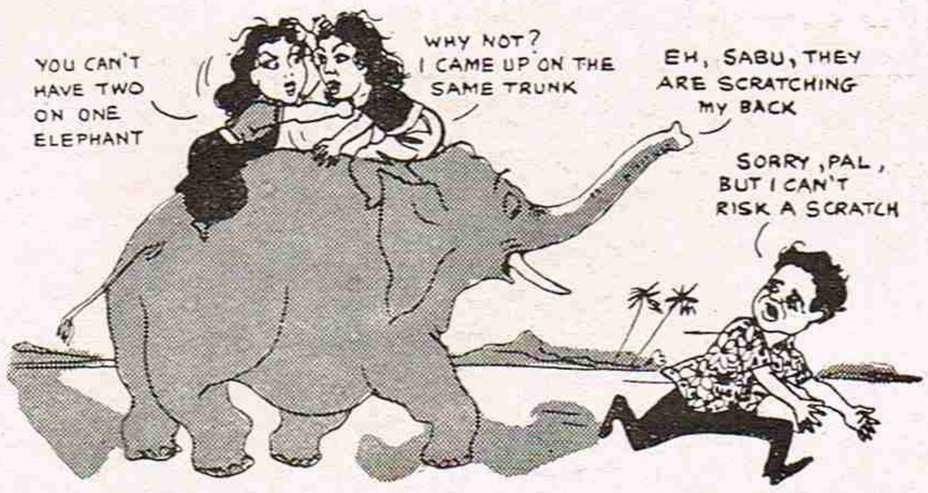
Shashikala who was already up there. After that Sabu ran for his life and the elephant got mad.


YOU CAN'T HAVE TWO ON ONE ELEPHANT
WHY NOT? I CAME UP ON THE SAME TRUNK
EH, SABU, THEY ARE SCRATCHING MY BACK
SORRY, PAL, BUT I CAN'T RISK A SCRATCH

That the craze for reducing weight seems to have once again seized the film folks. Actress Usha Kiron entered a nursing home for a fortnight, dropped ten pounds and came out streamlined to the delight of one Kher, her new Maharashtrian admirer. Mr. Veena, Al Nasir to be accurate, starved for days to lose twenty-five pounds so that his old suits could be used without further strain on his wife's purse. This was the first bit of good fortune film actress Veena had during seven years of married life.

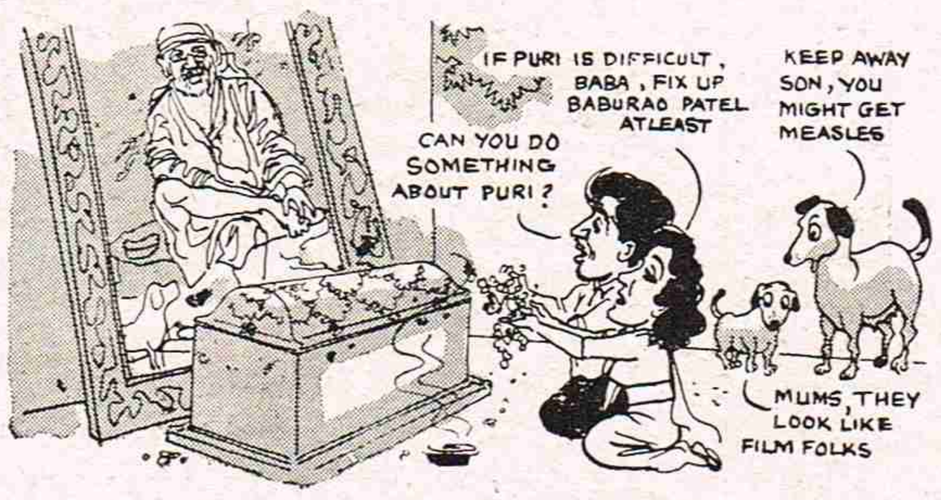
That to prove to the world that the little Kapoors are born only to play the roles of 'Awaaras', 'Mawalis', loafers and '420's' Director Aspi Irani has decided to cast Shammi Kapoor in the title role of "Mewad Ka Mawali". The producers and the Kapoors seem to have decided to take licence with our freedom and change the old cultural story of ancient India. Let us hope the censors see such pictures with open eyes.

That Shammi Kapoor, Prithvi's second mistake, carries a new blue-eyed Egyptian mascot in his swanky limousine these days to punctuate the leisure between his heavy engagements. This Egyptian dancer has taught some new hip-rolls to Shammi, an exercise which is reducing the boy's weight pretty fast.

SHAMMI LOOKING BACK WHILE DRIVING?
HE WANTS TO ENTER THE PYRAMIDS AND BECOME A PHARAOH
YOU ARE MY CLEOPATRA
OH, MY COLLEGE STREET CAESAR!

That having no opportunity to appear on the screen these days, film actress Nargis gave an exhibition of her tragic art by shedding copious tears during her recent visit to Colombo. The irritation to the eyes was provided by the loss of an expensive white shawl purchased in America without official dollars. But why cry? Raj can always wangle another shawl as he did the first one. Nargis should remember that tears make her face look even longer than it actually is.

That with his "Boot Polish" taking the shine out of the box-office, Raj Kapoor seems to have become suddenly religious. He took Nargis to Shirdi and together they laid wreaths on the samadhi of Sri Sai Baba, just as they had once before burdened the 'samadhi' of Gandhiji with their joint offerings. Saints, living or dead, usually expect such joint offerings from a man and his wife. Sai Baba must have therefore had an unusual experience to have received flowers from a film actor and his ex-heroine. People live and learn they say! Sai Baba is learning after dying.


CAN YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT PURI?
IF PURI IS DIFFICULT, BABA, FIX UP BABURAO PATEL ATLEAST
KEEP AWAY SON, YOU MIGHT GET MEASLES
MUMS, THEY LOOK LIKE FILM FOLKS

That our foreign relations are always going to be strained as long as Pandit Nehru won't realize the dynamic possibilities of using our film stars for diplomatic negotiations. For instance, Begum Para, our peroxide blonde, bowled out Sir John Kotelawala, the Prime Minister of Ceylon, when the old girl gave a cricket performance in Colombo recently. Not only did gay, old John keep her close company in a hundred photographs but he also got a special last-minute passport prepared for Para when she lost her old one. We must call back C. C. Desai immediately and put Begum Para in his place if the Ceylon citizenship muddle is ever to be solved.

A man's arrogance is often mistaken for rare talent and the girls flock round him. Motilal, who has also talent, has carefully cultivated this art of arrogance and you find him at his best in "Khushboo", a romantic tale produced and directed by Rana Indu Shamshere for Beautiful Pictures.

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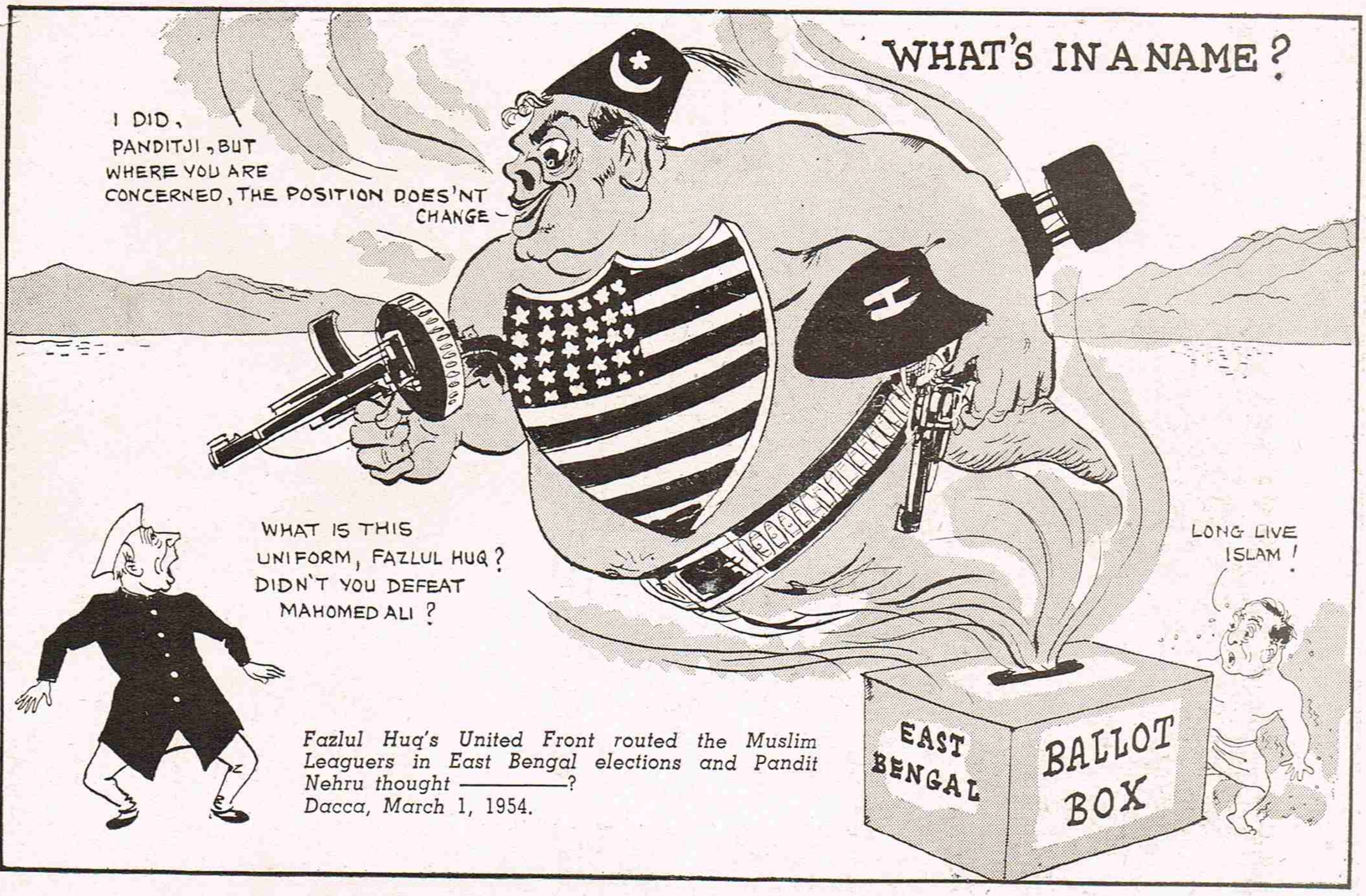
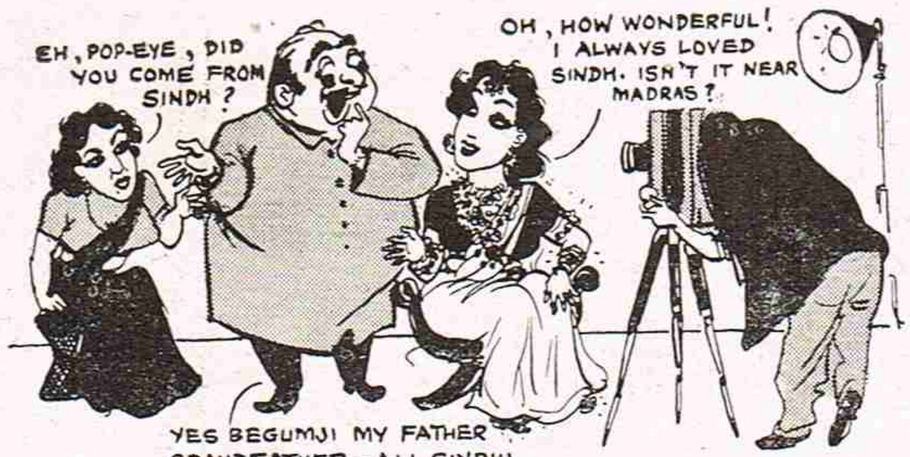

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
I DID, PANDITJI, BUT WHERE YOU ARE CONCERNED, THE POSITION DOES'NT CHANGE
WHAT IS THIS UNIFORM, FAZLUL HUQ? DIDN'T YOU DEFEAT MAHOMED ALI?
LONG LIVE ISLAM!
EAST BENGAL
BALLOT BOX

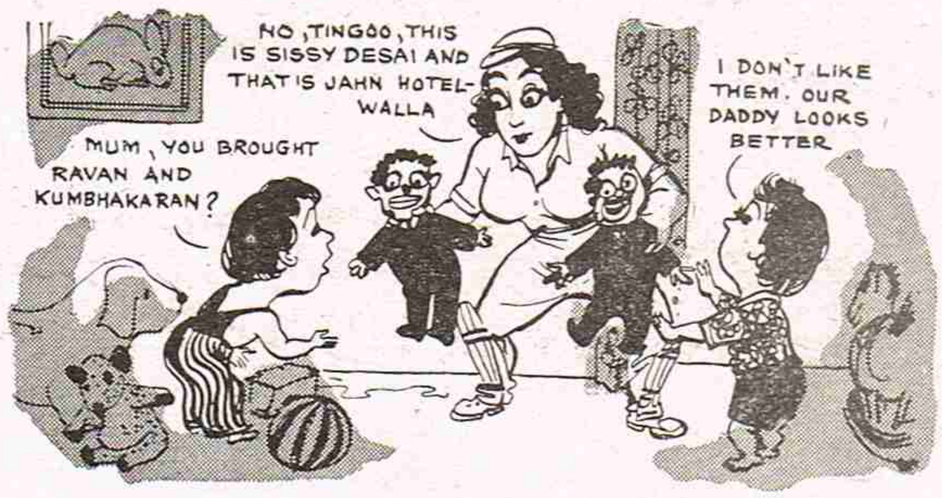
Fazlul Huq's United Front routed the Muslim Leaguers in East Bengal elections and Pandit Nehru thought ————?
Dacca, March 1, 1954.

That the Bengali film actress Sumitra, who also visited Colombo for a cricket performance, attracted the attention of a Sindhi jeweller who used her as a model to advertise his wares. After a number of photographs, the Sindhi guy forgot to take back to his shop the jewellery which his star-model wore. That made Begum Para furious.


EH, POP-EYE, DID YOU COME FROM SINDH?
OH, HOW WONDERFUL! I ALWAYS LOVED SINDH. ISN'T IT NEAR MADRAS?
YES BEGUMJI MY FATHER GRANDFATHER - ALL SINDHI

That the Ceylonese are going to remember long the film "betas" and "betis" whom Chacha Dewan Sharar took to Colombo for the cricket carnival. One barman in particular will never forget them. He has collected the broken pieces of a hundred bottles to be bequeathed as a legacy to his heirs, not to mention the photograph of the bleeding gash on his face. Such incidents only encourage Morarji Desai to tighten up Prohibition in Bombay.

That Hubby Roop Shorey, who at one stage threatened to accompany his wife to Colombo, ultimately allowed our balloon actress Meena to go alone. In doing so he played real cricket. Meena, however, had to be left behind as the plane that brought the others could not carry excess ballast. Meena returned home days later with two little Ceylonese dolls for Tingoo and Mingoo, her adopted children. That is real Indian motherhood.


NO, TINGOO, THIS IS SISSY DESAI AND THAT IS JAHN HOTEL-WALLA
I DON'T LIKE THEM. OUR DADDY LOOKS BETTER
MUM, YOU BROUGHT RAVAN AND KUMBHAKARAN?

That the Fields-Fergusson French mix-up called Odette says that she had an Australian father and a French mother. That she was born in India, schooled in Simla, grew up in Rajputana, travelled through Switzerland, London and Paris and ended in Kishore Sahu's "Mayur Pankh". All this sounds Anglo-Indian but Kishore Sahu says she is French. Well, producers always have a better opportunity of knowing things.

That when 46-year old David Lean, the British director who is to direct Korda's "Taj Mahal", landed at the Santa Cruz airport recently, he was surprised to see a long queue of Indian film girls. David did not know he was so popular in India and he said, "Some of them even do not look me in the eye while

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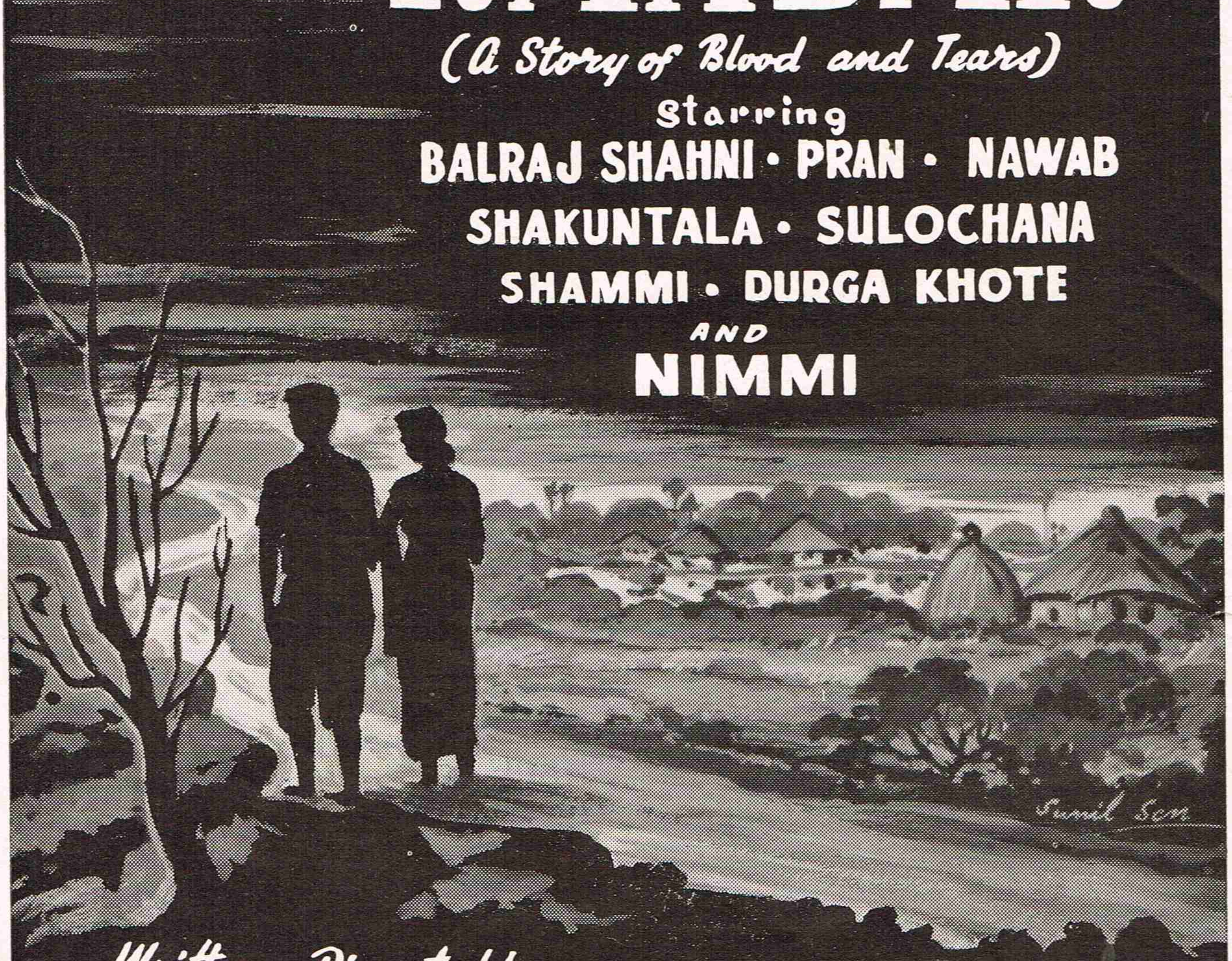


Written & Directed by

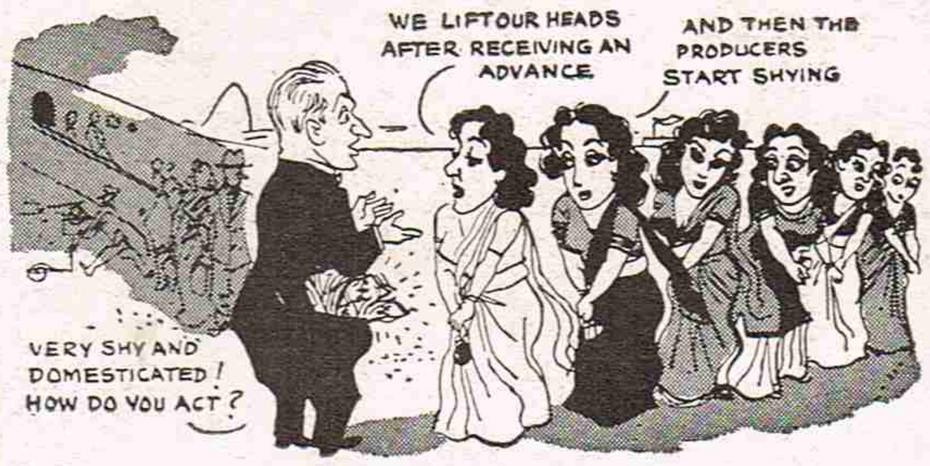
ARUN MOITRA

Music

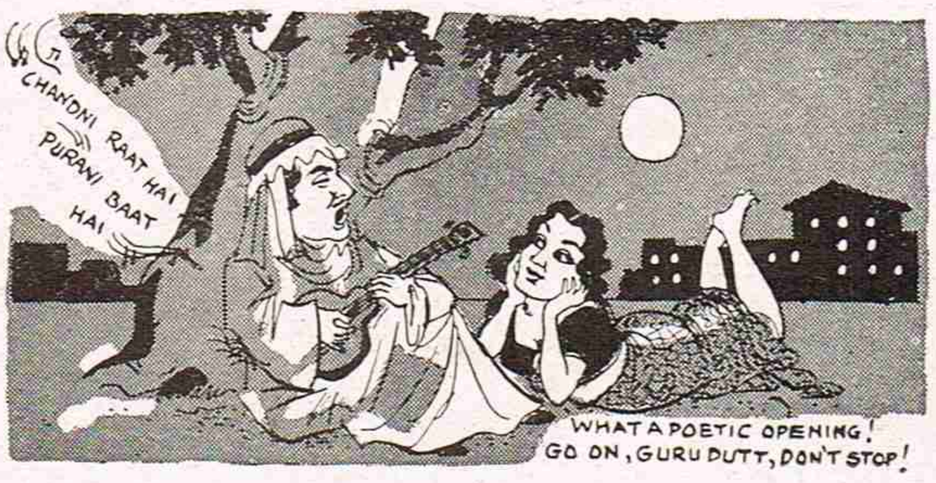
TIMIR BARAN

155, FAMOUS CINE LAB., MAHALAXMI BOMBAY.11.

talking to me." Our modest film girls! With a slump in our film industry, they kept looking at David's bulging pocket.

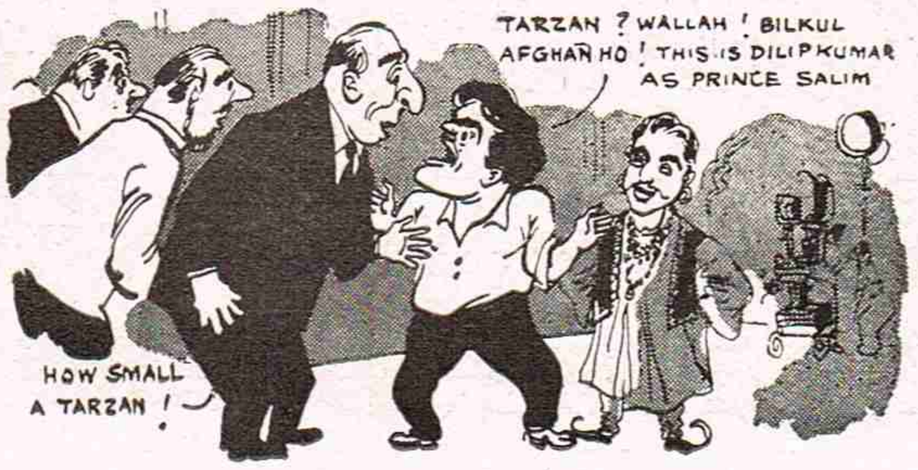

WE LIFT OUR HEADS AFTER RECEIVING AN ADVANCE
AND THEN THE PRODUCERS START SHYING
VERY SHY AND DOMESTICATED! HOW DO YOU ACT?

That film actress Shyama likes fairy tales. Her "Abba" and "Amma" got her addicted to them. She says: "Those tales still fascinate me and so much that I am sometimes lost in them like little children." We are very much impressed by Shyama's naivete. That is why Producer-director-actor Guru Dutt has been recently searching for a copy of Hans Anderson's "Fairy Tales". Shyama should, however, remember that fairies also visit our maternity hospitals.



That in "Duniya Gol Hai", Om Prakash got so dizzy going round and round Anita Guha, that he has now fixed her up in a single room. But the dear little girl misses the merry-go-round and refuses to understand the intricacies of deficit financing when Om tries to explain them to her. The round world has evidently stopped revolving.

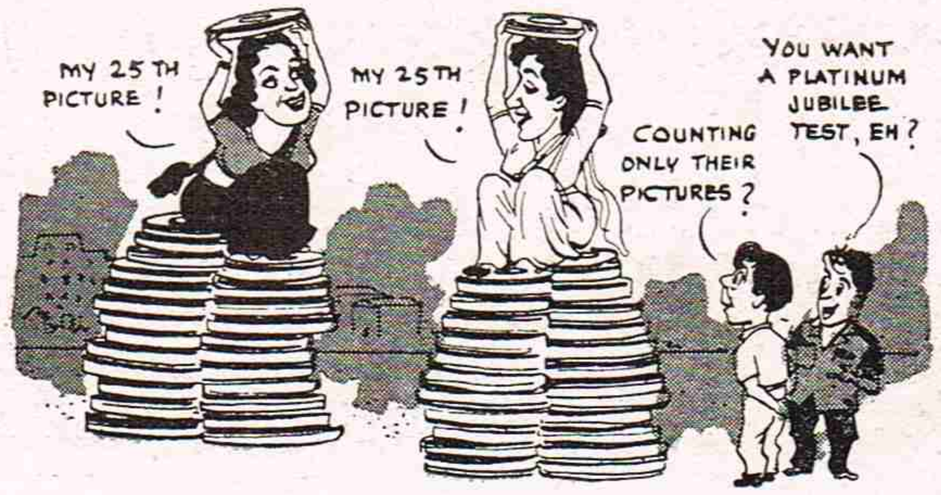
That true to Islamic traditions of entertaining all Muslims whether from Pakistan, Turkistan or Afghanistan, Producer K. Asif gave a dance and dinner party at the Mohan Studios to the members of the Afghan Cultural Delegation and showed them four reels of "Mughal-e-Azam" produced during four years of A.S. (After Shapoorji) and also introduced to them Dilip Kumar, the Prince Salim to Madhubala's Anarkali. The Afghans went back completely mystified for several reasons.



Coy beyond measure! But is she innocent? Youth is an age of dreams but dreams have designs, some of them very colourful. Usha Kiron brings these dreams to the screen in "Badshah", a thrilling tale produced and directed by Amiya Chakrabarty for Mars & Movies.

That perhaps encouraged by the news of Gregory Peck's quarrel with his wife Greta, film actress Suraiya convened a "press conference" at M. A. Mughni's house to contradict the 'rumour' that Suraiya was getting married to Gregory. Poor Peck, he didn't even dream that his courtesy call would encourage so much wishful thinking. No one, however, heard this great 'rumour' except Mughni. The only rumour we heard is that Badshah Begum, the old granny, has been chased out for too much pecking.

That provoked by the announcement of Baburao Patel's Golden Jubilee celebrations, quite a few film folks suddenly rushed up their own jubilees and announced their own nickel and silver ones if not golden ones. The first, of course, was Ambalal Patel of White House. And now film actresses Nargis and Kamini Kaushal have announced their silver jubilee pictures i.e. the 25th one in a row. They don't, however, tell us how many of them flopped.



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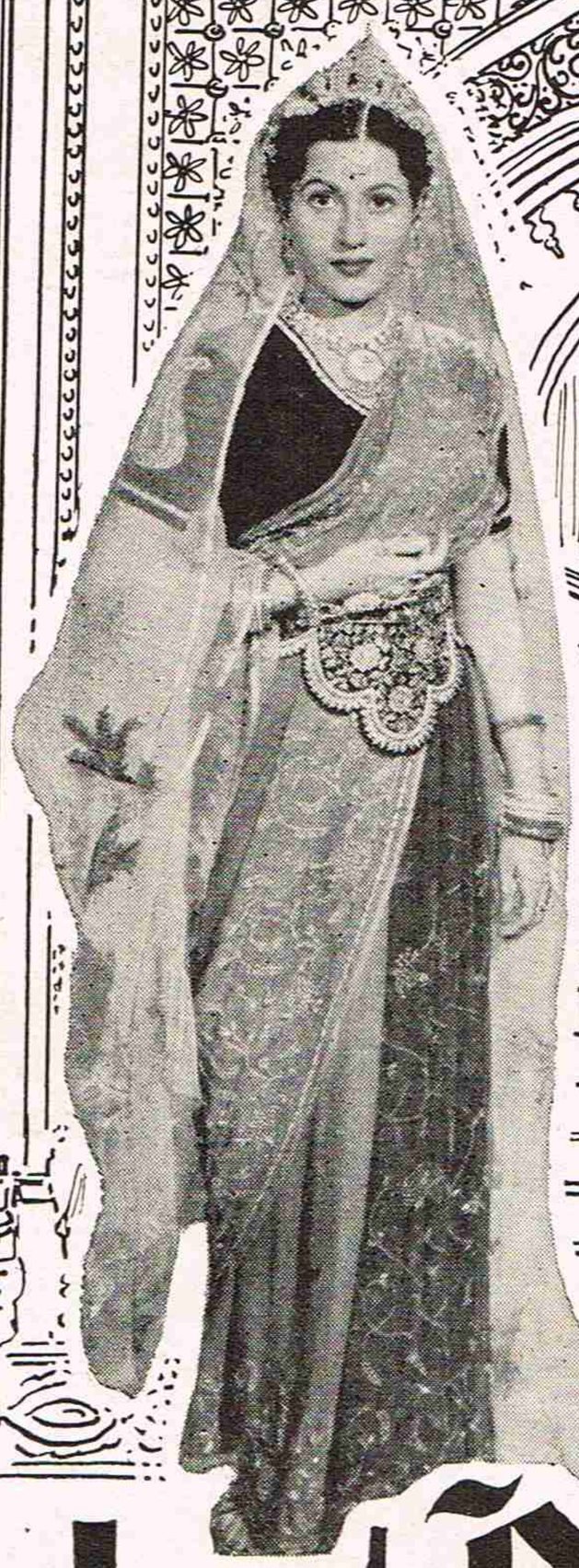


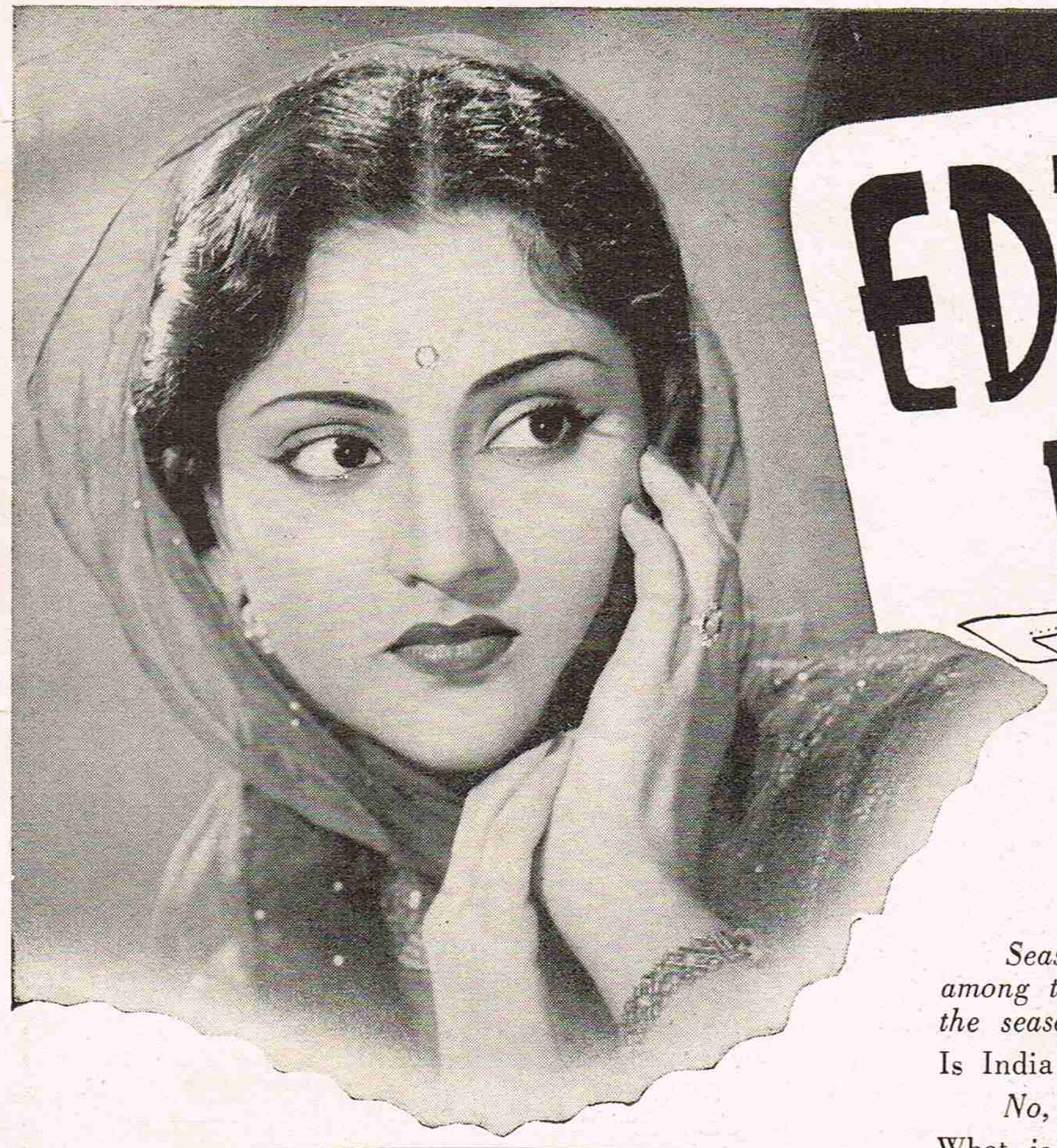
Bahut Din Huwe

A GEMINI PICTURE

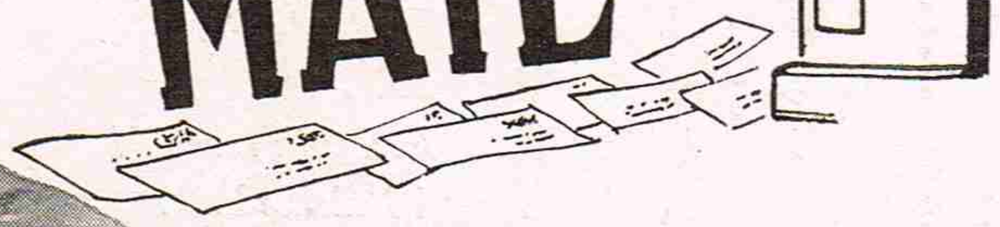
आ रहा है

बहुत दिन हुए

जेमिनी चित्र



EDITOR'S MAIL



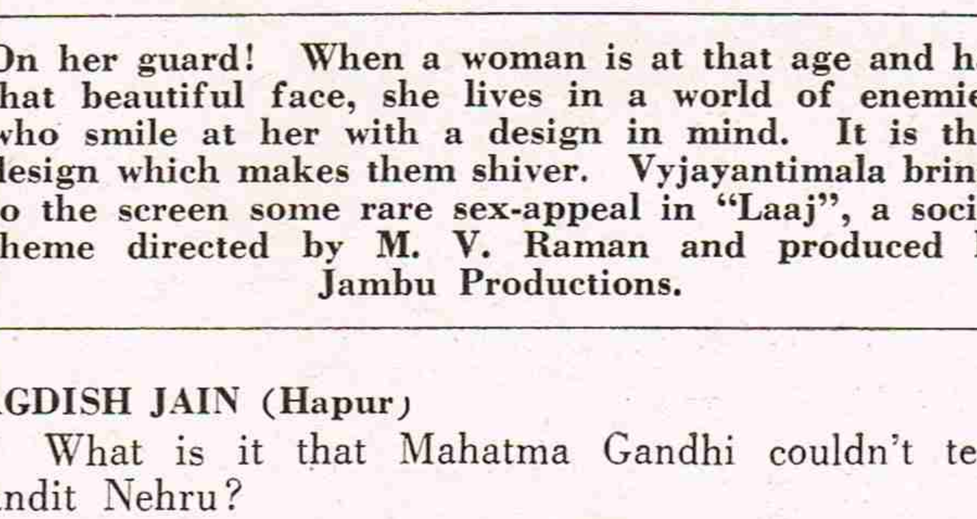
(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month — some anxious and several frivolous — it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

On her guard! When a woman is at that age and has that beautiful face, she lives in a world of enemies, who smile at her with a design in mind. It is that design which makes them shiver. Vyjayantimala brings to the screen some rare sex-appeal in "Laaj", a social theme directed by M. V. Raman and produced by Jambu Productions.

JAGDISH JAIN (Hapur)

What is it that Mahatma Gandhi couldn't teach Pandit Nehru?

The art of creating lieutenants and leaders and making them useful and important. As the nation's father Gandhiji rocked a mother's cradle, as his heir Nehru clings to a woman's vanity bag.


GET AWAY YOU MALWANI
LET ME HANDLE THE BAG PANDITJI
NO, PATIL! ONLY MY SISTER CAN HANDLE IT
HE IS CLINGING TO THE ROUGE OF POWER. YOU MUST WAIT, PATIL
INDIA

Can beauty be locked in 'Godrej' safes?

You can lock only cockroaches in a Godrej safe. Beauty must be locked in arms.

Do you believe in reason or season?

Season is often a good reason, and always so among the quadrupeds, while reason often misses the season.

Is India sinking?

No, but it is floating like a dead body.

What is 'Union Park' famous for?

For its alchemic soil which turns black money into red bricks.

Is Kedar Sharma a philosopher?

All producers are philosophers these days. It needs a bank balance to be otherwise.

Do film actresses escape pregnancy?

No, but many of them escape the cradle.

What were Pyramids to Pandit Nehru in Egypt?

Reminders of the Pharoah's Five-Year Plans! Our Pharoah's pyramids will be called Dams, with the only difference that the mummies which posterity will excavate will be those of the people.

Do you prefer fame to fortune?

Fame makes the grocer suspicious, fortune makes him smile. The grocer is my god on earth. A smile on his face is a pang less in my stomach.

Is Dilip a nice man?

He can always act as one.

In what has Kamal Amrohi been most successful in life?

In bagging Meena Kumari! That is a bed-and-bread prize.

Should we start now signing in Hindi?

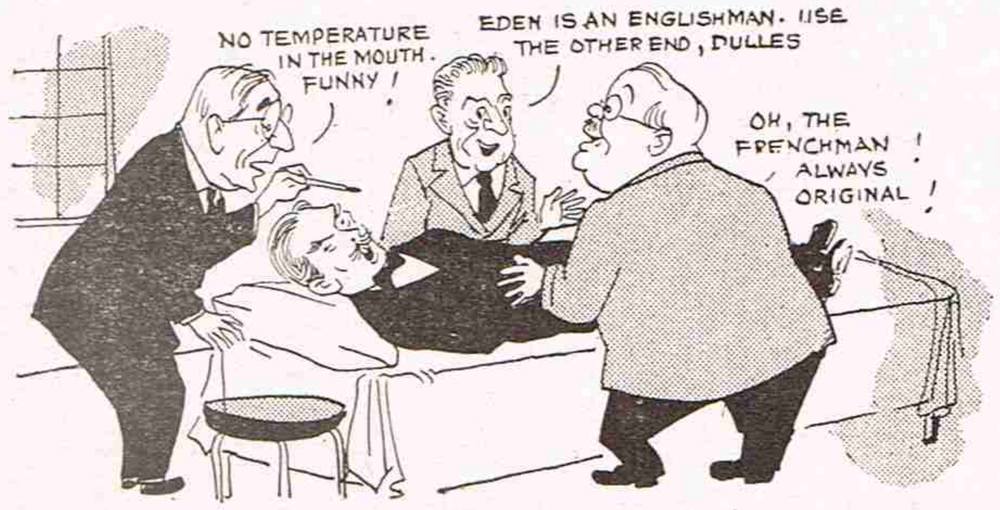
That won't change our fortune or parentage. Will it?

What do ballot boxes contain?

The misfortune of millions!

Why all these Big Four meetings?

To take each other's temperature. Each one imagines that the other one is ill.



How old is Rita Hayworth?

Four husbands and two children old!

Does Pandit Nehru read "filmindia"?

He does.

What are the students doing in Lucknow?

Destroying their heritage! Their hatred has got the better of their reason.

If Chandulal Shah takes to politics?

He will give Saurashtra a bad name.

Isn't the Russian experiment, whatever we may think of it, at least an honest attempt to secure for all an equal share in things which constitute the physical basis of life?

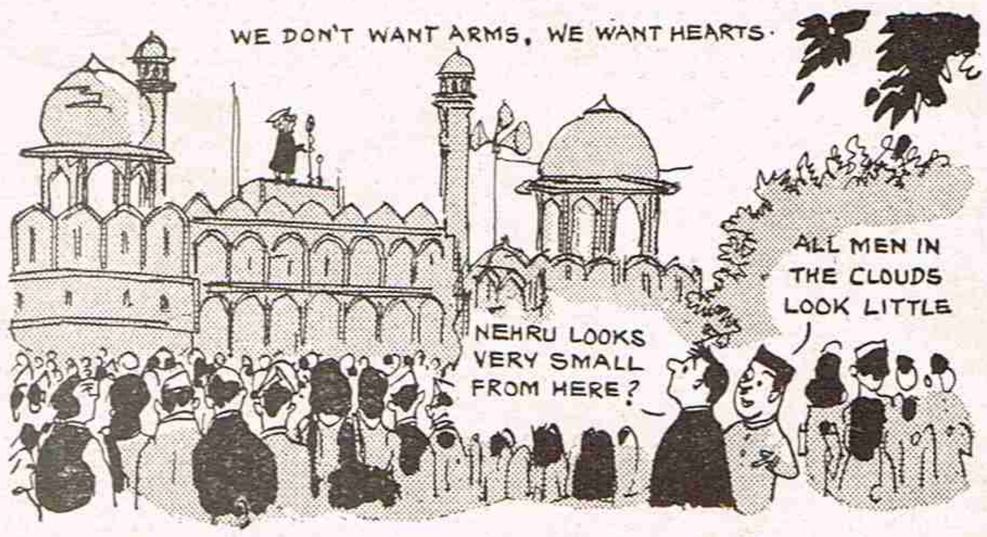
Don't we practise similar Communism on the animals in the zoo and the circus? Man is a creature of the mind. Doesn't the mind also require food and freedom? Could I write what I do with a Red rag flying on the Red Fort?

Can Jayashree smile?

That woman only giggles. Smiling needs intelligence.

How small do people look from the top of Kutab Minar?

That is a wrong way to see things. You must look with your feet on earth and find out how small the one on the top looks.



What is your opinion about Sir John Kotelawala?

He is too gay and impulsive to last long.

Can a man live without money?

No! Even Gandhiji needed money and plenty of it.

What is the marriageable age of American girls?

Marriage doesn't seem to be so important. They begin mating at thirteen.

How to choose a good secretary?

Good secretaries are as rare as good wives. To get one you need more luck than choice.

Why can't Shri Golwalkar shave?

He will lose the mystery of his personality. People always expect a tiger in a bush even if they don't find one.

Is the Constitution of Pakistan most modern?

It is only 1384 years old but evergreen. Time stops where Islam marches.

Do Communists die half-starved?

People who rob others never starve.

Can imagination be photographed?

Isn't Nehru photographed a million times a year? He is the idealized imagination of 360 million people.

What is your opinion about I. S. Chopra, Chief of Protocol, who is always seen posing for a photograph with a foreign visitor to India?

He is Government of India's Thomas Cook. He looks one too.

Is there any caste distinction among Americans too?

Americans have many castes like the black and white bar, Jews and Christians, rich and poor, East and West, North and South, Catholics and Protestants, Red Indians and White Americans, Communists and Americans, Democrats and Republicans etc. All these are air-tight and water-tight caste distinctions which cause bloodshed and change the history of the country.

Is Ashok Kumar a wrestler too?

He has four children.

Is Begum Para looking charming these days?

She is at her peak these days—the only wine in this dry province.

Is India proud of Pandit Nehru?

Not these days! Pride is the smile of achievement.

MISS PUSHPAKUMARI (Mandalay, Burma)

I love you but how can I marry you since I am only seventeen?

As you are old enough to think of marriage, you must wait till I get young enough for it.

T. K. JOTHIRAMAYAM (Ahmednagar)

"Congress is the old mother and Communism, a young wife. Do not neglect the old mother and get too fond of the young wife", said Rajaji. What did he mean?

Rajaji was prophetic. Knowing that a wife symbolizes the future he asked people not to have too many Red children in a hurry. Sort of a political family planning! But with a young wife in bed people don't look back at an old mother.

MISS SHAKUNTALA MOTWANE (New Delhi)

Your answers are quite nourishing.

Lord Krishna's record was 16000. And that is a divine prescription.

MRS. G. ROY (Ranchi)

My lips want to touch Baburao's lips. Any remedy?

Married lips are a forbidden diet of the sex-starved. I am not sex-starved.

PREM CHANDRA SINHA (Arrah)

Prithviraj criticising "Aan" said at Lucknow that it was a waste of good Indian money, and frankly disappointing, as it did not depict Indian conditions which was what foreign audiences wanted. Any comment?

What did he say about his son's "Awaara" which was sent to Europe? Did it depict Indian culture?

Slowly but surely we are going to have such a thing as 'Baburao school of thought'. Do you agree?

Never mind the school and its name plate. Think over the thought. There is too much of canning and labelling in this country.

HEM B. PRABHU (Bombay)

Why can't Dr. Ambedkar whistle?

He does but the dogs run away. It is only the police whistle in the mouth that collects a crowd. Dr. Ambedkar opened his mouth too wide and dropped his police whistle.

would mean more restrictions in hell. Count the people that will bless me.

What is yellow journalism?

That is journalism as seen by the jaundiced eyes of power.

Isn't Nargis cleverer than Nimmi?

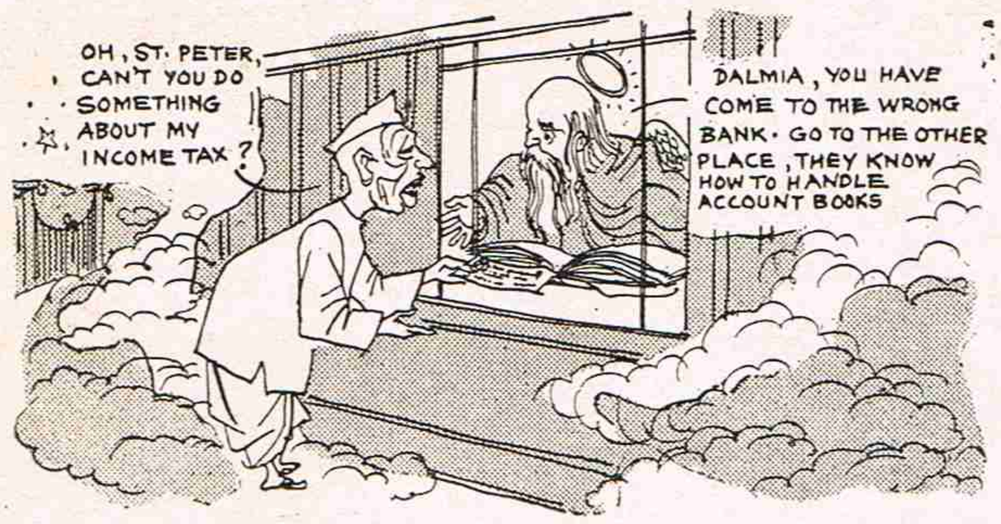
Both are fools. Wisdom lies in presenting a good balance sheet.

What is S. K. Patil doing these days?

He is lighting little candles with a big dynamo. And what else can he do with a deaf Congress and a dead people?

Do Dalmia's prayers go to heaven?

They bounce back. He has no current account there.


OH, ST. PETER, CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY INCOME TAX?
DALMIA, YOU HAVE COME TO THE WRONG BANK. GO TO THE OTHER PLACE, THEY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE ACCOUNT BOOKS

Why do you love Muslims?

Because they didn't convert my ancestors when the Moghuls ruled India. One good turn deserves another.

Will posterity remember Minister Munshi?

Not as a politician but as an excellent writer of Gujarati prose! His novels are classics of literature.

What are your views on Sindhi girls?

I don't form views unless I get a view. I am the dull type without imagination.

Have you any objection to a Hindu offering his prayers in a mosque?

A mosque is a good place to pray. It is clean and quiet, though the company is not always clean and pleasant.

How do you dodge your creditors?

I meet them whenever they want to meet me and ask them the way to pay my debts.

You are not afraid of the future, strange?

Except death, all other fears of the future I have lived through in the past. And to me death would be a deliverance. So, what is there to be afraid of?

I wish you had a better name!

A name has no meaning in the cradle but on the grave it reveals a biography and many men begin to live after their death. So don't yell till you hear the knell.

Does Mahavir Tyagi ever scratch his head?

That is merely scratching the skin and risking

They have to be because Kidwai's rice is still in Burma.

I like everything starting with the letter B?

I know that but in my case the name ends with a zero.

AMAL KUMAR BANERJEE (Bombay)

If I send a tin of "Rosogollas" to you as a token of my love and respect, will you be kind enough to accept them?

I'll accept them but I won't eat them. Tinned "rosogollas" are often found putrid and they cause ptomaine poisoning. Our canning industry is still very primitive.

Where is Goa?

4000 miles away in Portugal!

S. V. RAMANAYYA (Vishakhapatnam)

What is Raj Kapoor's outdoor game?

Motoring up to Khandala for an indoor purpose. It is a popular outdoor game in the film industry.

What is happening in Egypt?

They are quarrelling over the spoils. Muslims always do.

What do you think of Vijay Bhatt?

He worked hard, produced many successful pictures and made money for others. I always knew that Brahmins were bad businessmen. They haven't the heart to gamble till the end.

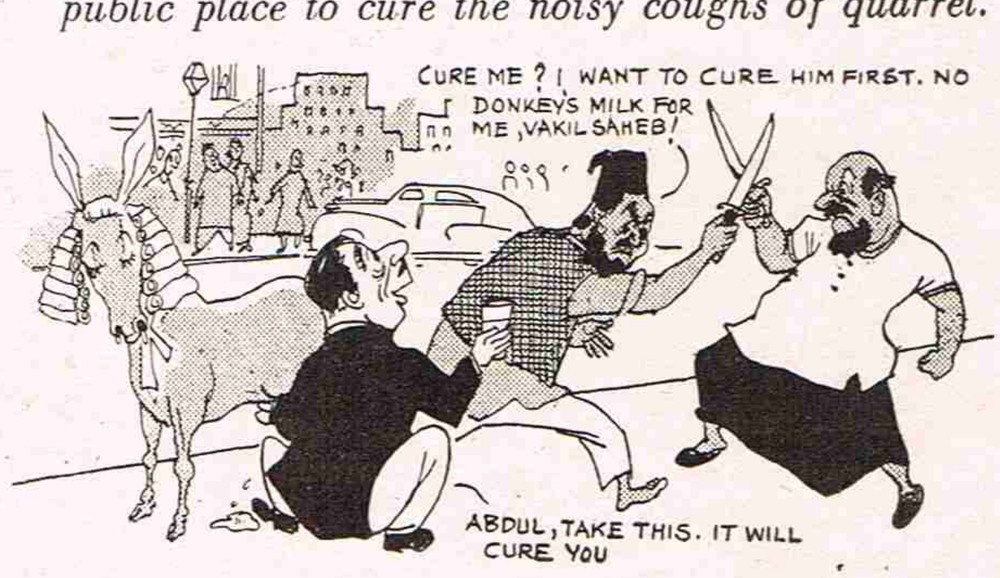
What is India without Hindus?

A Moghul empire!

M. G. SOMAN (Amravati)

If law is an ass, what about lawyers?

They are the people who milk the ass in a public place to cure the noisy coughs of quarrel.



What is your opinion about the long silence of Shri Meherbaba?

A wise man! Speech is often the measure of ignorance.

SYED O. SHER (Aligarh)

I want to know something about Hinduism. What are its peculiarities?

Hinduism has no peculiarities. It is not even a religion with a fixed code book of do's and don'ts. Hinduism is an ancient banyan tree of philosophy with numerous branches and aerial roots of different thoughts through different ages—all contributing to raise the mental and moral stature of man. And because it has no code book it has no dogmatism. The Hinduism that you see at Kumbh Melas is the heritage of the ignorant masses left behind as a legacy by a tyrannical priesthood. Read the books of Swami Vivekananda and you will know more.

I wait for "filmindia" and my father reads it first!

Age makes a man impatient and he likes to crowd his hours. You are young and you can afford to wait.

Why are you so afraid of Pak-American Pact? Does not India belong to Bhims and Arjuns?

Bhim and Arjun fought a war of righteousness (Dharma-yuddha) to vindicate the honour of Indian womanhood. The rules of the war were so strict that even their enemies had to observe them. Pakistan has no use for these old rules. It is a nation anointed with the blood of millions.

MISS RADHA DUVVURI (Madras)

How many wives do you like to have Baburao?

[redacted]

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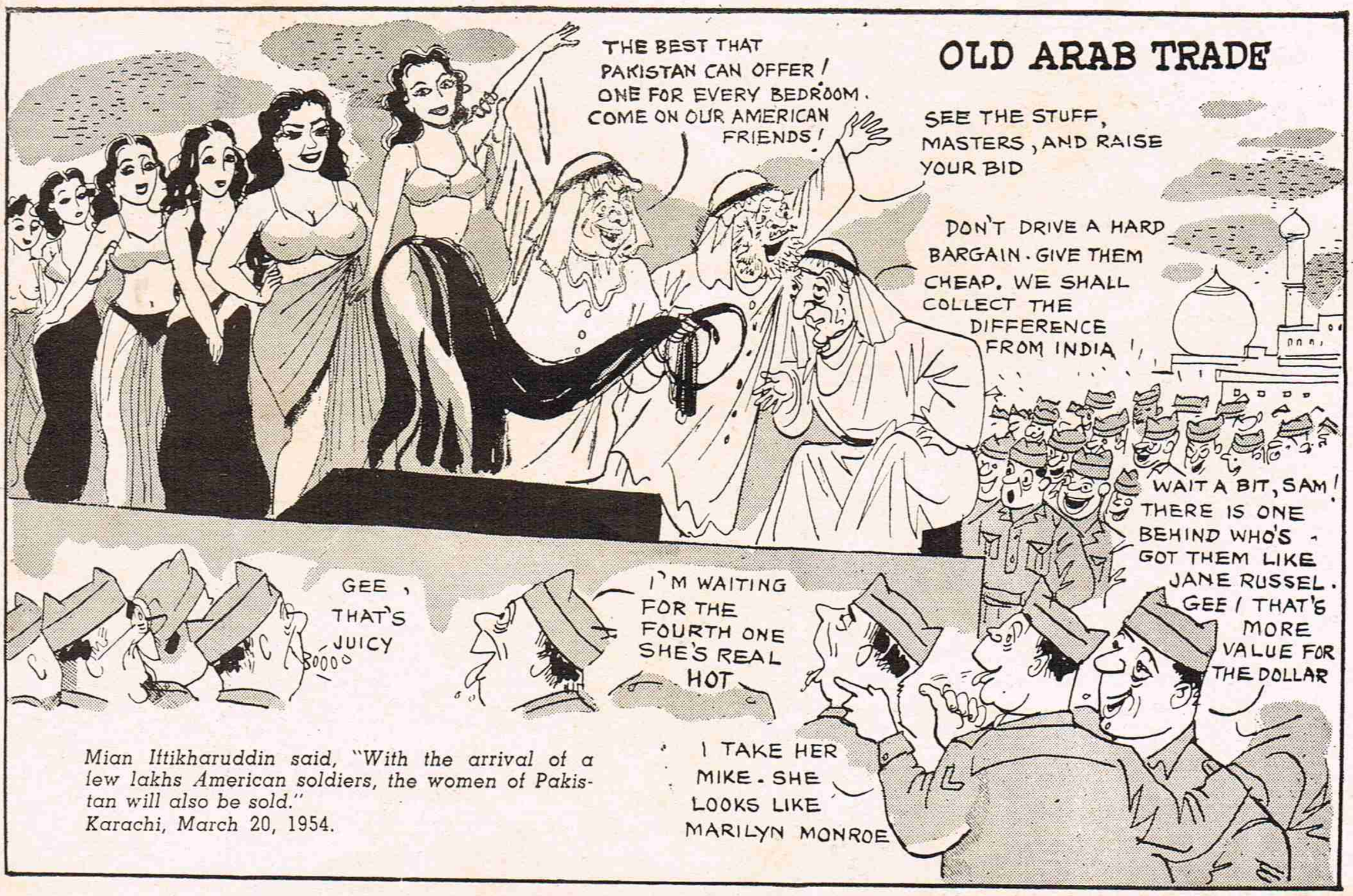

OLD ARAB TRADE
THE BEST THAT PAKISTAN CAN OFFER! ONE FOR EVERY BEDROOM. COME ON OUR AMERICAN FRIENDS!
SEE THE STUFF, MASTERS, AND RAISE YOUR BID
DON'T DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN. GIVE THEM CHEAP. WE SHALL COLLECT THE DIFFERENCE FROM INDIA
WAIT A BIT, SAM! THERE IS ONE BEHIND WHO'S GOT THEM LIKE JANE RUSSEL. GEE! THAT'S MORE VALUE FOR THE DOLLAR
GEE, THAT'S JUICY
I'M WAITING FOR THE FOURTH ONE SHE'S REAL HOT
I TAKE HER MIKE. SHE LOOKS LIKE MARILYN MONROE

Mian Iftikharuddin said, "With the arrival of a few lakhs American soldiers, the women of Pakistan will also be sold."
Karachi, March 20, 1954.

an eczema of the scalp. Tyagi has no head. He sold it to his office.

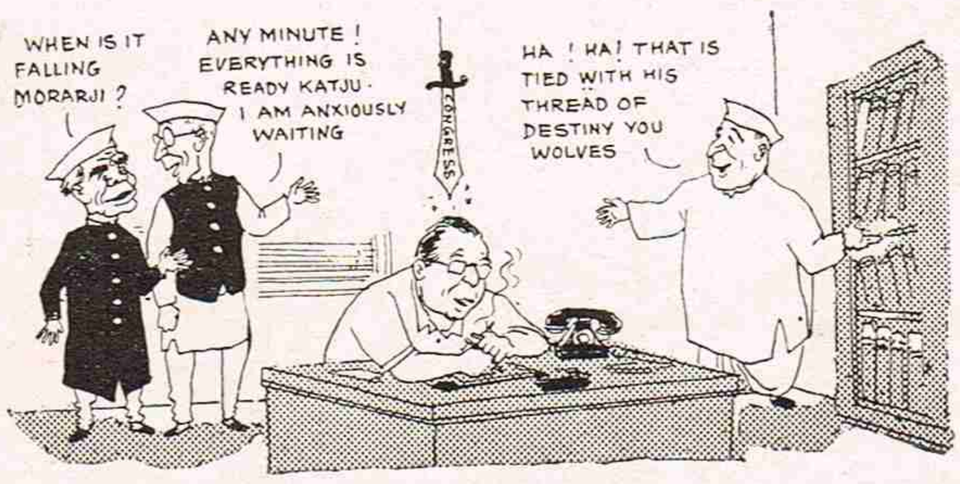
Does Joachim Alva like you?

He does. But when he says so, I don't understand him. He has the official Congress stammer.

GEORGE K. JOHN (Trivandrum)

Suppose a sword is hanging above your head?

It is but the thread is mine.


WHEN IS IT FALLING MORARJI?
ANY MINUTE! EVERYTHING IS READY KATJU. I AM ANXIOUSLY WAITING
CONGRESS
HA! HA! THAT IS TIED WITH HIS THREAD OF DESTINY YOU WOLVES

MISS JANKI C. M. (Poona)

Can you forecast any important events in the year 1954?

Pakistan will be a headache, Goa will give us a temperature, the Communists will be a pain in the neck, the Five-Year Plan will break our back and Bhoodan will make our feet sore.

Nehru says he cannot understand people suffering from insomnia!

Nor can I! Insomnia is the luxury of a disorganized mind.

MISS KAUSHALYA RANI (Jullundur)

I am a very modest girl?

You must be, the way you allow your brother to sign for you. When you get married, at least don't allow another woman to officiate for you.

Patel dear, do you hear that nightingale singing in the wood? Listen!

I have no wood nearby. I have an old wooden-headed Parsi as a neighbour and I hear only ducks quacking. The Zoroastrian religion evidently doesn't teach the Parsi his duty towards a neighbour.

MISS I. KHERA (New Delhi)

I can't forget a beautiful face once I see it.

Nor do I! Send me your photograph.

P. S. RAMALINGAM (Madras)

Every South Indian Brahmin wishes that Mr. E. V. Ramaswamy Naicker should die very early. Why?

Karl Marx died in 1883. Did that stop Communism? South Indian Brahmins are becoming stupid.

K. SWAMINATHAN (Colombo)

What are the achievements of Thimmaya?

He came back alive.

H. S. HANSPAL (Calcutta)

You, Shantaram and so many others—all married

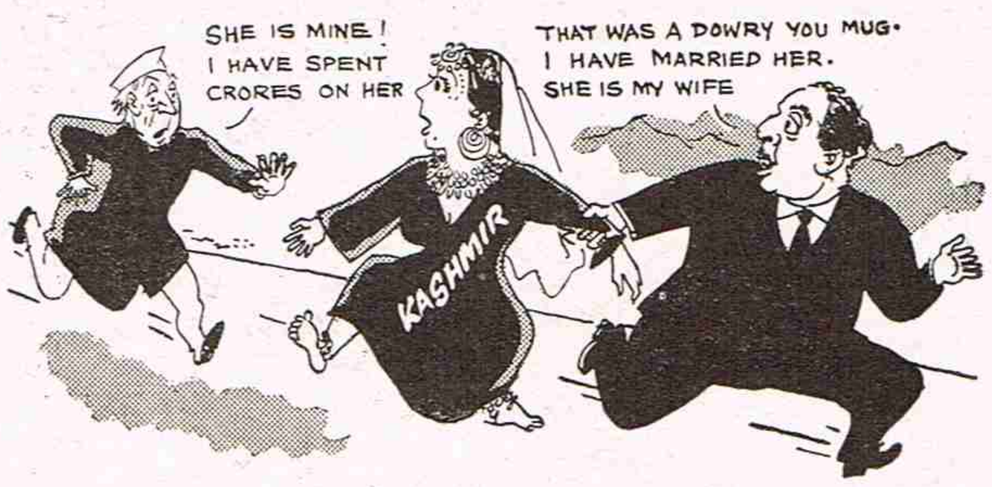
more than once. Cannot Raj Kapoor do the same and end all damn gossip?

He can but does he want to? A man can get anything that he wants very badly. Raj seems to enjoy the scandal more.

R. KRISHNAN (Madras)

I don't agree with you regarding washing our hands off Kashmir. Is that why we spent crores of rupees and sacrificed thousands of our soldiers?

Who asked you to buy ornaments for another man's bride?



MOOSA ADAMS (Cape Town, S. Africa)

The film critic of Cape Town praised Mehboob and "Aan" whereas in Johannesburg, the picture was boycotted by some Europeans because it shows non-European artistes. What do you think of that?

That is an old colour story which white men produce. Mehboob used colour for a better purpose.

SHANKAR MANSUKHANI (New Delhi)

Aga Khan was weighed in platinum. What will he be weighed in next time?

Next time he will be weighed under the sod.

Recently the Prime Minister was reported to have said that the second Five-Year Plan will be built up from the bottom. Well, how was the first one built up then?

The first one was built up from the clouds downwards and the second one he wants to build up from the earth upwards.

MOHANLAL M. PATEL (Bombay)

Why Nira didn't become popular?

It has too much of Gandhian virtue and recommendation. As a virgin sister of toddy it had some glamour. After Gandhian adoption it lost both.

Why does Panditji want more women M.P.'s?

The male worm sometimes turns, the female one always follows.

MISS ROSABELLE KANAGARATHNAM (Madras)

Strangers say that my handwriting is childish but two of my professors say it is beautiful. What do you think?

In my case the face must not be childish, the handwriting can be. By the way, keep away from those professors. They might lead you to a confessional.

M. K. LILARAMANI (Godhra)

I am Lilaramani. I do not think you would mistake me for Sheilaramani?

I don't go by sound. I go by sight. I believe what I see. Had I not done so J. C. Jain and Kedar Sharma would have been in the wrong classification.

K. B. LALL (Gwalior)

What is marriage in poverty?

Adding conscience to hunger.

Any comment on the recent tragedy of Kumbh Mela?

I wish 90,000 had died instead of 900. People have no business to foul a river labouring under stupid notions of Hinduism. This three-worldly riverside Hinduism must be destroyed, if ever we are to recapture the glory of the ancient Hindus.

K. S. MADHAVAN NAIR (Perak, Malaya)

Will another Shivaji arise?

Not till another Aurangzeb is born.

When I think of you I am reminded of Maharana Pratap and Swami Vivekananda?

Yes, they inspire me but then they leave me in Nehru's "Third Area". There begins the change in my sex.

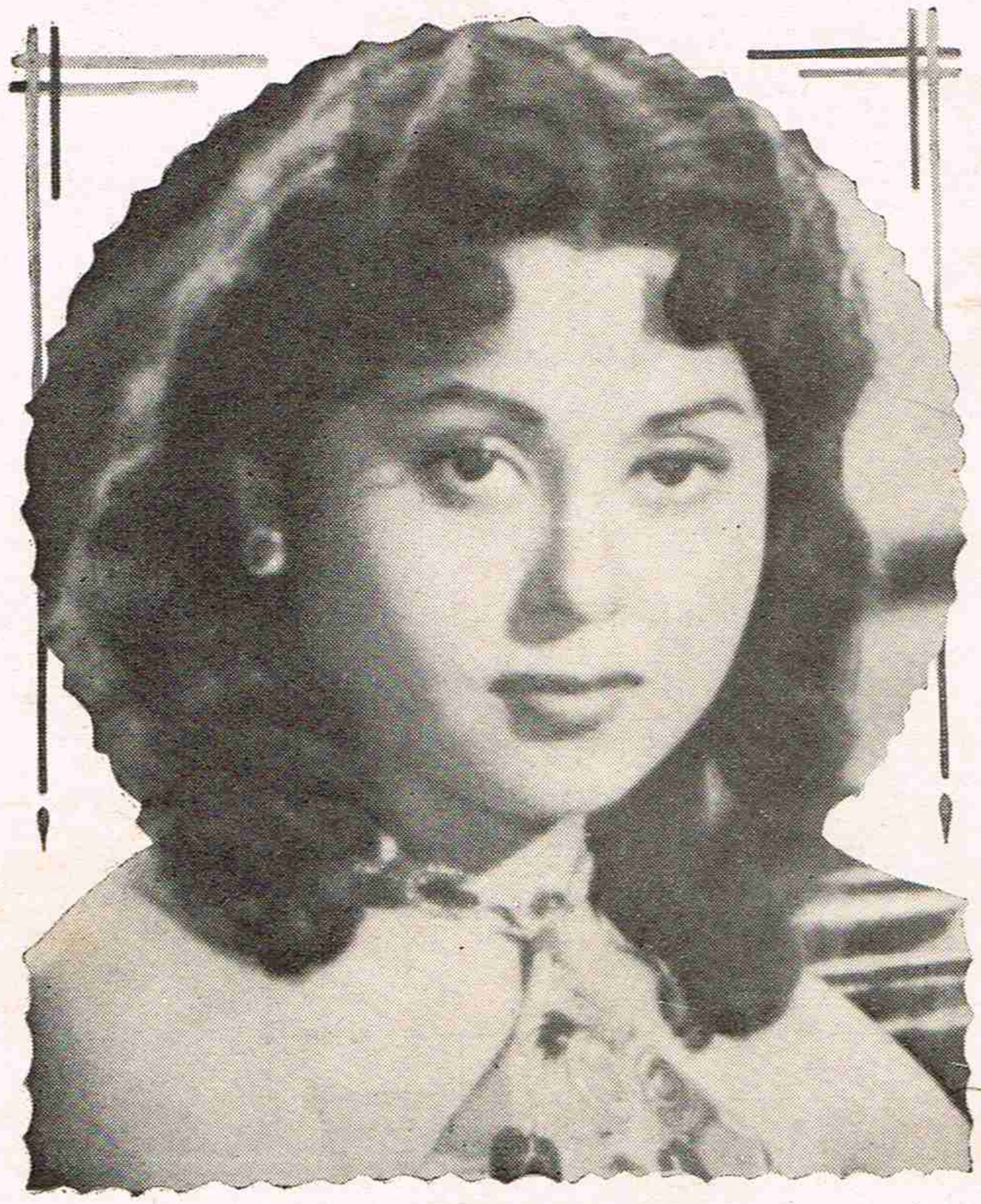
Is Comrade Ahmed Abbas a true Muslim?

Every Muslim is a true Muslim and Comrade Abbas is no exception.

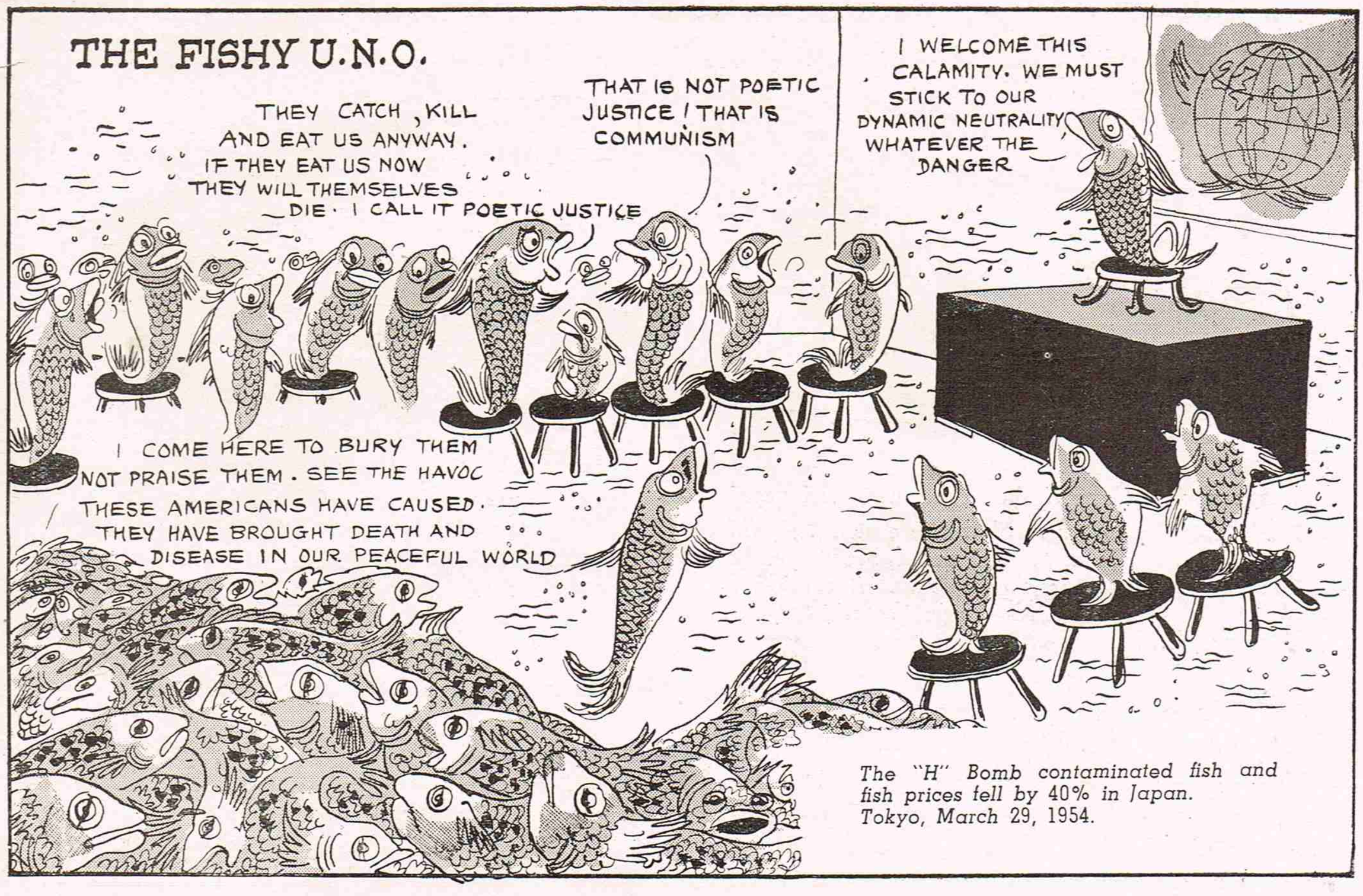
GIRIJA G. SAMBRANI (Dharwar)

Will you please come down to Dharwar to eat with us the sweet mangoes and grapes from our garden?

Won't it be cheaper to send them by a railway



When faces start looking like 'papayas', girls need love to slim them. Smriti Biswas seems to be leading a lonely life in "Sailaab", a social tale directed by Guru Dutt for Emar Films.


THE FISHY U.N.O.
THEY CATCH, KILL AND EAT US ANYWAY. IF THEY EAT US NOW THEY WILL THEMSELVES DIE. I CALL IT POETIC JUSTICE
THAT IS NOT POETIC JUSTICE! THAT IS COMMUNISM
I COME HERE TO BURY THEM NOT PRAISE THEM. SEE THE HAVOC THESE AMERICANS HAVE CAUSED. THEY HAVE BROUGHT DEATH AND DISEASE IN OUR PEACEFUL WORLD
I WELCOME THIS CALAMITY. WE MUST STICK TO OUR DYNAMIC NEUTRALITY WHATEVER THE DANGER

The "H" Bomb contaminated fish and fish prices fell by 40% in Japan. Tokyo, March 29, 1954.

parcel? We must save money for our Five-Year Plan.

P. SADASHIV BHAT (Mysore)

Which is the most expensive habit of a woman?

Marriage! Ask the men who pay.

What is a landlady in India?

That is a woman who kills her husband and then blames the tenant for it.

J. S. ADVANI (Calcutta)

What reply should we give to people who say that because of slump in the film industry, you have started blackmailing insurance companies who can still afford to pay your 'premiums' to save their skin?

Am I also blackmailing Pandit Nehru to give me a ministership of his rocking regime? Ask them to answer that.

A. V. NARASIMHAN (Secunderabad-Dn.)

Do you know that the Nizam is a Persian poet?

Then let him sing with Omar Khayyam:

"Ah, fill the Cup—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our feet:
Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if today be sweet!"

for the Communists are already singing also with Omar Khayyam:

"The stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the dawn of nothing—Oh, make haste."

Do you know the whereabouts of Laik Ali?

Traitors have no address. They have only a name.

Has the choli come to stay?

Don't we need it seeing that what it covers is permanent?

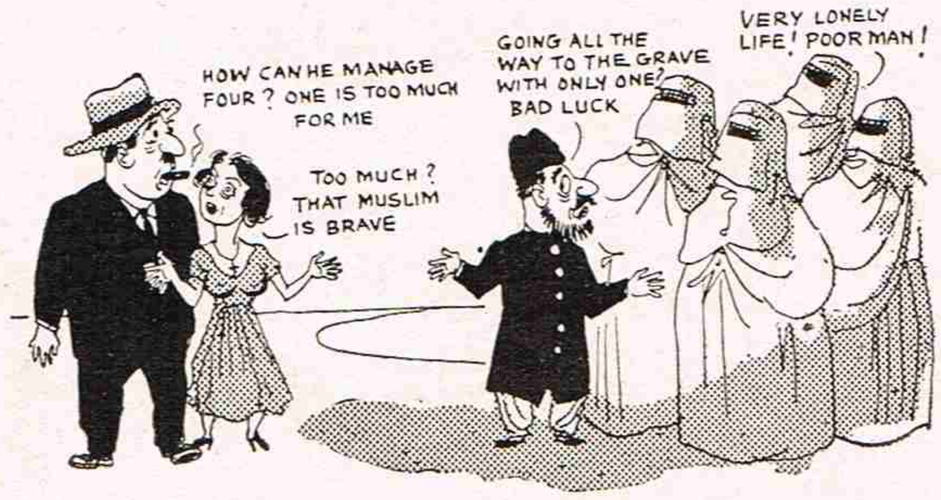
What is chronic virginity?

Fermented Nira which is neither toddy nor liquor!

Why is a Muslim allowed four wives?

Probably to legalise an Arab's natural lust and establish some synthetic morality in society. Measured by this yardstick the Hindus, who could marry a hundred women if they liked, stand condemned as a lecherous race. Social laws are usually based on the economics of life prevalent in different times and human virtues and vices change their

complexions with the climes and times through which the human race passes. Islam is at least reasonably generous in allowing four wives while Christianity is niggardly in prescribing only one. I am glad I am not a Christian.


HOW CAN HE MANAGE FOUR ? ONE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME
TOO MUCH ? THAT MUSLIM IS BRAVE
GOING ALL THE WAY TO THE GRAVE WITH ONLY ONE? BAD LUCK
VERY LONELY LIFE! POOR MAN!

E. R. SRINIVASAN (Hyderabad-Dn.)

Have you anything against runaway marriages?

Runaway lovers rarely settle down. In pulling themselves out from the old soil, the roots get hurt. As it is marriage is a gamble but it would be a better bet if given a chance in the midst of one's own people.

Do not actresses age with years?

Many Indian actresses age much before their years because they have no respect for their nights.

Where am I to go for "Noo" questions every time?

"Noo" ones come from the 'ole' nut. Shake up the sawdust.

Have you lost interest in the turf?

I have still a horse that runs against me to justify its name, "Dark Destiny". This is a world of egos.

S. M. JAMIL (Madras)

Please write something about the achievements of R. K. Karanjia's camera?

Red K. Karanjia's camera is a revolutionary instrument. It puts Morarji's head on a dhobi's shoulders and makes him a dhobi dictator.

"Helping the dame in distress often ends in bringing home a mistress". What a wise maxim! Is that your personal experience?

The flame that burns one's fingers often lights up the path of another. Use the light, don't stop and inquire.

You say that Nehru's chariot is pulled by 44799392 donkeys. Is this figure exact and how did you get it?

I started counting from myself upwards till I finished all the ballot-boxes with Congress votes.

K. G. MURTI (New Delhi)

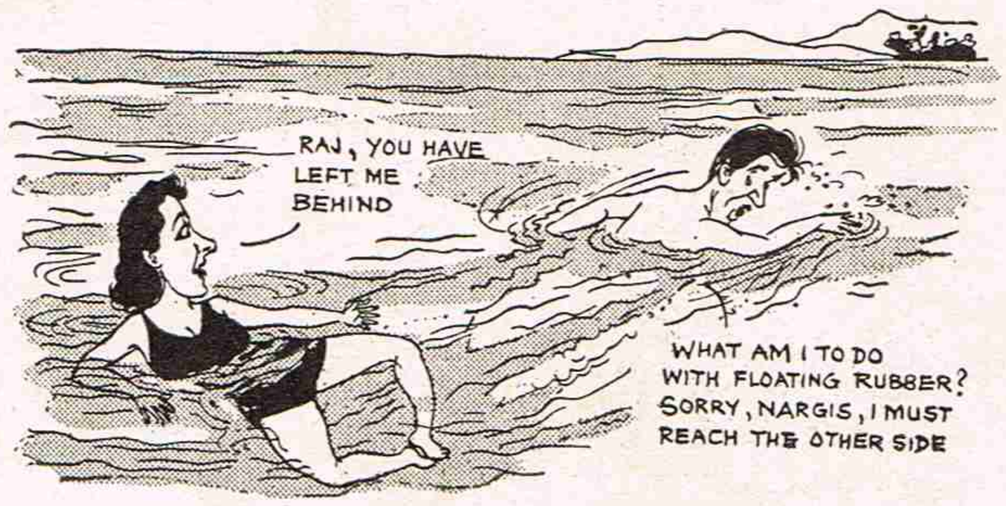
Recently it was reported that an American citizen has become the father of 10 children—all girls in a row within a course of 14 years of married life. Well, can you beat that?

I can't but Kardar has a fair chance to beat the number of daughters though I pray that he adds five of the other sex.

A. V. NARASIMHAN (Secunderabad-Dn.)

Will Raj swim or sink with Nargis?

No one swims across a sea with a lifebuoy. Good swimmers use a float only to rest for a while.



V. L. NARAYANA (Howrah)

Have you given evidence before the Press Commission?

They called me for evidence and subjected me to an inquisition.

MISS N. G. JOHN (Bangalore)

Do athletes make good husbands?

No! The professional athletes usually have wooden heads.

I saw you in a saffron robe in my dream last night . . . . . ?

If Nehru continues his present policy of appeasement too long, I may have to become a Ramdas one day.

MISS KUNDA OVALEKAR (Bombay)

Your success has the smell of midnight oil. True?

No, only daylight toil!

C. MOHAMMED ALI (Madras)

Which is the wettest place in India?

New Delhi! Even the hens there drink cocktails and then become cocky.

Address of K. A. Abbas please?

Union Park, Pali Hill, Bombay 20. Address him as 'Commissar'. He is a big man now.

What do you gain if I become a subscriber of "filmindia" instead of buying it every month from the bookstalls?

I lose nothing but you gain. You get a copy by registered post at your door for Rs. 2|12|-. You save four annas on the basic cost and time and money on conveyance.

L. S. PANJWANI (Bombay)

Mr. Patel, you say that you never attend any film function but recently you were seen on the muhurat day of "Kavi". Was there any special attraction?

There are some people I cannot convince and one of them is Debaki Bose. Debaki is a professional grumbler and I agree to do many things for him to give him some peace of mind.

MRS. MAHALAKSHI SUNDER (Tenali)

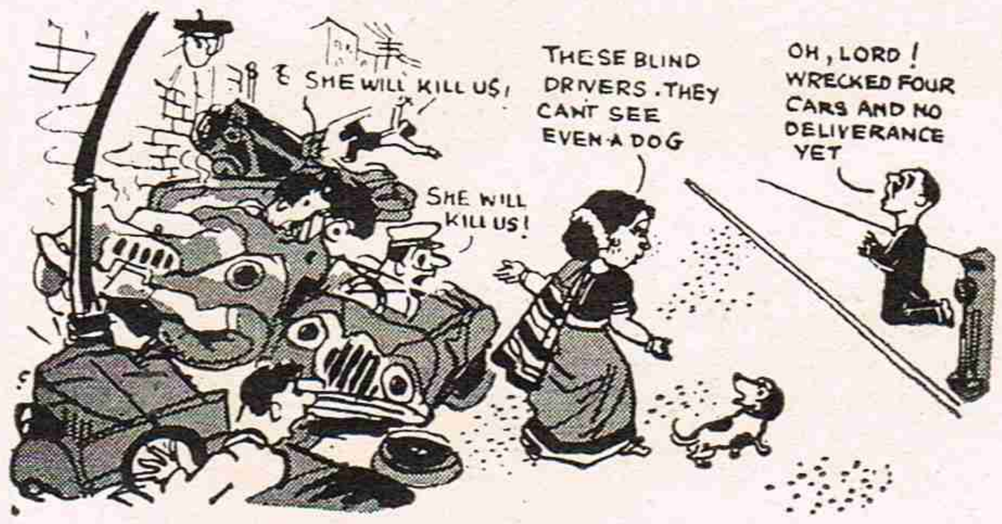
Why do the highly educated and cultured ones like your writings and see a lot of sense in them?

The rest are Congress voters—idiots who lift Nehru to the clouds on the thunder of their applause.

K. SRINIVASAN (Mysore)

I have by accident married a nagging wife?

Send her out shopping and pray for another accident.


SHE WILL KILL US!
THESE BLIND DRIVERS. THEY CANT SEE EVEN A DOG
OH, LORD! WRECKED FOUR CARS AND NO DELIVERANCE YET
SHE WILL KILL US!

K. M. RAO (Calcutta)

I would like to see Rajgopalachari sweeping your office room?

I would lick the dust off the floor rather than allow a venerated elder to bend in service for me. Remember, I am a Hindu.

Why is soup taken noiselessly?

The chicken mustn't know that it is being swallowed. That is benevolent capitalism with an emphasis on good manners.

Say something about life in Bombay jails?

Write to Begum Para at Rahat Villa, Worli Sea Face, Bombay. She has seen two jails: Arthur Road and Yeravda. For more information ask Morarji. He has been in four jails.

M. LILA (Bombay)

Will you believe me if I tell you that I have fallen in love with a man looking just like you?

As long as he hasn't my name you are safe.

When you step out of your bed which foot do you put down first?

The left! I use the Communist foot first to see whether the earth is still there or misappropriated by Vinoba's Bhoodan stunt during the night. With the Congressmen you can never be sure and a Communist test is the best measure of their activities.

RAM. N. GURSAHANI (Bombay)

If Amrit Kaur winks at Deshmukh?

Durgabai will pull her eye out. Our Durga is the Kali of Andhra.

P. C. GANESAN (Ammapet)

Man is an oak, woman is a wine and child is a flower. What is a prostitute?

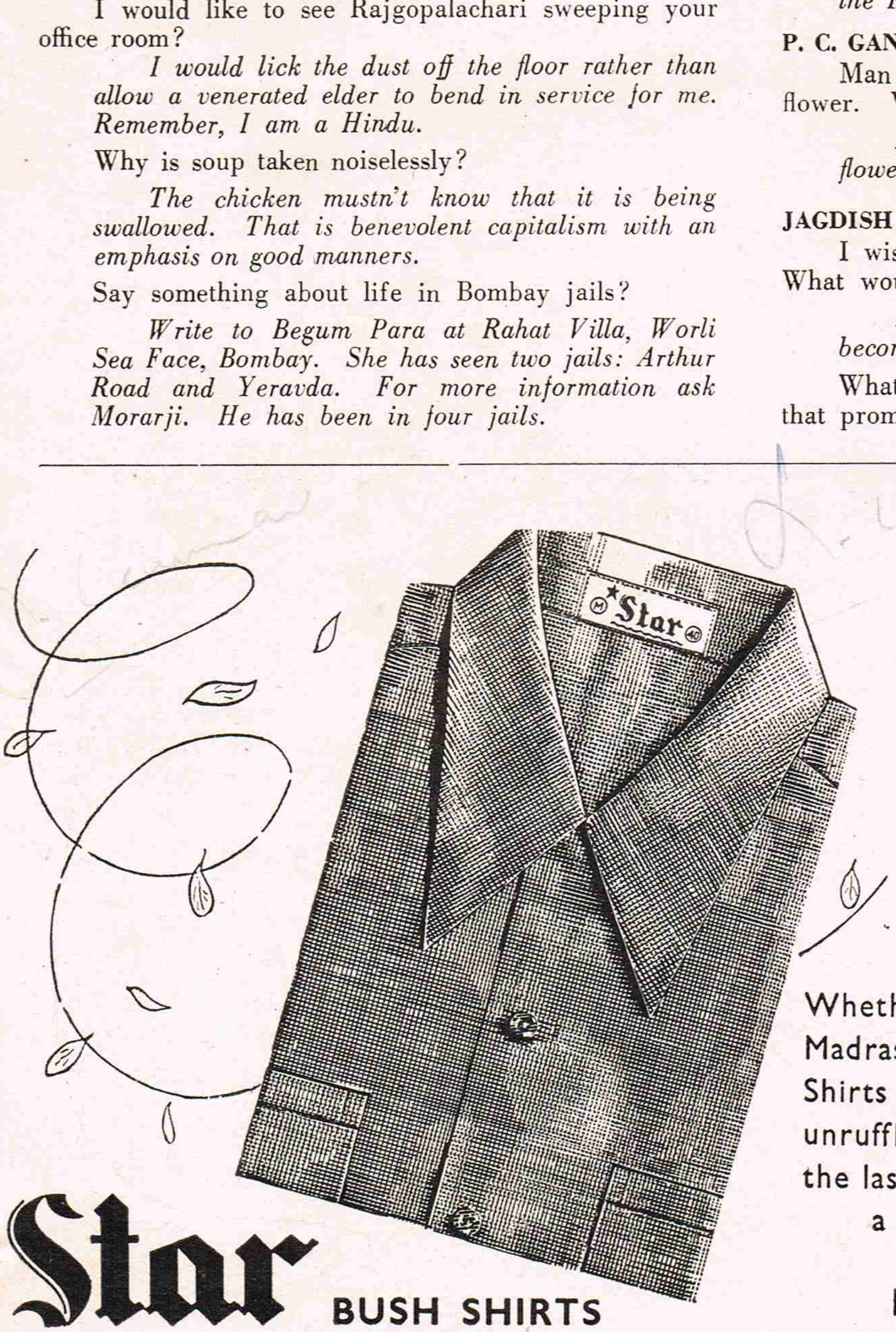
A midnight cactus, Cereus grandiflorus, which flowers in the night and closes at dawn.

JAGDISH G. SAMBRANI (Dharwar)

I wish you a healthy, happy and prosperous year. What would you like to wish me?

If wishes had vitamins, wombs would not have become graves.

What happened to those truck load of signatures that promised to save the cow from the blade?



COOL

AS A BREEZE!..

Whether it be in humid Bombay or sultry Madras the 'air-spun' quality of "STAR" Bush Shirts will help you in keeping cool and unruffled. Exquisitely tailored to give you the last word in fashion and design, they are a boon during summer time - or any time.

From Rs:- 10/- onwards.

Star BUSH SHIRTS

Signatures of dead men cannot save even animals. The cows need a warrior like Lord Krishna for their protection.

ANAND SURYAWANSHI (Bombay)

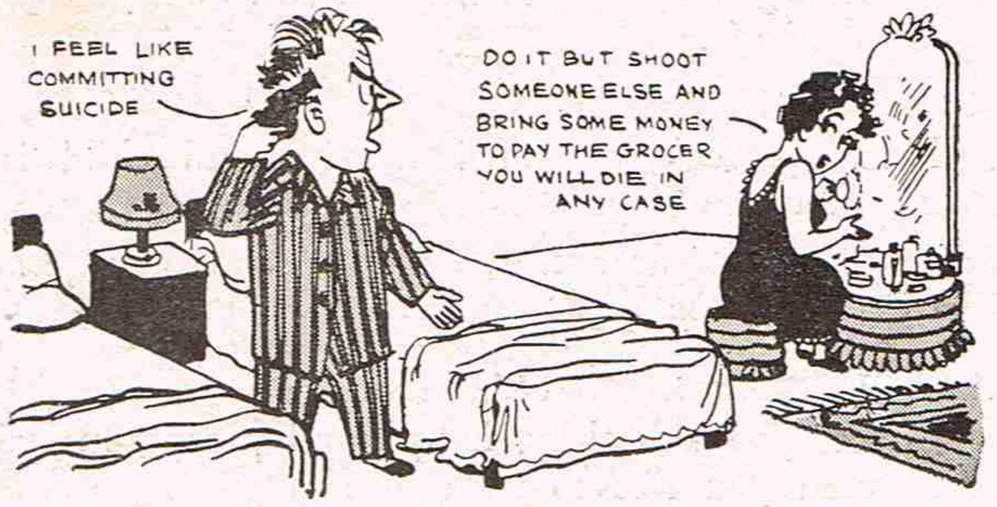
Every now and then, these Bengalis go on burning trams, buses, post-offices and other public property. Why?

Bengalis love fireworks. They are always in a festival mood, though the tram-and-bus burning festival is a frown of hunger.

BRIJ LAL GOYAL (Patiala)

Can you suggest an alternative for suicide?

Try marriage! It often provides the necessary morbidity to the mind.



B. SUBBA RAO (Bombay)

Is it the actual structure of the Taj Mahal or the spirit behind its building which fails to inspire you?

The structure is inspiring, the purpose is not. The Taj is too egotistic an extravagance to house two mortal memories.

Why do poor people also believe in God?

Faith in Him guarantees better accommodation above. Those who have been let down in this world must look up to another.

Have you ever spoken to Manorama Katju?

I have dined in her home. Her charming parents made the Kashmiri food extra sweet to compensate for the sourness of the company.

I know a lady whose husband complains that she is not flirting enough with other men. What can be the reason of his strange attitude?

He must be an insurance agent. Selling life insurance is a heart-breaking job.

In a circular addressed to the employees of the "Times of India" during the recent trouble there, Dalmia had lovingly described them as the very organs of his body. Should not the workers feel proud of being given this honour?

Have you seen his body? If you see his limbs you will want to know what his organs have been doing.

Have all your ambitions been fulfilled?

No! I want to see Nehru as a Napoleon with a modern army of three million Indians.

Can you name any politician who is not a scoundrel?

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru!

Should India take help from Russia now?

I agree with Nehru that we should not take help from anyone. But we can buy arms from everyone.

Is Manorama Katju a woman of indescribable charms?

Absolutely indescribable! Words drop dead within a mile of their mission.

H. D. PANDIRKER (Nyasaland, Br. E. Africa)

J. C. Jain has a woman's voice, I heard?

It is not as bad as Kedar Sharma's nor as good as Lata Mangeshkar's. What surprises me is that the rumour about it has reached Nyasaland.

S. N. MAITI (Khargpur)

What is life without wife?

It is whisky and cigarettes and cough and constipation.

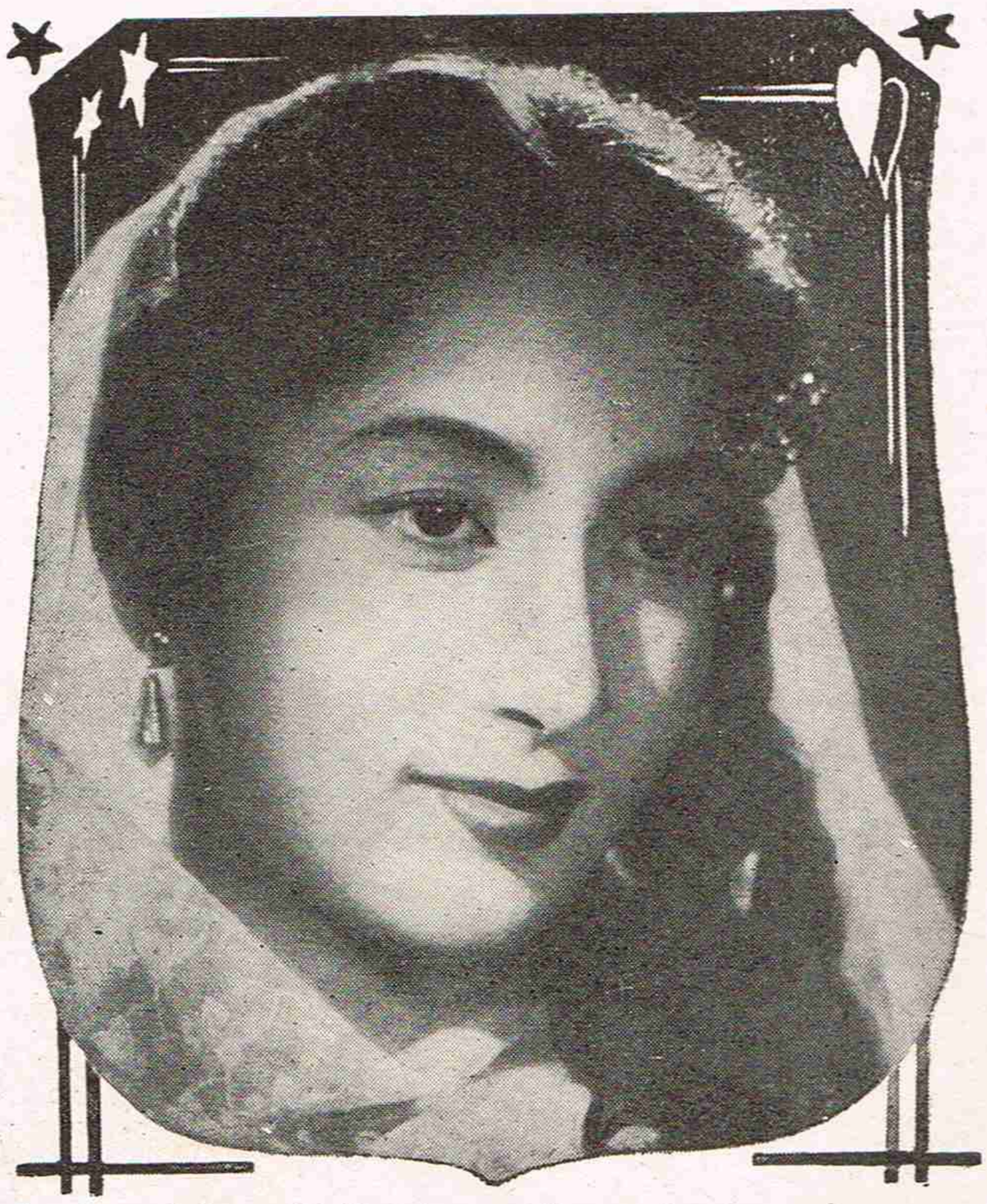
A. AYYAPPAN (Kasaragod)

Would you object if your son or daughter decided to enter politics?

I didn't object when they entered wrong bedrooms. Politics is a smaller sin in comparison. Each one travels to hell or heaven on his own feet.

Dear Mr. Patel, I am very affectionate and loving by nature but nobody cares for me the way I want them to care, because mine is a very ugly face. Is there no hope for ugly faces in the world?

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel was a frighteningly ugly man but he died as one of the most beloved



Fresh and beautiful! A new face raises new hopes and though hopes often end in frustrations, one always likes to have a beautiful heroine for hopes. Watch Mala Sinha in "Badshah", a thrilling tale of romance produced and directed by Amiya Chakrabarty for Mars & Movies.

characters of history. On the other hand millions of people in Travancore-Cochin did not like the face of our proverbially handsome Prime Minister. Remember the old maxim: "Handsome is that handsome does."

Is there anyone in the world whom you fear? What about your mother-in-law?

She gives me peptic ulcers. Even my charming wife cannot protect me from this allergy. And they say vaccination is effective.

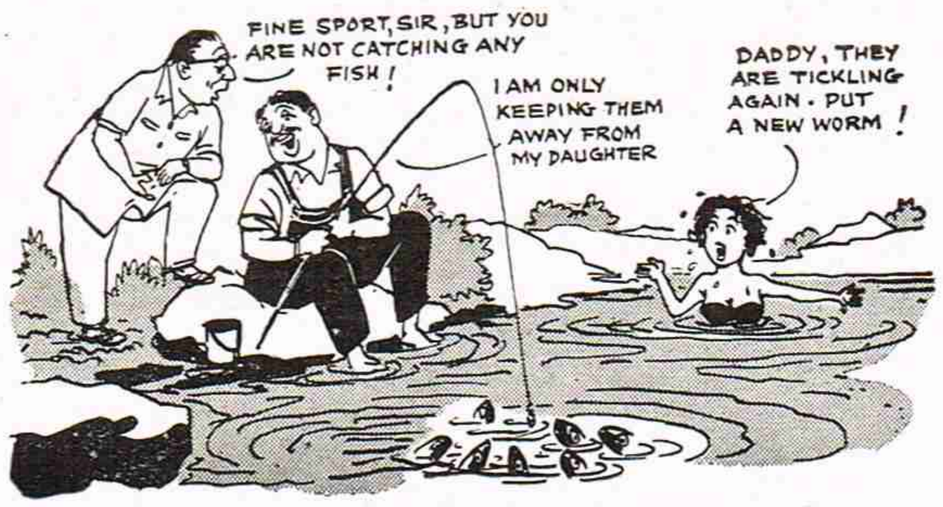
By the by whom do you respect among the leaders of the Congress?

Nehru, Kidwai, S. K. Patil and Rajaji! The rest have frozen brains.

M. G. CHAUDHARI (Bombay)

What are your views on fishing?

I change my views according to the fish.


FINE SPORT, SIR, BUT YOU ARE NOT CATCHING ANY FISH!
I AM ONLY KEEPING THEM AWAY FROM MY DAUGHTER
DADDY, THEY ARE TICKLING AGAIN. PUT A NEW WORM!

G. P. LAWRENCE (Tungabhadra)

Why don't you adhere to the proverbial phrase, "Judge not that thou be not judged"?

I am not only judged but also abused. But that is facing life and its realities. Without churning you can never separate the cream from the milk.

MISS HILDA HAMILTON (Bombay)

What did you tell the Press Commission?

To try vasectomy for rejuvenation! The members were too old for humour.

You have completed half a century. May you complete the century!

Now listen, Hilda! If your daddy is prepared to pay for my board and lodging for the next fifty years I don't mind hanging around that long. But if he is not, then you must wish me godspeed for a quick exit. How can any sensitive man spend another fifty years with our Communists and Congressmen?

HARIRAM G. JUGAT (Bombay)

Do politicians love their women?

Not their own!

Will the personal charm of Nehru any longer help him in keeping the people in a state of perpetual stupor?

He failed to do the trick in Travancore-Cochin. Nehru is the god of illiterates and therefore the Congress is not interested in educating our people.

Is it due to lack of eminent educationists among Hindus that Muslims are appointed in high places in Azad's Education Ministry?

In their winning moods women certainly become more dangerous. Geeta Bali is just about planning what to do in "Milap", a social theme directed by Raj Khosla for Film Arts.

In Azad's Ministry, the medium of administration is Arabic and only camel drivers know that language.

My girl friend tells me, "I love you—love you as I have never loved any living thing. From the moment I met you, I loved you, loved you blindly, adoringly, madly." Shall I believe her?

That woman has a terrific respect for her grocer to put it so thick on you. She might make a good housewife.

V. SAMPATH (Madras)

What happens when a stray lamb lands in a bachelors' den?

The bachelors run out and the lamb becomes a lion.

H. L. SETHI (New Delhi)

How can we crush American pride?

I don't like this useless business of crushing

something which belongs to others. It causes an unnecessary waste of thought and energy which we can profitably use for improving ourselves. B. K. Karanjia started two film papers with the sole aim of crushing me and got so exhausted in the heat of his hatred that he is not to be seen in the field now. What is true of individuals is equally true in the case of nations. Hatred and jealousy have never built anything yet.

I have seen enough of poverty. Does this mean I have seen life?

No, poverty is but one facet of life. Life is one big kaleidoscope with an endless variety of varicoloured designs.

Kamini Kaushal says, "Producing a picture is like having a baby"?

But the baby she produced is not much of a picture. Though, of course, like Indian producers, she has named it too well.

Is Shantaram malicious?

Is a snake poisonous?

Is America a great country?

Yes, in resources—though not yet in traditions!

No vacancy here, no vacancy there. What to do?

Fill up the vacancy in your brain and think. Thought creates jobs.

Is Ike brainless?

A soldier rarely shows intelligence in a dirty game like politics. Ike has become the mike of Dulles and the pike of McCarthy.

How many more years will Asif take to complete "Mughal-e-Azam"?

The Parsi financier's life line can decide that. The old man looks quite a sturdy type and let us pray for his long life so that Asif can be in business for a long time. My sympathies are all with Asif. He has to work hard to hold his financier.

A. ZACHARIAH (Trivandrum)

Is blood thicker than water?

They said so once but you can't say that in a secular state. Now Nira is thicker than blood.

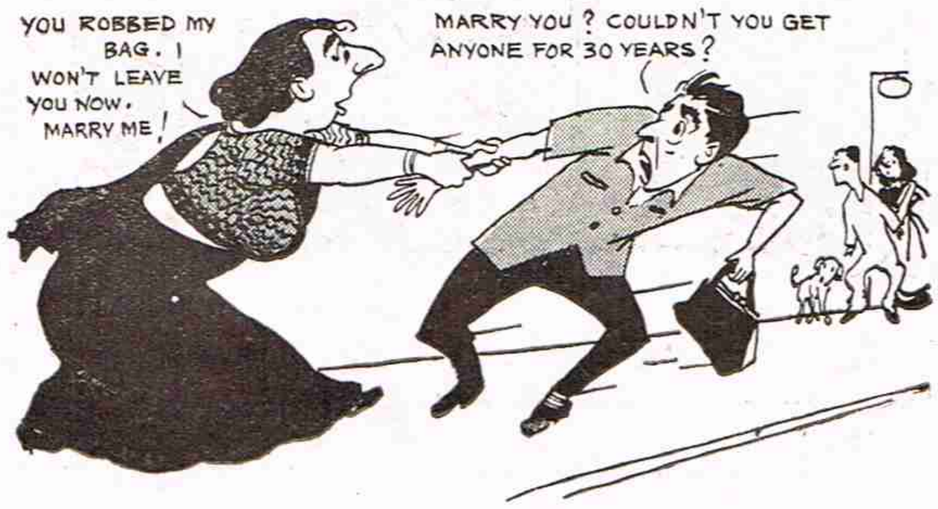
If Vijaylakshmi Pandit resigns?

No tears will be wasted.

MISS S. SARASWATI (Egmore)

What will a man get if he robs a lady's handbag?

There is the risk of his getting the lady. This little larceny should never be tried even as a joke.



Is it good always to live on hopes?

Hope doesn't kill. It at least keeps you living. Despair is poison.

K. S. CHARI (Kavarraipetai)

Have you a second home like Vijayalakshmi Pandit?

Women always have two homes. Unfortunately I am a man.

If every state in India had a Morarji?

That would be time to remind the Lord of His promise given in the Bhagavad Gita.

MISS KUSUM LATA RANI (Meerut)

Do you give some money to Sushila Rani so that she may spend it according to her will?

She works and earns Rs. 2000/- a month. After that what the hell does she need any money for? We share the household expenses and whatever little is left I spend on books and she spends on dresses, so that we both dead-heat for bankruptcy at the end of every month. An empty pocket provides the best incentive to work.

Why do the Americans think our country to be a land of magicians, charmers and beggars?

The Americans know only Nehru, the man whose personality charms them, whose arms beg for wheat and aid and whose 'dynamic neutrality' they take to be black magic.

I need an up-to-date husband?

Your handwriting shows that you are a clumsy girl. Marry a gawky guy or improve your handwriting.

What do you usually find in clubs?

I don't go to the clubs. I am scared of catching social diseases like card gambling, ballroom dancing, drinking, pimping, pick-pocketing, soliciting, rumour-mongering etc. These are afflictions of the rich and ambitious. I am neither.

I think you are becoming a 'seth'?

Do you know how 'seths' work? Birla gets up at 5-30 every morning and till 9-30 in the night when he goes to bed, he works every minute like a clock. What makes him tick is not the theme here but that is sixteen hours of solid work. How many non-seths do that?

Are you prepared to help the poor?

I am! But I am the poor these days. I need help.

Will people praise you after death?

"Hamen kya jo turbat pe mele rahenge
Tahe khak hum to akele rahenge!"

LAXMAN TUNGIKAR (Hyderabad)

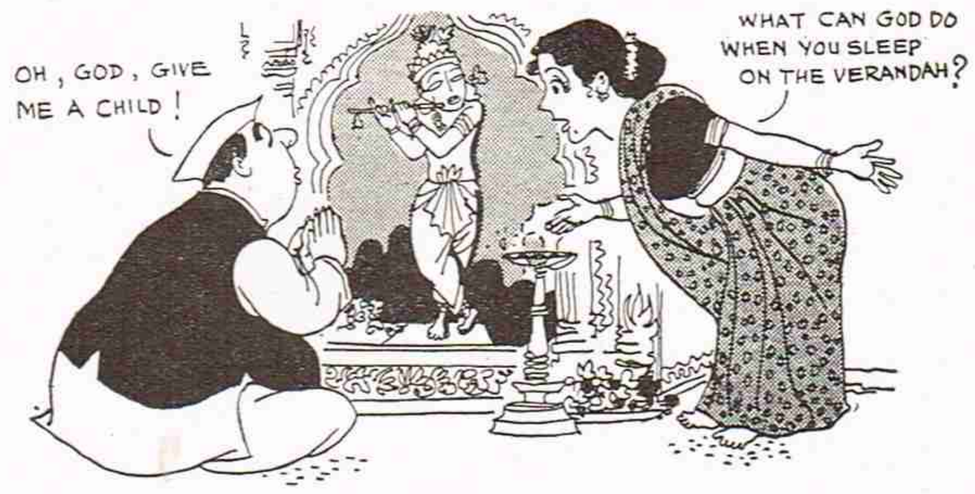
Oh! Oh! Nargis is still a virgin?

Why Nargis alone? We have a host of them from Gohar down to Baby Shakuntala. This is an industry with virtue at the top of the tent pole

MISS LEELA U. SALELKAR (Bombay)

Why do we pray to God?

To lay the blame at His door.



ARJAN D. BHARWANI (Bangalore)

What was Paradise to Adam and Eve?

Open-air bedroom!

What is the future of Sheila Ramani?

She will run in a few sprint races and pay place-money. She is not a long distance cup winner.

Have you ever committed a sin?

Which particular one are you interested in?

What is K. Asif's latest worry?

His Parsi financier has become richer and bought a big slice of ACC shares. Asif doesn't like capitalism.

"Many Communist converts in India are girls who wish to escape from the traditional restrictions of their sex", says Chester Bowles. Care to comment?

Bowles has been reading "filmindia".

What is the secret hope of Madhubala's life?

She wants a husband who would attach himself to her father's family.

What does the symbol "Hammer and Sickle" remind you of?

Hammer on the head to benumb free thought and sickle at the throat if the thought still escapes! All symbols are idealistic in their cradles, promising in their adolescence and monstrous in their prime. Love that was born in the cradle of Christ has today become an instrument of conversion in the hands of the Church.

What does Pandit Indra need?

Education! That man used books merely to rob words and misuse them.

What is evil?

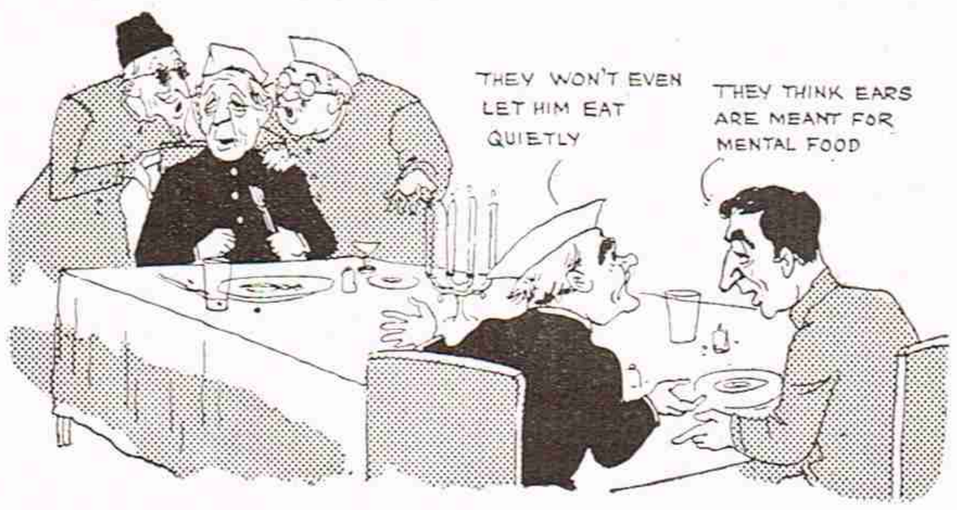
An advertisement of virtue!

Please tell us something about Mr. Jagannath J. Patel?

Jagannath is a pioneer of mass education. In the last twenty years he has fitted up 1500 cinemas with his Bauer projectors and those that escaped this mass education plan he himself caught and lectured. I have been a victim of his lectures. In spite of a weak heart that man talks with a stout one and like all pioneers he likes his own voice.

"The fate of a nation has often depended on the good or bad digestion of a prime minister", says Voltaire. What do you say?

Our Prime Minister has a fine digestion. But he has bad company at the dining table and a man in his position does not merely eat with the mouth. The people around feed him through the ears too. And there begin the stomach troubles of our nation.



How is K. Asif related to M. A. Mughni?

Both were born in Pakistan.

What does a double bed in a bachelor's room indicate?

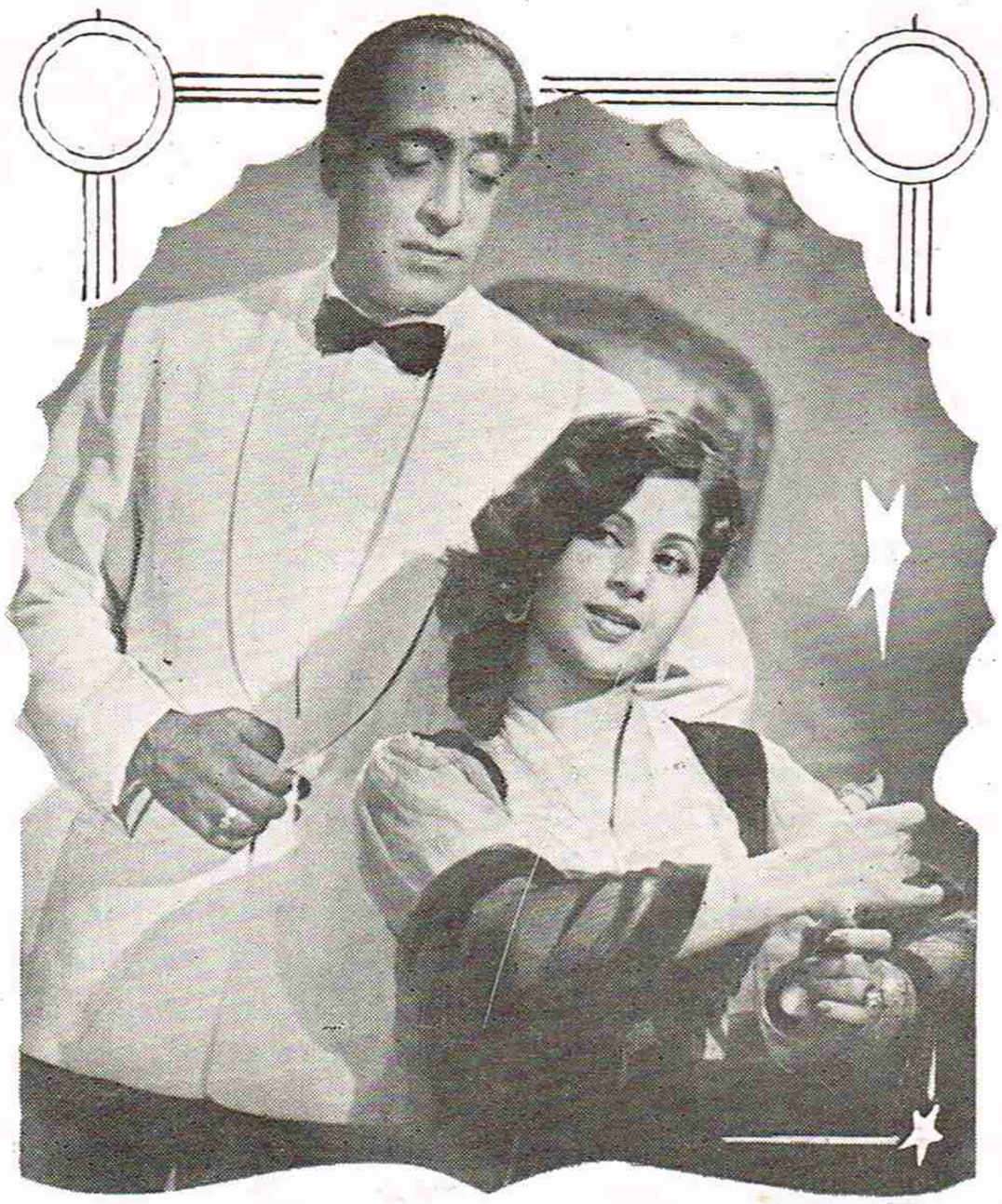
That the man believes in rehearsals.

Did you ever chase anybody and if so what was the result?

You have met both the "results" and now it is your turn to give an opinion.

Chintaman Deshmukh seems to have a good aim. Don't you think so?

No! What you hit is more important than mere hitting.



K. N. Singh, our fine character actor, never wanted more but his impatience sometimes spoils the game. Let us see whether Geeta Bali falls for him in "Milap", a romantic tale directed by Raj Khosla for Film Arts.

What is God's most perfect creation?

His best creation is man and see what a bundle of imperfections He has created. Even God is a poor craftsman.

What ambition has Morarjibhai these days?

Morarji hopes to become the Prime Minister of India.

What happened to Miss A. Pushpa of Secunderabad who claimed to have Madhubala's beauty, Subbulakshmi's voice and Sushila Rani's talent?

These are days of sex transformation. Anything can happen.

When did Zia Sarhady discover that he was a 'progressive' producer?

During the four years that he was unemployed. Sitting on the shelf makes everyone "progressive" these days.

MISS MALATHI DEVI (Bangalore)

Tell us, Babs, what is this hoax of Christianity in all cities that "the world is coming to an end and Christ will be born"?

They want to frighten us into becoming Christians.

NIRMALA SAXENA (Delhi)

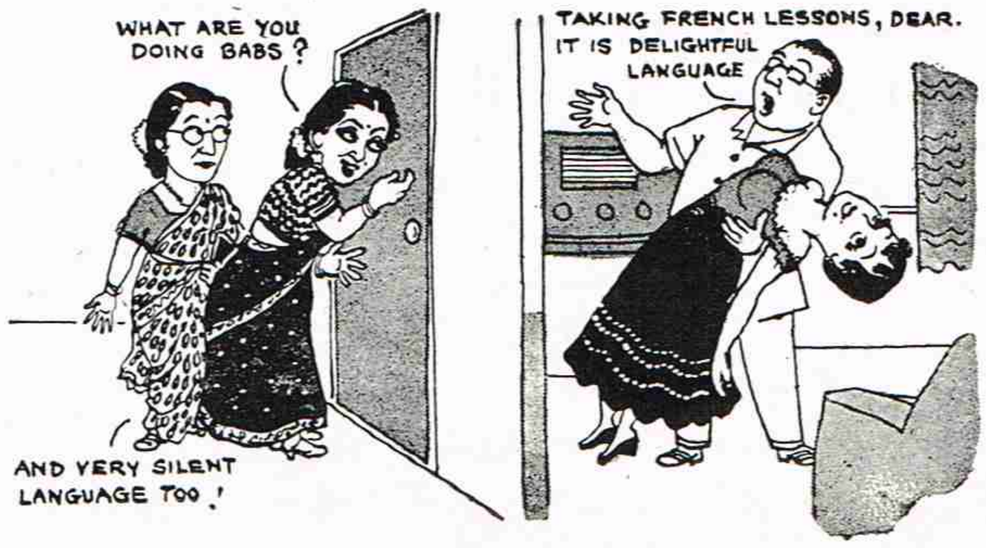
Where do we go from here?

That depends on the dispatch clerk. If he happens to be a Muslim then we go to heaven, otherwise hell.

M. V. SUBBA RAO (Chakradharpur)

Do you know French?

I know some on two feet.



MRS. SUNANDA BAI (Bombay)

Isn't Frank Anthony doing nice work these days?

Frank speaks well and frankly. But who listens to him? The Congress bosses are deaf with the applause of their camp followers.

How am I to begin my letter to my mother-in-law?

If you say, "My darling mother" she won't believe you. Then be at least honest and begin with "You damn old witch". In either case the result will be the same.

What is Master Tara Singh trying to establish in India?

Himself !

How Red is India?

The left arm is inflamed and below the waist it is all Red. The vital organs are not yet affected but they will be if the Congress doctor continues to administer wrong drugs.

What does Sucheta Kripalani lack?

Her husband's biting tongue!

Do you object to the U. S. aid given to Pakistan?

No! Pakistan has a right to do what it likes. I yell because we don't help ourselves.

Suraiya says that her granny is an angel?

But nowadays Suraiya feels that an angel should live in heaven.

Why is Chintaman Deshmukh so proud of his wife Durgabai?

Men often glorify their mistakes by self-hypnotism. But Chintu might be rightly proud. One can never say.

RAMESH M. MEHTA (Kalyan)

Is Ramoo Thakkar your friend?

Yes and a creditor of my previous birth.

MISS ROHINI PITALE (Bombay)

When do women know about men's underwear?

Not till they marry! Marriage is the only visual educational institution that gives practical training in spotting mutual underwears.

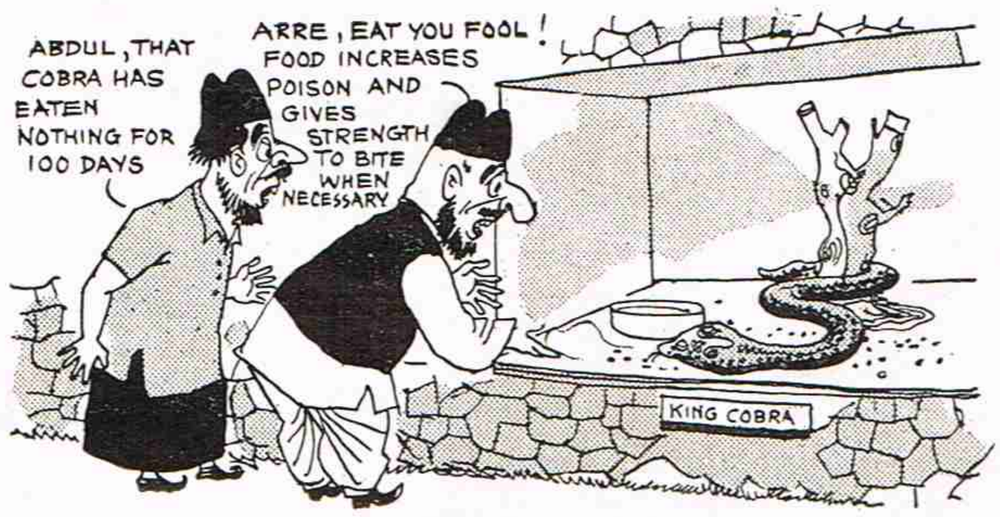
What is a hug?

That is a demonstration, not a description.

P. S. EASWARAN (Calcutta)

A King Cobra in the Mysore zoo has not touched food since 108 days?

A Gandhian reptile fasting for freedom! But Congressmen who let Potti Sriramulu die won't let a King Cobra free.


ABDUL, THAT COBRA HAS EATEN NOTHING FOR 100 DAYS
ARRE, EAT YOU FOOL ! FOOD INCREASES POISON AND GIVES STRENGTH TO BITE WHEN NECESSARY
KING COBRA

GOBIND ROCHIRAM (Kuala Lumpur)

I am a Sindhi lad but I like to marry a Chinese lass. What is your opinion?

Not at all bad if you don't choose a ballroom model. Chinese girls make good housewives.

J. B. WILLIAM (Bangalore)

When a reader asks you about the secret of your success you often tell him that it is the fruit of hard work and advise those who seek your advice to work hard. How do you expect them to work hard when they can't find a job to work?

Do you expect another man to find you a job? Creating a job is a part of a man's work. No one gave me "filmindia" on a platter. I created the magazine and with it my work.

Here is a new and pleasant face for Hindi film fans. Meet Rajkamal in "Zanzawat", a social story directed by Dada Paranjape for Harihar Films.

KRISHNA RAJPAL (Delhi)

A matrimonial advertisement reads: "I want some one whose beauty is matched by her wit, she should be alert, charming, intelligent and kind, at once loveable and loving." Is he not asking too much?

And without giving his own qualifications! That is what I call male arrogance.

K. K. KHULLAR (Jullundur)

Pakistan says that there is a secret army in India—being trained specially to attack Pakistan?

And it is invisible too. Isn't India, that is Bharat, a land of miracles and magicians?

Had Gandhiji humour in him?

The world discovers everything in a great man—even a tumour.

What is the future of Portuguese pockets?

When we start picking those pockets our fingers are going to get hurt. That will make us bad pick-pockets too.

Define rumour?

Character-assassination by gas warfare!

Tell me a fairy tale?

I'll tell three—Ram Rajya, 5-Year Plan and Dynamic Neutrality.

Mr. Patel, I am surprised to receive a letter from a friend of mine from Bermuda who says that he manages to get a copy of "filmindia" even there. It is wonderful.

What is wonderful in that? Filmindia goes to 56 countries of the world—even to Pakistan where it is banned.

J. S. PANDYA (Deoghar)

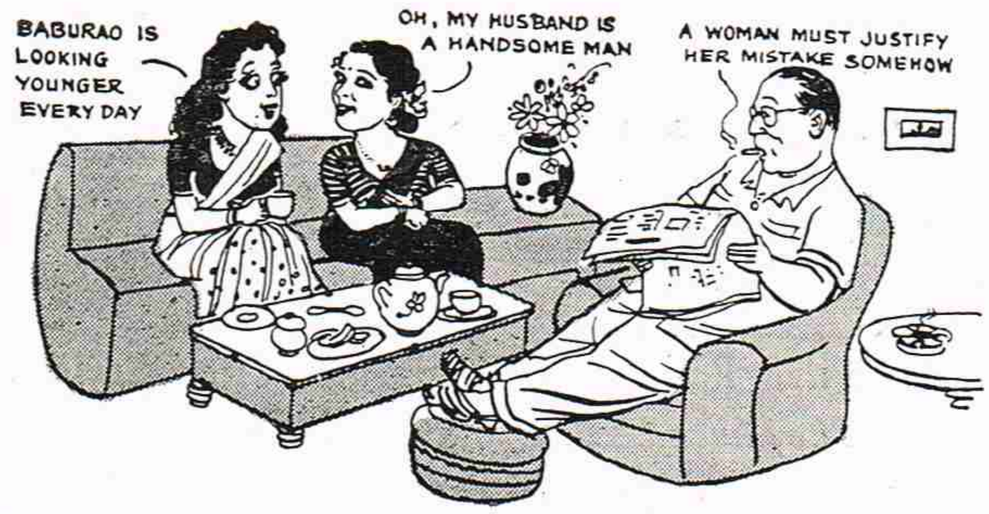
Even in the criticism of rotten pictures you write on so high a level that one is tempted to visit those rotten pictures also to enjoy fully your criticism. Any comment?

Do you expect me to comment on my misfortune?

MISS DOLLY GOTLA (Bombay)

Do you like flattery?

Sometimes when I like to relax. Flattery often provides an amusing pastime to an intellectual person.



MRS. SNEHAPRABHA VASUDEV (Bombay)

If a quarrel breaks out between Veera and Mohsin Abdullah?

There is no occasion for quarrel now. They are divorced.

What is extraordinary about star husbands?

Their polite and passive sex-instinct! It is accommodating.

Do you like your critics?

I worship them. They help me to excel myself.

Is Dr. Bhatnagar a practical man?

All court jesters are practical men of great wisdom and foresight.

Is Gyan Mukherjee a nice man?

That is the rumour about him.

Do you think our forefathers were greater liars than us?

They were better liars. Our poets used rare art and genius in turning men into immortals and giving an altar in every home.

Is Mrs. Indira Gandhi a very orthodox woman?

Don't orthodox women live with their husbands?

Do you hold your head high?

Isn't it an unnecessary strain to do so? I keep it where it is. You see the world better that way.

G. R. RANGAIAH NAIDU (Mysore)

Do you know that the world's most beautiful women are found only in hell?

I have not been there yet but I have seen quite a few beautiful women on earth making it a man's paradise.

T. S. MANGALAM (Ahmednagar)

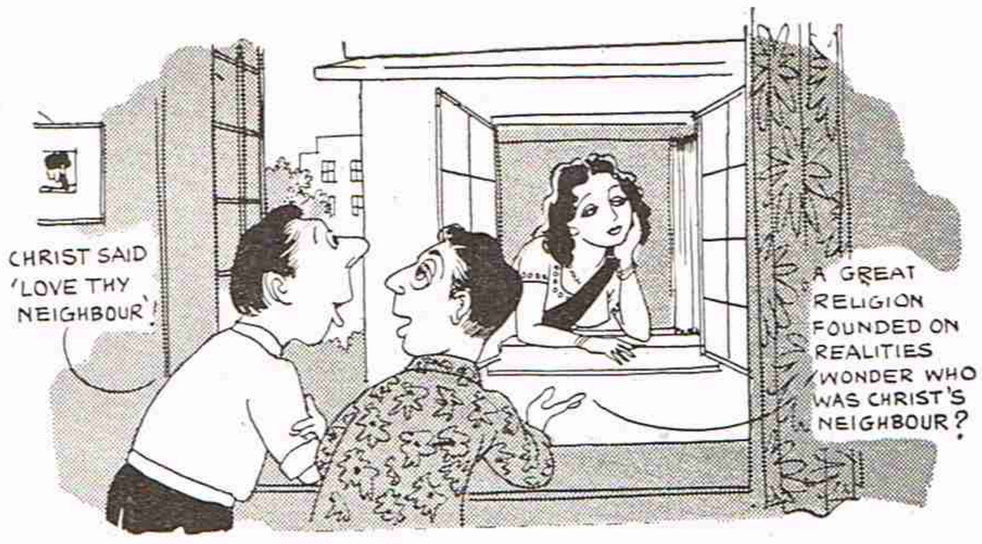
"Nehru is an impudent meddler in South African affairs", says an English daily. What is he in Korean affairs?

The same! Any man who cannot set his own house in order has no business to advise others.

WILFRED DODWELL (Singapore)

Window trouble! What's that?

That is the temptation which a neighbour offers to all devout Christians.



V. K. JAUHAR (New Delhi)

Have the 'Rakshasas' disappeared from Ceylon?

They have become ministers.

BOMI K. PATEL (Bombay)

Our ministers say, "Use Indian cars". They why do they use big American Dodge and Chevrolet cars?

They are using them out so that we don't get any cars to use. Ministers who have dedicated their lives to the service of the people have to make such emotional sacrifices. You don't know how it hurts their buttocks to sit in soft and comfortable cars. Morarji Desai actually got a swelling on the head which had to be cut off.

SATISH CHANDRA (Delhi)

Mrs. Vijaylakshmi Pandit said recently in a speech that she hates Indian youths going in for government posts. What about her son-in-law?

They are international youths. Anyone who touches a Nehru at once becomes international.

If you die before 1970 what punishment is to be given to Canteenwala?

Hang him! He murdered us in the case of Dr. Mookerjee. You mustn't give him another chance.

ISHWAR V. MAHBUBANI (Bombay)

What happens when you lose your temper?

I send Moti searching for it.

"Employment for all is the test of democracy", says India's Vice-President. Please comment?

I accept his opinion without comment. He got the first job and he knows its benefits.

Is "Boot Polish" a realistic picture?

It is synthetic stuff miles away from reality.

R. SHANKARAN (Madras)

When do politicians pray?

During the short interval between the campaign and the elections!

RAMINDAR SINGH GROA (Hoshiarpur)

What will you do one hour before your death?

I'll be answering your questions.

N. V. PRAHLAD (Secunderabad-Dn.)

In newsreels and newspaper photos, I notice that whenever Nehru has to hear others speak, he keeps a bored expression?

That is why I don't speak and only write. I at least miss the contemptuous expression on his handsome face.

BULO T. HARISINGANEY (Thana)

Is Morarji Desai a self-made man?

No! Gandhiji, Sardar Patel and B. G. Kher helped him. And now Nehru is chaperoning him.

Shri Chandulal Shah is growing darker day by day. Why?

The face reflects the failures and frustrations of man.

S. V. RAMANAYYA (Vishakhapatnam)

What is a bed-time story?

That is a fairy tale to make the devil look like an angel.

SUBASH J. RELE (Bombay)

Is D. F. Karaka an ambitious boy?

Very! He forgets history and claims India as his motherland and then proceeds to talk like "the man who came to dinner".

Indian princes have a sort of sixth sense?

Fear gives all tyrants a sense of premonition.

What happened to Clifford Agarwala?

He has got piles sitting in the censor's chair and not sweating over the scissors in his hand. I am afraid the disease is likely to prove fatal, unless he looks at Chetan Anand's "Taxi Driver" again.

How to become a member of the Parliament?

Carry a white cap on your head or a red flag in your hand and start shouting in the street. They will soon lock you up in the Parliament.

What can we learn from Dr. Keskar?

People who have food in their mouth teach nothing except silence, often the golden alibi of ignorance.

I hear that T. T. Krishnamachari is a curio dealer?

That is right! He has got curios around him in the Cabinet. If left to himself T. T. can be really useful to the country being a very intelligent and practical man.

Are Muslims anxious to rule India?

India? Poor India is only their first milestone in their march for the conquest of the world. It is their 1300-year old anxiety.

My father-in-law says Russia is heaven on earth?

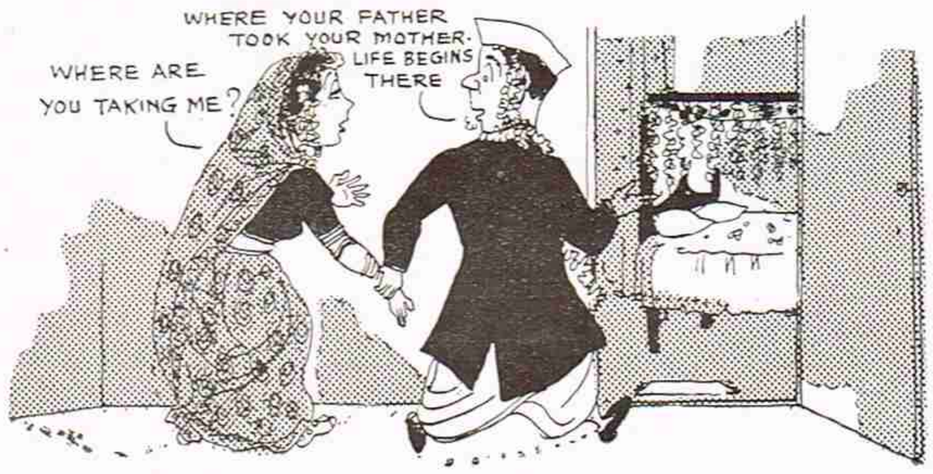
My father-in-law says heaven is like Russia. Ask your father-in-law to check up quickly on what my father-in-law says.

Have you ever seen tons of money?

Yes! I saw 65 lakhs of rupees in Chandulal Shah's bank account once. Within three months I saw it disappear. The two shocks killed me twice.

These Gujarati girls neither whistle nor wink?

That is right! They close their eyes and follow.



What is the ex-Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir doing at present?

He moves quietly like a mouse on the racecourse these days. Isn't it an irony of fate that this once mighty Maharaja should now seek an asylum in the kingdom of the very man whom he once bayoneted? I see many Maharajas on the racecourse these days with anger in their heart and dust on their head smiling meekly at one and all. Their crowns have disappeared and with the crowns has gone their pride. But they still have money and vices left. Lepers of the past these princes have no place in our present day society and the sooner their money is taken away, the sooner will they return to normal human existence.

That is a new one, Neerja, though she is at the old trick of hiding behind the fan only to be seen better in "Rishta", a social theme produced and directed by Rashid Parvez for Rajasthan Productions.

Are there Communists in U. S. A. too?

Wherever there is an empty stomach there is a Communist. Anarchy grows on the pangs of hunger. And there is plenty of hunger in America.

What is a cow in Pakistan?

India's agent provocateur! She doesn't help our High Commissioner to settle Indo-Pakistan problems.

My father says Badshah Begum is very generous?

That gives your father a shady past. How does he know it?

What is Travancore Cochin famous for?

Cocoanuts and Communists—both hard nuts to crack.

Why hasn't America produced any philosophers?

They have a mild Chinaman called Lin Yutang who sells some adulterated stuff. John Dewey is another who deals in heavier material.

Do you like Socialist politics?

I always had contempt for pimps and parasites.

Are there lawyers in Russia?

Russia must be having very great lawyers seeing that they have to help to arrive at a pre-determined verdict. Read Andrei Vyshinsky's "The Law of the Soviet State". The book contains advocacy even for the Soviet Law.

Are you in favour of the 'dhoti' becoming a part of our national dress?

Don't you think it is a parachute at the wrong end?

Who will be the next President of India?

Dr. Radhakrishnan! They will need someone to philosophize over our miseries.

Has Begum Para no pets?

I saw her with a funny looking pet on the race-course recently. It was a cross between a man and a mungoose. That girl is original. Once she carried around a shrimp and called him a prince.

Does an Anglo-Indian girl make a bad wife?

She makes a very jealous wife and a jealous wife is often a big nuisance.

Sometimes you are so gentle?

Raping is a crime. I am law-abiding.

What is the greatest thing Minister Morarji has still to do?

Be a real Gandhian follower and win the people's love. Morarji is giving even Gandhi and Gandhism a bad name the way he has excited hatred in people.

Who blows Nimmi's nose?

Mehboob does it these days. She has got financial sinus trouble.

K. Asif they say is singularly simple?

All people who dabble in high finance are simple.

Can Sheikh Abdullah dance and sing?

Wait till winter, he will do both.

What did Amrit Kaur do in the last five years?

She lived up to our expectations and did nothing. A woman of great character!

What is the topic in Pakistan these days?

They are discussing the strategy of invading India and getting Kashmir without spilling a drop of Muslim blood in the Valley.

Karaka and Karanjia are in fast company, they say?

Both are married men and they have nice and quiet wives. Men don't speed with brakes on.

Does Morarji Desai enjoy peace of mind?

He will never get peace of mind. Ambition in a narrow groove keeps the mind in constant turmoil. Human beings cannot live outside their minds.

Will Bakshi become the 'Sher-e-Kashmir'?

If he also becomes a 'sher' he will also have to be hunted down. These Muslim 'shers' become fanatic 'tazia' tigers too quickly.

Could you tell me how to love enemies?

Don't waste your love to emphasize your Christianity. Love yourself wisely by forgetting your enemies.

S. D. SHUKLA (Kanpur)

Can you tell me why army officers have surprisingly beautiful wives?

The uniforms are smarter than the mugs inside them. These beautiful women marry the brass buttons and the security behind them.

What do the parents of Rita Hayworth think of their glamorous and adventurous daughter?

They think of the butter she brings home. The bed and the bread don't worry them. In America, people expect all the purity and hygiene in butter.

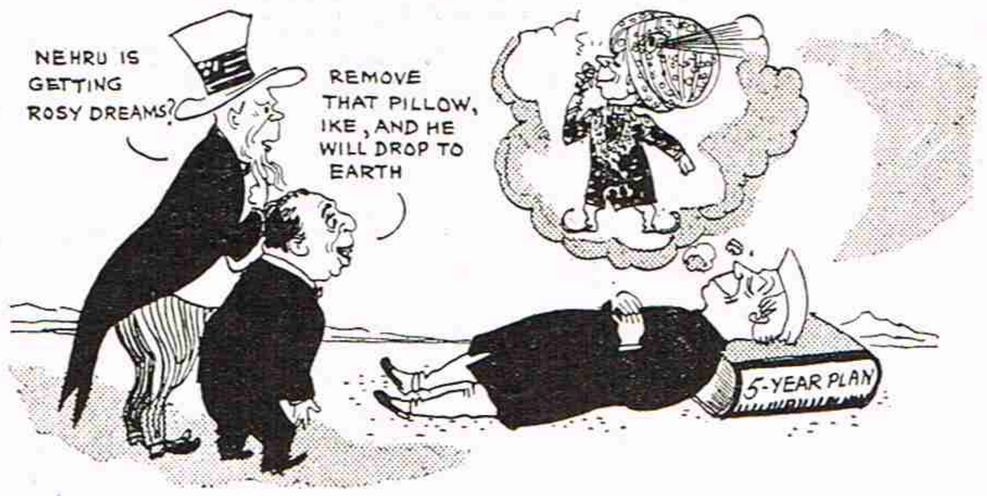
Suppose a man has to choose between theft and suicide due to his hard circumstances, which course should he choose?

There is a third way out—more difficult though —and that is to live and work. A choice between two crimes is not a manly prize.

K. G. MATHUR (Ghaziabad)

How to get very sweet dreams?

Try Cannabis Indica. We call it "Bhang" or "Ganja" in India. With the right dose it takes a man flying through Arabian Nights. Nehru, however, uses a copy of the Five-Year Plan as a pillow and gets the rosiest dreams of the world.



What is the need of kissing at all?

When in a hurry you can always dispense with it.

Who is the funniest Congressman in the Indian Union?

We have two: Nehru and Baburao Patel. The first one thinks like a Communist and talks like a Congressman. The second one thinks like a Congressman and writes like a Communist. Funny blokes, both!

MISS KUNDA OVALEKAR (Bombay)

Why do you hate Pakistan so much?

I don't hate Pakistan, you silly girl. I love India so much.

Why don't you get elected to the Parliament so that you may voice our grievances more effectively?

Do you want me to get hoarse shouting at deaf Congressmen like Katju? I ventilate your grievances better by writing. At least I soothe those who have the grievances.

JIWAT MOORJANI (Poona)

What does a virgin's love for small children show?

It is a silent prayer for a lift into the marital bed.

I need a gun, Mr. Patel?

Then you will need a target and then we shall need a rope and then we shall have to pass round the hat to collect funds for your funeral. It is an annoying sequence. A Sindhi should never play with a gun.

"American Reporter" enjoys the largest circulation in India says Mr. Chester Bowles in "Ambassador's Report".

Chandu Halwai's handbills have more circulation I think.

Nalini Jaywant says that her divorce had been obtained with mutual consent and they would continue to be good friends.

That is the usual parting kick. Why couldn't they be good friends while married?

T. A. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

Bengal's critics-cum-prophets of gloom forecast that "Baburao would one day find himself on the rocks." May God forbid!

Rocks are also a part of the earth, aren't they? So long as I don't ride on the clouds, I am blessed.

Has Baburao any relation among ministers?

If I had I would be in the insurance racket and not be prescribing humour to earn a precarious living.

No peace for Israel?

How can there be any peace with Muslims around?

M. S. MAKKAR (Jullundur)

If I come to Bombay will I be able to find some sincere friends in the film industry?

No! I have been searching for one for thirty long years.

Dr. K. N. Katju said that India would not hesitate in buying arms?

We are good at intentions. I would like to see the stuff.

How do you spend your Sundays?

Like the other days of the week. My life is one grand festival of work.

What is the secret of Shyama's beauty?

Shyama is not beautiful. She is only photogenic.

RAMESH C. BHASIN (Jullundur)

"Bonds and ties with India are unbreakable", says Bakshi. After all, why don't you believe his words?

Because he echoes the words of Sheikh Abdullah and the Sheikh used to embrace Nehru every month at the Palam Airport.

Do you think Churchill is too old, too ailing and too tired for his job as the Prime Minister of Great Britain?

In a country it is the people's age that is important, not the Prime Minister's.

G. KRISHNAMURTHY (Bangalore)

Has Sohrab Modi captured all the foreign market by his picture "Jhansi ki Rani"?

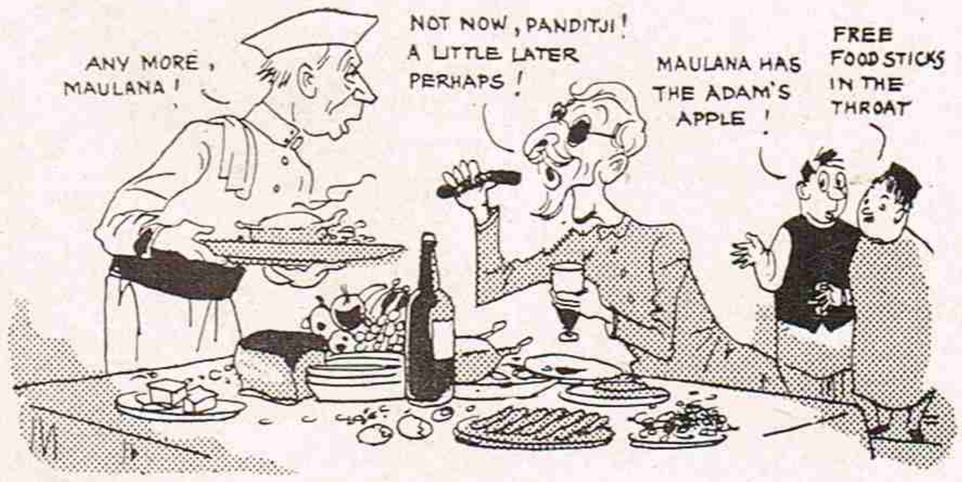
The picture has not yet been released anywhere overseas.

How much does Phyruz Canteenwala charge for reading a horoscope?

Rs. 100/- for a posy picture of your future, Rs. 200/- for a rosy one and Rs. 300/- for a dizzy one! And all the time it is the future you have brought with you from the past. That is astrology with a streamlining.

What is 'Adam's apple'?

That is the Indian apple sticking out from our Arab's throat!



SUNDER I. CHANDIRAMANI (Bombay)

Dilip never arrives for a dinner in time. Why?

Because a man who arrives late is noticed. These actors turn even other people's eyes into their own mirrors of vanity.

K. A. PATNA (Madras)

I had no belief in horoscopes and straightaway married a girl without consulting horoscopes?

That is wise. I did the same thing and never repented. A face is always a better guide than a horoscope.

BIPIN RAY (Bombay)

What do you know of the Nizam's harem?

An old man's harem should be a cattlepound of mothers.

PRAKASH NARAYAN (Lucknow)

If I were in place of Maulana Azad, I would have made the study of "filmindia" compulsory in every school and college in India. There can be no better text-book for students.

Students need neither compulsion nor a Maulana to make them read "filmindia". The problem is how to keep them away from "filmindia" when the examinations come near.

B. N. SHARMA (Lucknow)

I cannot understand the anxiety of the U.S.A. in having bases around the U.S.S.R.?

The Americans are protecting Russians from attack and invasion just as they are now protecting Pakistan.

KRISHNA IYENGAR (Madras)

Did you consult an astrologer when you launched "filmindia"?

Astrologers are like bees. They choose a flower with some honey in it.

THAKUR T. ADVANI (Bombay)

I find all the Congress ministers to be damn liars?

Not all! There are many who never open their mouths except at meal times.

Some say life is a stage, some say life is a dream, some say life is a damn hell. What is your opinion?

It is all that and heaven too!

Karan Dewan looks very natural in a mother's lap in "Riyasat", a social theme directed by A. N. Bannerjea for Pal Films.

Yashodhara Katju, our fine character artiste, makes "Riyasat" an interesting picture of moods. Ramachandra Pal (below) keeps her company. The picture is directed by A. N. Bannerjea.

How sad that Nargis has no job since a year?

She is living on new love and old profits.

Please say something about H. H. The Maharaja of Morvi?

He has money and racehorses in India and England. And they call him a sportsman. What more does he want?

K. PONNUSWAMY (Poona)

What is the best praise you have received for "film-india"?

Its world-wide sales!

Too much reliance upon God makes one a coward. Do you agree?

I don't. God doesn't stop you from working. He is in charge of the reward.

Has Nargis any future?

No! She kicked out her future in the past. Glamour is like a burning candle that leaves only a mess of wax at the end—shapeless and useless.

SURESH NAKUL (New Delhi)

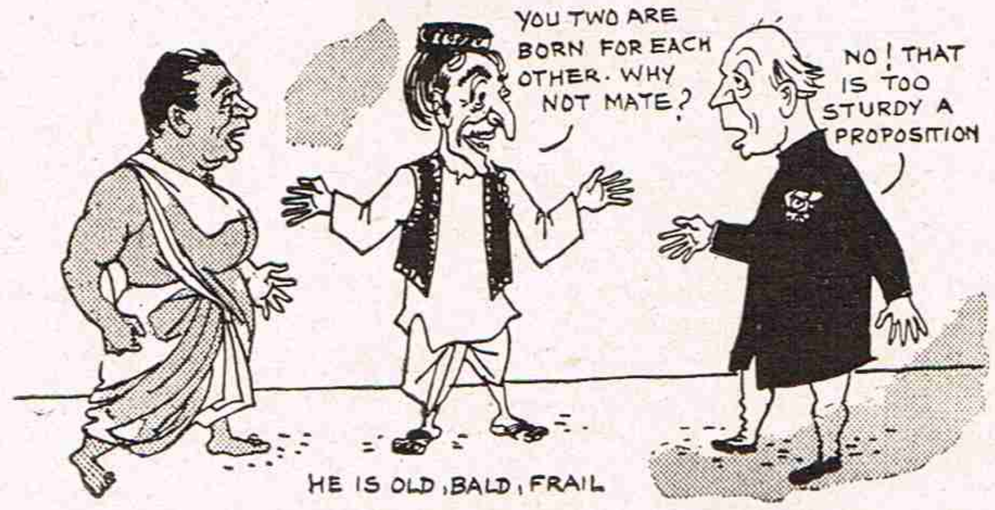
Why are you so pessimistic about the Five-Year Plan, sir?

Have you ever heard of a house being built and its plan prepared two years later?

HARIHAR PANDA (Cuttack)

What is the difference between a Congressman and a Socialist?

A Congressman is the "sethji", a Socialist is the "dalal".



PREM CHANDRA SINHA (Ajmer)

Prem Nath is reported to have said that he would make the noses of others flat like his own. What is wrong with this man?

His nose! It hurts him. The man is not big enough to take his misfortune smiling.

R. N. SHIVPURI (Saharanpur)

What has been the outcome of Producer Otto Preminger's threat to prosecute you for your condemnation of "The Moon Is Blue"?

The picture has been banned in India.

Have you not purchased misfortune by criticising insurance companies? People have started saying that this is another Baburao Patel way of making money?

People are damn fools. My writings have forced the insurance companies to reduce their premium rates saving millions of rupees to the policy holders every year. Who is making all the money?

Even big companies like the Oriental and the New India had to climb down.

K. A. K. AYYANGAR (Madras)

What is death duty?

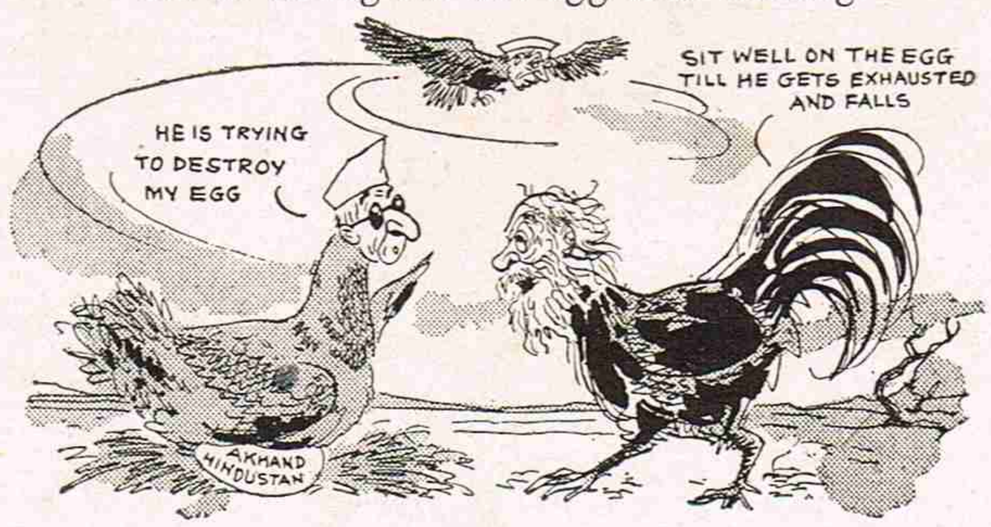
Devaluation of a dead body to enable the heirs to bear the shock of their good fortune.

What is the outcome of All India Women's Conferences?

In trying to popularize the Rhythm Method, the women themselves have lost the rhyme and reason of life.

What is Munshi doing these days?

He is sitting on the egg and waiting.



What do speeches of Congress leaders contain?

Dead sperms that fail to fertilize the country and sterilize the youth.

Why is the cow-dung so sacred to us?

It is the manure that grows our food.

Can we export white caps?

A misfortune should never be exported. Manhood lies in facing it.

LAKSHMI KRISHNAN (Madras)

What has happened to Miss A Meal?

She is pregnant with food now. Rafi Kidwai seduced her.

"A strong Pakistan can defend India", says Mohammed Ali.

Right! But to defend anything you must possess it first.

My brother bought me a nice parrot which talks Telugu in the morning, Tamil in the evening, English in the night and Hindi at other times.

Must be a member of the Praja Socialist Party. They talk different languages at different times.

K. LAKSHMI (Proddatur)

What is it that Maulana Azad has which others lack?

The Maulana has wisdom which he expresses by silence.

Had Baburao been born a Muslim?

I am a good Muslim already. I believe in Islam, the religion of peace. I read the Quran its book of wisdom very often. I believe in 'salat', 'saom', 'zakat' and 'Haj', the four fundamental institutions of Islam. I like the brotherhood of Islam and its direct spiritual contact with God. In fact I often feel Islam to be only another canalized version of true Hinduism. And since all religions lead to but one God what's wrong in my being called a Muslim? What I don't like is the intolerance which some of the followers of Islam betray. They give a bad name to a good religion.

Nehru is always optimistic?

So am I. But I begin work as a pessimist and hope to end it as an optimist.

Minister Jagjivan Ram said at Chidambaram that the Government was studying the effect of music, vocal and instrumental, on plants with a view to increase the output of crops with the aid of music?

Not AIR music, I hope! That will bring the famine and food shortage all over again. They can try film music. It increases many things, including the income-tax assessments of our music-directors and playback singers.

RS. 1000|- EVERY MONTH !
IN 27 PRIZES !

The following prizes will be awarded every month for questions which are considered interesting or elicit interesting replies in the "Editor's Mail".

1st Prize: Rs. 290|- and one copy of "Grey Dust"; 2nd Prize: Rs. 190|- and a copy; 3rd Prize: Rs. 90|- and a copy; 4th Prize: Rs. 70|- and a copy; 5th Prize: Rs. 40|- and a copy; 6th Prize: Rs. 30|- and a copy; 7th Prize: Rs. 20|- and a copy and 20 Consolation Prizes of one copy of "Grey Dust" each.

A reader can ask as many questions as he likes. Questions should be neatly written or typed if possible. Unless the letters are signed they won't be considered.

In awarding prizes the Editor's decision shall be final and absolutely binding and no correspondence will be entertained.

The names of the prize-winners will be announced in "filmindia" every month and the prize money will be remitted by money order while the copies of "Grey Dust" will be sent by registered post.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR MAY

1st Prize to A. V. Narasimhan (Secunderabad-Dn.); 2nd Prize to Jagdish Jain (Hapur); 3rd Prize to H. L. Sethi (New Delhi); 4th Prize to G. Krishnamurthy (Bangalore); 5th Prize to K. A. K. Ayyangar (Madras); 6th Prize to K. G. Mathur (Ghaziabad); 7th Prize to Harihar Panda (Cuttack) and 20 consolation prizes to the following:—Amal Kumar Banerjee (Bombay); T. K. Jothirmayam (Ahmednagar); Syed O. Sher (Aligarh); Miss Radha Duvvuri (Madras); Moosa Adams (Cape Town, S. Africa); Shankar Mansukhani (New Delhi); Mohanlal M. Patel (Bombay); Miss Rosabelle Kanagarathnam (Madras); M. K. Lilaramani (Godhra); K. S. Madhavan Nair (Perak, Malaya); Miss Kunda Ovalekar (Bombay); M. Lila (Bombay); P. C. Ganesan (Ammapet); A. Ayyappan (Kasaragod); Miss Hilda Hamilton (Bombay); M. V. Subba Rao (Chakradharpur); Krishna Rajpal (Delhi); Satish Chandra (Delhi); Mrs. Maha-Lakshmi Sunder (Tenali) and G. P. Lawrence (Tungabhadhra). Money orders and copies are being sent to all the prize winners.

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Bengal excluding East Pakistan :	M/s. PRABHA PICTURES, CALCUTTA.
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For further particulars contact : **"FILMARTS"** FAMOUS STUDIOS, MAHALUXMI, BOMBAY 11.

Above : Mr. & Mrs. Y. A. Fazalbhoy with pretty little Nasreen also come with their greetings.

Above . Miss Bubbles Engineer bubbles over her home-made cherry tree.

Left : Producer Kardar brings a Parker Gold set and asks Baburao "What next?"

4th April at "Girnar" was a very crowded day. Friends came from far and near to congratulate Baburao. *Left* : Jairaj brings flowers while (*right*) Mrs. Jairaj and Mrs. Singh bring a silver smoking set.

Above: The ladies meet. From left: Mrs. Shirin Patel, Mrs. Laxmi Mani, Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel, Mrs. Vasan & Mrs. Kardar—all at 'Girnar'.

★ ★ ★

Right : Mr. Vasan asked Baburao "what are you going to talk?"

★ ★

Above : Members of the Filmindia Readers' Organization made 4th April a very tiring day. Even the cameraman could not hold them together.

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Left : Miss Gulbadan Thakkar puts a "tilak" on Baburao's forehead. *Right*: Miss Lalita Chandragiri brings a 400-day clock to time one day.

Patel Condemns Profiteering In Journalism !

No Nobility But Hatred And Jealousy !

Bandra, April 6, 1954.

Replying to the felicitations of the Group of Free-lance Journalists, Mr. Baburao Patel said earlier in the day, "Free-lance journalism is a myth in this country. It never existed, it doesn't exist and it will never exist. You are attaching yourself to a myth and you can never extract a living from a myth. I don't believe in the noble traditions of journalism. If you study the history of journalism carefully you will find nothing noble in it. A few great journalists might have imparted their own nobility to their work and thus given a temporary complexion of nobility to this profession. But in essence journalism is a profession of profits and where profits come in, all nobility flies out.

"In India the Fourth Estate is a pure racket of profits. The racket is run by rich tin gods who have nothing to do with journalism or its mythical nobility. Many of them are not even educated. These people are in the game for profits and you cannot expect them to provide opportunities to free-lance journalists. They do not even know the meaning of that word, 'nobility'. Profits and politics are their main incentives in acquiring controlling interests in the newspaper business. They want to use the mighty power of the printed word as a lever to turn politics into profits. In this game of profits all writers are used merely as pawns. Don't, therefore, make the fatal mistake of attaching the virtue of nobility to this clever and cunning game, which however noble once, is today being played by tricky hands.

"I was also a free-lance journalist once who was promised the generous fee of five rupees an article but never paid even a year after the publication of the articles. Very often my articles were returned because they contained too much truth. Free-lance journalists, in the first flush of their enthusiasm, are anxious to tell the truth as much as possible in their articles. If these articles are published they would become popular because truth appeals even to the sinful. But truth militates against the interests of those who have a vested stake in journalism and therefore truth becomes the first casualty in our present day commercialized journalism.

"We also had our good, old days of journalism when great journalists like C. Y. Chintamani, Lokmanya Tilak, Kasturi Iyengar and a few others blazed a noble trail and established certain ethics for this profession. But our erstwhile British rulers seem to have taken with them this code of ethics when they left the country leaving the Fourth Estate in the hands of profiteers, blackmarketeers and decorative managing editors.

"I want you therefore to realize your present day environment before you talk of the nobility of journalism. Don't feed your mind with time-worn maxims and fill my ears with useless platitudes. There is so much hatred and jealousy in the Fourth Estate these days that no enthusiastic man can do honest work without embarrassing his conscience.

"I'll give you my own experience. I am cordially hated by most of the people who control our daily press. My field of work is different. I don't compete with them. But I am disliked because I am popular; because my magazine sells. My crime is my success. For instance, I cannot induce Mr. J. C. Jain, the General Manager of the Times of India, to publish a paid advertisement with my name in it even in the "Wanted" columns. For some mysterious reason Mr. Jain, a very polite and affable man otherwise, hates me and denies me the services of a popular paper which is over a century old. In his blind personal hatred Mr. Jain deprives his firm of its legitimate advertisement revenue. I don't see any sense or logic in this blind hatred. Such hatred doesn't harm me but hatred being a hot passion must primarily burn the man who nurses it."

Interruption from someone: "I don't believe this, sir."

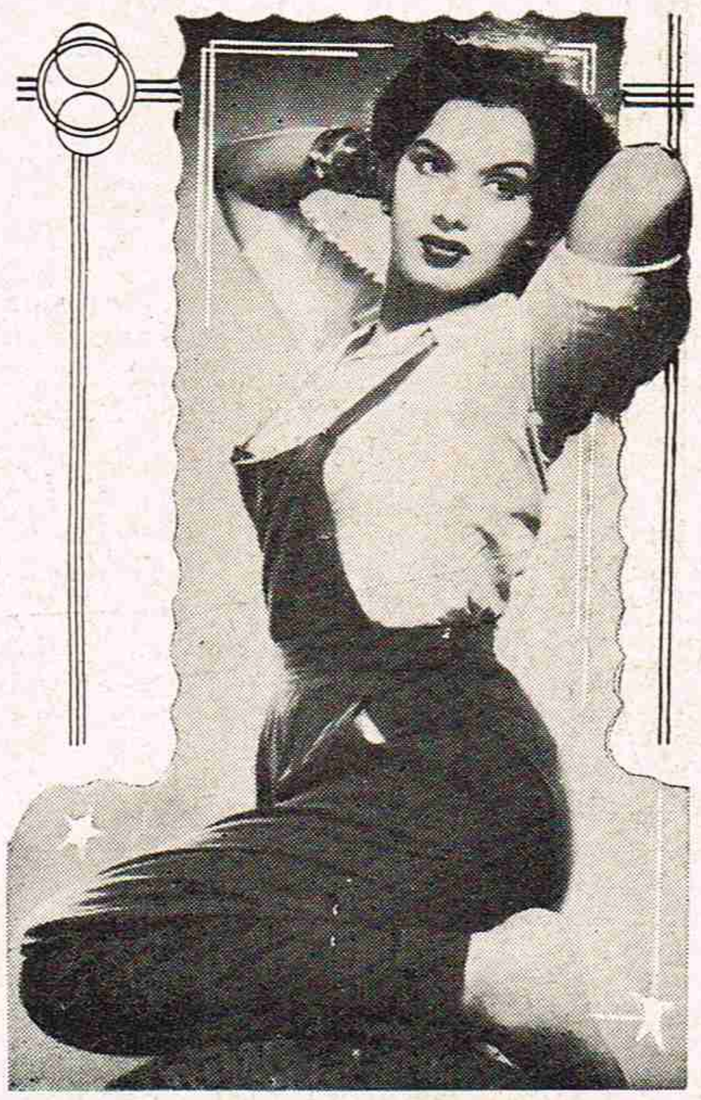
"Don't believe it", replied Baburao, "See it tomorrow. You know that this evening, a public meeting is being held to felicitate me, with Dr. M. R. Jayakar presiding. This meeting is called by fifty leading citizens of the country—all persons of status. It is in a public hall and a great man of wisdom and erudition is presiding over it. Though the guest of the day I am the smallest man but the people who are gathering to do me honour are both good and great. What these people will do and talk is news—news for the best and most exclusive newspaper of the world—more so because all this will be talked in a gathering of over 1500 leading citizens of the city. If this is not news what else is? And the main function of a daily newspaper is to collect the best news of the day.

"Open your copy of the Times of India tomorrow and see if you find this news. I am sure it won't be there if I know my friend Jain. And if it is there I shall most humbly apologize to you. (It was not there. The Editor). And when you see this I suppose you will believe me.

"By saying all this I don't wish to discourage free-lancers in journalism. Far from it! All I want to emphasize is that new enthusiasts should not step into this field under wrong impressions and then be disillusioned. People who pay the piper call the tune is an old proverb and in no other profession does this proverb apply more truthfully than in this so-called noble profession of journalism as practised in India today. It is a pity that it is so but it is better to look at things honestly in the beginning than nurse a grievance afterwards.

"And finally let me warn you that as there is no independent journalism in this country, as most of the papers are wedded either to politics or to their own profits in advertisements, there is not the slightest opportunity for any honest man to indulge in free thinking and free expression. All thought and expression have to be trimmed to the requirements of those that rule the roost, unless, of course, you take the foolhardy risk of starting your own paper and facing all the difficulties I faced.

"I thank you for all your kind sentiments but if you have any respect for what I say forget that journalism is a noble profession and recondition your mind and approach in such a manner as to meet the requirements of the actual situation. That is the only practical way of earning a living. And we all need a living as badly as the rich need their profits."



Even the big and hefty wrestlers couldn't give us that front at the Vallabhbhai Stadium. And Shyama doesn't want us to make any mistake about the challenge of youth, the way she has drawn back the arms from the field in "Aar Paar", a social drama produced and directed by Guru Dutt for Guru Dutt Productions.

Try to spot them and name them if you can. They have names that are known.

Above : Renu Maker garlanding Mr. Patel.

Right : Producer - director Mehboob Khan garlanding his old friend Babu.

Right : Unknown friends from all walks of life crowded the hall and made the function successful.

Below : David, Mr. Vasan, Baban Gokhale and Dilip Kumar waiting for Dr. Jayakar.

Peace Kanwal, Rehana and Vijayanthimala wonder how a critic could collect such a star crowd.

Public Reception To Baburao Patel!

Thousands Felicitate Nation's Popular Writer!

Bombay, April 6, 1954.

For the first time in the history of journalism in India, a journalist—and a stern critic at that—was honoured by the citizens today when Mr. Baburao Patel, the Editor of Filmindia, was given a public reception at the Sunderbai Hall in Bombay, on the occasion of his 50th birthday, under the presidentship of the Rt. Hon. Dr. M. R. Jayakar, P.C., D.C.L., L.L.D. and Vice-Chancellor of the Poona University.

The Golden Jubilee Committee formed specially for the occasion under the chairmanship of Mr. S. S. Vasan, President of the Film Federation of India, issued invitations to the leading citizens of Bombay and half-an-hour before the time of the meeting the Sunderbai Hall was filled to capacity with a unique gathering of the city's trade and industrial magnates, producers and politicians, stars and technicians and editors and journalists.

Mr. S. S. Vasan, President of the Film Federation of India, said that Indian producers are grateful to Baburao Patel.

The members of the Committee who were prominently seen on the dais included important producers like: Mr. S. S. Vasan, Mr. A. R. Kardar, Mr. Mehboob Khan, Mr. Amiya Chakrabarty, Mr. Sadiq, Mr. S. F. Hasnain, Mr. Govardhandas Agarwal, Mr. A. Chandra, Mr. P. N. Arora, Mr. Datta Dharmadhikari, Mr. Baburao K. Pai and Mr. R. G. Torney; leading artistes like: Mr. Bharat Bhushan, Mr. Dilip Kumar, Mr. David Abraham, Mr. K. N. Singh, Mr. P. Jairaj, Mr. Baban Gokhale, Shobhana Samarth and Miss Meena Kapoor; leading technicians, directors and writers like: Mr. Faredoon Irani, Mr. Kaushik, Mr. Mahesh Kaul, Dewan Sharar, Mr. Kidar Sharma, Mr. C. Ramchandra; journalists and publicists like: Mr. R. K. Karanjia, Mr. Ramoo Thakkar, Mr. B. S. Folton, Miss Bubbles Engineer; business magnates like: Mr. M. A. Fazalbhoy, Mr. H. N. Ashar, Mr. Jagannath J. Patel and Messrs. Ishwar Mahbubani and Subhash Rele, Hon. Secretaries of the Filmindia Readers' Organization.

Among the film folks in the audience, film stars like: Mr. & Mrs. Agha Jan, Mr. Badri Prasad, Miss Chand Usmani, Mrs. Durga Khote, Miss Geeta Bali, Mr. Jeewan, Miss Lata Mangeshkar, Miss Manorama, Mr. Motilal, Mr. & Mrs. Sohrab Modi (who also garlanded Mr. Patel), Miss Nimmi, Miss Peace Kanwal, Begum Para, Madam Protima Dasgupta, Miss Rehana, Mrs. Roopa Verman, Miss Renu Maker, Miss Sumitra, Miss Vyjayantimala and Miss Vijayalaxmi were prominently seen while others prominent were Mr. K. B. Lall, Mr. Guru Dutt, Mr. & Mrs. J. K. Nanda, Mr. & Mrs. H. C. Lall, Mr. Raman B. Desai, Mr. M. R. Achrekar, Mr. & Mrs. Trilok Kapoor, Mr. Anil Biswas, Mr. Bikram Kapoor, Mr. M. S. Ahluwalia, Capt. Pessi Billimoria, Mr. Kikubhai Desai, Mr. & Mrs. Vijayakumar, Mr. & Mrs. Jayant Desai, Mr. Habib Hoosein, Mr. Bhagwan, Mr. I. G. Mehta, Mr. Dalsukh Pancholi, Mr. & Mrs. Mudnani, Mr. Rajni Modi, Mr. S. M. Pandit, Mr. G. P. Sippy, Mr. Radheshyam Jhunjhunwalla, Mr. J. B. Rungta, Mr. Mukul Roy, Mr. Prakash Arora, Mr. Hiten Chaudhary, Mr. Indubhai, Mr. Agha Jani Kashmiri, Mrs. P. S. Pandit, Dr. P. V. Mandlik, Dr. Miss Navalkar, Dr. Mrs. Leila Sen, and Mr. Jitubhai Mehta.

While a number of foreign consuls were seen, some of the top business magnates who could be spotted were: Mr. Bhawan Khimji, Seth Damodarlal Jaipuria, Mr. & Mrs. V. C. Setalvad, Mr. Vijaysingh Govindji, Mr. & Mrs. Tanubhai Desai, Mr. Rasilal S. Askuran, Mr. & Mrs. Ashok H. Kaji, Raja Bahadur Narayanlal B. Pittie, Mr. M. G. Vohra, Mr. Dwarkadas Javeri, Mr. & Mrs. Dabholkar, Mr. & Mrs. K. M. Kamdar, Mr. Tyebji, Mr. Jamnadas Mehta, Mr. Khairam, Mr. Kumudchandra Mahadevia, Mr. J. G. Patel, Mr. J. S. Lalwani.

Others who seemed to be very much interested in the proceedings were Mr. M. H. Shah, Director of Publicity, Government of Bombay, Mr. T. V. Parvate, Dy. Director and Mr. Jyotindra Dave, the Oriental Translator.

The Sunderbai Hall was never so overwhelmingly packed and it was rather difficult to spot all the elite of society who attended this popular function.

A long address extolling the unique services of Mr. Baburao Patel to the country and to the film industry was presented by Dr. Jayakar in a beautiful and symbolically-made silver casket. Messages from all parts of the world, received on the occasion, were read by Mr. Ramoo Thakkar, the Hon. Secretary and Mr. Patel was profusely garlanded by different stars, technicians and producers and by numerous trade and commercial organizations of the city. Never before in the long history of the city was such a colourful function held in which the elite of society, the pillars of commerce and the devotees of art—all came together to felicitate a man whose brilliant and voluminous writings on various subjects, over a long period of twenty-five years, have kept millions of people enthralled by their inherent wit, wisdom and sarcasm.

The occasion which was celebrated by the Indian film folks with great pride and eclat was, however, unique in one aspect. This function, which honoured a man who had not even entered the portals of a college, was presided over by one of the greatest jurists, scholars and educationists in the country. Dr. Jayakar is additionally the Vice-Chancellor of the Poona University.

Baburao Patel is a working journalist who has written over 17 million words during the last 25 years working twelve hours a day. And even though people have sometimes violently disagreed with his passionate and trenchant criticisms of men and things in this country, no one has ever disputed the utter honesty, novelty of approach and brilliance of style which have distinguished all his writings. Strange as it may sound this great critic has such a charming and imposing personality that many victims of his criticism joined in the celebrations to felicitate him and vied with his friends to make the occasion a great success.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS SON

Opening the proceedings Mr. S. S. Vasan, the Chairman, said, "I consider it a unique privilege to welcome our distinguished guest Dr. Jayakar and our friend Baburao Patel.

"In our country where the average span of life is only 32 years, we are compelled to make the best of our lives before it is too late. The great Shankaracharya renounced the world at the early age of 32 and proved that greatness can be achieved early in life. But Shankaracharya was an inspired personality. Not all of us are fortunate enough to be inspired in a similar manner. We have to struggle and go up the hard way. And that certainly takes a few years more to be great. That is why, perhaps, Baburao Patel took 18 years more to be great. He says he has overdrawn 18 years from the bank of life but looking at Baburao one can say that he has neither taken an overdraft from life's bank nor from the other one where we all cash cheques. (Applause)

"Baburao's achievements in life have been wonderful and the presence of his old father, Mr. P. V. Patil, on this occasion gives these achievements the complexion of youth and early age. Mr. Patil (Senior) has written that Baburao was a problem child and had to be punished with a cane. Whatever Baburao might have been as a child, let me tell Mr. Patil that he need not be sorry for having produced such a son (Laughter). Had Mr. P. V. Patil practised birth control, as is the vogue today, India would have lost an illustrious son. (Applause)

INDEED, WHY?

"Some of my friends in Madras, when they knew that I was going to Bombay for this occasion, asked me whether Filmindia had completed fifty years. I told them that when the film industry itself was only 40 years old, how could Filmindia complete 50 years? But its editor Baburao Patel had completed 50 years. And they asked me whether it was proper to hold a golden jubilee of an individual? I said, why not, when that individual happens to be an institution as great as our Baburao.

"There is a general belief amongst our people that only professional politicians do all the service to our country. It has now become the fashion to publish everything about professional politicians—committees, subcommittees and conferences of politicians—as if the professional politician alone is carrying the whole weight of the country and our people on his shoulders. The vengeance with which this is being done, one is led to believe that others in the country—educationists, professors, doctors, scientists, writers, film producers, journalists, critics, engineers etc.—do nothing for their nation and people and merely enjoy the fruits of the labour of politicians.

"This is not at all true but then it has been dinned into our ears so often and so long that when a friend asked me once, "What have you done for your country?", I didn't know what to reply. This propaganda for the politicians, emphasizing their importance to the nation, has given others such an inferiority-complex that even if the others do great things for their country and people, they cannot even whisper about it, leave alone shouting over it. I couldn't answer that question nor could many of my friends for several days. We were all puzzled. Had we done something for our country or had we only been pursuing a selfish vocation?

BABURAO ANSWERED IT

"Then someone put this question to Baburao Patel. A reader of Filmindia asked him:

"How are you serving your country?"

"And Baburao replied in his inimitable manner:

"I am keeping the people entertained—something which the Con-

After the garlands, the press cameraman puts the chief host, Mr. S. S. Vasan, between his two guests, Mr. Baburao Patel & Rt. Hon. Dr. M. R. Jayakar, and just clicks.

Ramoo Thakkar, Hon. Secretary of the Golden Jubilee Committee, read numerous messages received from all over the world and asked the audience to come and read the rest.

gressmen whom we voted into power, have failed to do. I teach people to laugh on empty stomachs and postpone Communism for a while."

"This is blunt truth but the way Baburao says it gives colour to it. This fine colour makes even truth pleasant and popular and sells Baburao's Filmindia.

"Those who have read Filmindia over many years have now become sober with thought because Baburao provokes new thought on almost every subject under the sun. But sometimes the man, who provokes thought and sobers others, himself needs sobering and I request my friend Baburao to be a little more gentle even while dealing with some vexatious problems of the day.

OUR FAMILY FESTIVAL

"The great work Baburao has done for the film industry, to which I have the honour to belong, is known to all. I need not repeat here what good he has done to our industry by his frank and forthright criticism. Our producers are grateful to him. Baburao is a great crusader. His relentless campaign against foreign-produced sex and crime pictures has resulted in the censors banning several such pictures. I may tell you that Indians are a moral people, by instinct, culture and tradition. We don't like immoral pictures, even for entertainment. Morality is our inheritance, it is in our blood and we cannot appreciate anything immoral however gilded it be in presentation. And now, an emi-

Knowing that there were many who might miss the good words, friend David Abraham took good care to emphasize every word whilst reading the Address. This was the first time David had to read something written by others—his usual occupation being that of saying something not expected by others—but David seemed to enjoy reading the Address lending eloquence and significance to the numerous achievements of his friend and pal, Baburao Patel. What David didn't say was, "Fifty, my foot! The old boy is just having teething troubles". And what David said, later in the night at "Girnar", would shake our wholesome respect for Prohibition.

nent critic, like our Baburao, by his fearless writings had purged our screen of the demoralizing foreign pictures which teach crime to a nation and pervert its culture and traditions. (Applause)

"Leave alone other achievements of our Baburao, isn't this one service enough to call him great? Then why shouldn't we, his family of film makers, celebrate his Golden Jubilee when for much lesser achievements national festivals are held in honour of our politicians? (Applause)

"Permit me to tell you that next to Russia and America, India is the only country which consumes 90% of its film product within its own boundaries. In Japan, Italy, England, Australia and many European countries, 75% of the pictures shown are foreign. And many of these countries have their own film industry. This is possible in India because our pictures are popular with our people and everyone from the classes to the masses sees our pictures. In this popularity lies the future stability of our industry and much of the credit for this happy state of affairs must go to Baburao Patel. He is the man who, while criticizing our pictures, has ceaselessly popularized them and insisted upon our people supporting our industry to the exclusion of foreign pictures.

"And that is why we are honouring him today." (Applause)

One distinct advantage of being a producer-director-actor is that you can always be behind the leading girl without raising other people's eyebrows. Guru Dutt knows this advantage and uses it effectively with Shyama in "Aar Paar", a love tale produced and directed by Guru Dutt for Guru Dutt Productions. The boy actually uses the girl like a hot water bottle.

SET IN THE SUNNY BACKGROUND OF AN EXCITING COAST IN THE PACIFIC, COMES THE MELODY FILLED THRILLING STORY OF TWO COMRADES !

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JAGRITI STUDIOS, CHEMBUR — BOMBAY.

Dr. Jayakar's Brilliant Speech Thrilled The Audience !

Baburao Patel — The Mystery Man !

When Dr. M. R. Jayakar rose to deliver his speech, a continuous applause from the public held him up for a while. Dr. Jayakar, who has been living in Poona for the last six years, had not addressed a meeting in Bombay for a long time and people were anxious to hear this great jurist whose inimitable eloquence had once surprised England's greatest politicians during the pre-freedom Round Table Conference. The presence of many aged personalities in the audience was a silent tribute to the rare oratorical powers of Dr. Jayakar.

Dr. Jayakar said, "For a man born and brought up in Bombay, it is a pleasure to visit the place of his old exploits, and particularly for me who is these days leading the dull and drab life of a Vice-Chancellor. My visits to Bombay, in recent days, have become more infrequent. It is rather unfortunate but it is not my fault.

"I shall mention the reasons for accepting this invitation, which I received two weeks back. I thought it would be a good diversion for me from the dull and isolated University life in Poona. I thought I would have the benefit of meeting all my old friends on this occasion and the mysterious Baburao Patel. The more serious purpose in accepting this invitation, however, was that I wanted to see this "mystery man", Mr. Baburao Patel, of whom a great deal has been said.

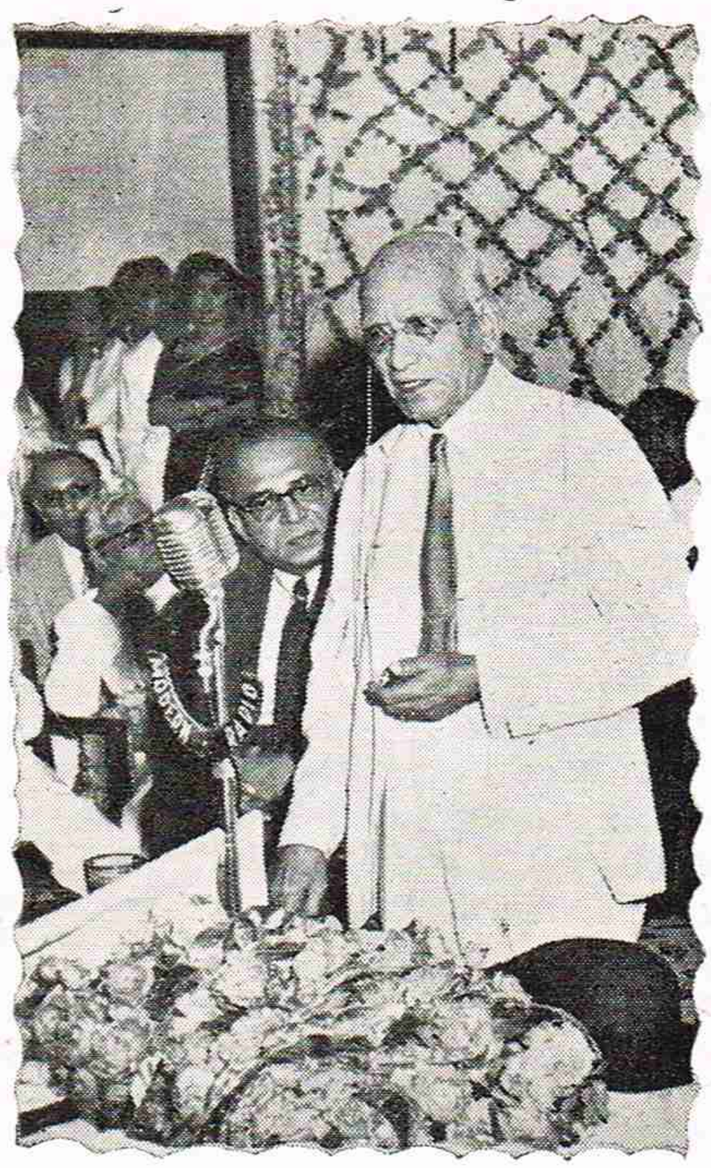
"So many good things have been said of him and rightly so. I wanted to know the reasons of his marvellous achievements in film journalism. My contact with Filmindia was only through some reprints from it, sent by my colleague in Bombay. My friend used to send me political writings from Filmindia, criticizing the present day Government. My only contact with Baburao Patel was through these political writings.

I DIDN'T KNOW HIM

"Born of a very poor family, of a peasant mother, without any university education—not even a matriculate—he has reached the pinnacle of glory in a short time. I was surprised how a person without any university education could write such brilliant articles on the present day administration. Was it a stroke of nature?

"My acquaintance with him was only a few days back when he was kind enough to come to my house in Poona. Don't ask me to tell you what I thought when I first met him in Poona (Laughter). Then I made up my mind to be present on this occasion.

"I wanted to know this person—a mysterious person. I wanted to know how he got all the information about the present administration. I often wondered how he gets the information, which even a keen student of politics reading all the papers cannot easily get. I read about ten papers a day to get all my information on present day politics and administration. Does he also read all the papers? Does he also sit up till late in the night to do this? I wondered. How is it possible for a film journalist to be a successful political journalist? Is this a stroke of nature or fortune



The Rt. Hon. Dr. Jayakar said, "When I read Baburao's political writings, I feel his frankness, freedom, boldness, fearlessness, profundity of thought and gravity of expression without ill-will, without vindictiveness, without ill-feeling and without injury to anybody. He never hits below the belt. This is the great characteristic of the political writings of Baburao Patel and I am full of admiration."

This symbolic silver casket, presented to Baburao, contained words which Baburao described as "kind words that killed." Framed in silver even kind words can be risked.

Winter demands new fashions. This is a light but sufficiently warm choli in flannel with three shades—white, grey and black. Use light shade wool and embroider the dark panel as shown in the sketch.

bestowed by God as He does sometimes? Is it his courage, perseverance, persistence and boldness that brought him up? Or is it due to continuous study over a long time? I wanted to know all this.

"I came here to discover this mystery man, Mr. Baburao Patel. I have no acquaintance with film journalism. His success in film journalism, I think, is due to hard work, strong independence, freedom and love of freedom, dauntless spirit and a rare frankness of communication. It is all this that has made him a great critic of films. As the Address, presented to him, says he has brought, by his forthright criticism, the film industry to such a stage, that it can call itself very responsible to the people.

FILM, A SOCIAL FORCE

"As this Address has pointed out, it was due to Baburao's criticism that the quality of films has improved. Social films were produced reflecting the social, economical and political life in the country. I have seen some Marathi films in Poona. I am very proud of them. They depict the social and economical life of our people. These social films have great educative and entertainment value.

"The great advantage, the film has over the stage and books, is its cheapness. You can see a good picture in Poona for only Rs. 1|5 and sit in the best seat. In London I used to pay two shillings and six pence. I think cinema admissions should be made still cheaper so that everyone can see films. You know films entertain a lot and also teach a little. And little by little one can learn a lot.

"The film industry has a future in the country. By cheapness I do not mean vulgarity—vulgarity as we understand and not as the Westerns understand. For, there is an ocean of difference between the two. For instance, a husband in the West seeing his wife off at the railway station might kiss her. But from the Indian standard this may not be proper. But unfortunately it has become a fashion among Indians also to kiss on the station. (Laughter) I want to point out that films must conform increasingly, in course of time, to Indian ideas and not to European ideas (Applause). The European ideas must pass away with them as they passed away. Films must conform to Indian style, Indian ideas and Indian conception of society.

"Vulgarity cannot be prevented from films by the Censors. Improper films being shown to the public cannot be prevented by the Censors. The substitutes for the Censors are persons like Mr. Baburao Patel. They are a greater protection to the people and the industry than the Censors.

"I saw a film in a London theatre. I forget its name now. It portrayed a celebrated American actress, I do not wish to mention her name, absolutely nude, without any clothes whatever. I said to myself, "It is extraordinary! How did the Censors permit this film?" Some people think that Europeans are more sexual than we are. That is wrong. That film did not last for two days. People pelted eggs at the screen and the film was stopped. The sentiment among the people revolted against the film and the film was withdrawn after two days. It is always the enlightened opinion of the public that condemns such vulgar pictures and protects the people and this enlightened opinion is prepared by men like Mr. Baburao Patel and not by the Censors.

Thé Rt. Hon. Dr. M. R. Jayakar presents the silver casket with the address to Baburao Patel.

FILM FOR COMMON MAN

"Another point I want to make is that films will gradually take an increasing place in the domain of art. That is my prophecy. But it must be carried to the door of the common man. Few people can understand the present problems of the world but through films the common man can be made to understand.

"What a colossal wealth you require to produce a film? I am told that a playback singer like Lata Mangeshkar is paid Rs. 10,000|-, sometimes Rs. 20,000|-. What a colossal fortune the film industry offers to singers! This is far more than a lawyer can make at the bar in 30 years.

"But one important consideration you should bear in mind. After some time artistes, who were once famous and prosperous, become useless. They disappear and are not heard of anymore. They are gone and they are forgotten. They face poverty and distress. Something should be done for them. A sort of a fund should be created for helping them in old age.

"I beseech you, Mr. Baburao Patel, to come forward as you have already done so much to improve the film industry by your forthright criticism and create a fund which will be useful to these people in their old age.

PREVENT TRAGEDIES

"I heard that Lata Mangeshkar was getting Rs. 20,000|- for a song. My God! Rs. 20,000|- for a mere song! A woman getting Rs. 20,000|- for a song! It is really amazing. (Just at this moment Miss Lata Mangeshkar arrived without Dr. Jayakar knowing who she was.) I do not know what she does with this huge fortune. She and others as fortunate should all come forward and help the good old artistes now in distress. I know some artistes who died of starvation after years of useful service.

"Another point I wish to emphasize is why do producing companies like Prabhat and Bombay Talkies disappear? What is the cause? The people should do something about this. The Government also should do something about it. The Prabhat Film Company once produced very good films and today its studio is rented to others. What a tragedy! The Bombay Talkies under Devika Rani's stewardship had produced many wonderful pictures. What has happened to it today? The Government and the artistes must prevent such tragedies.

FULL OF ADMIRATION

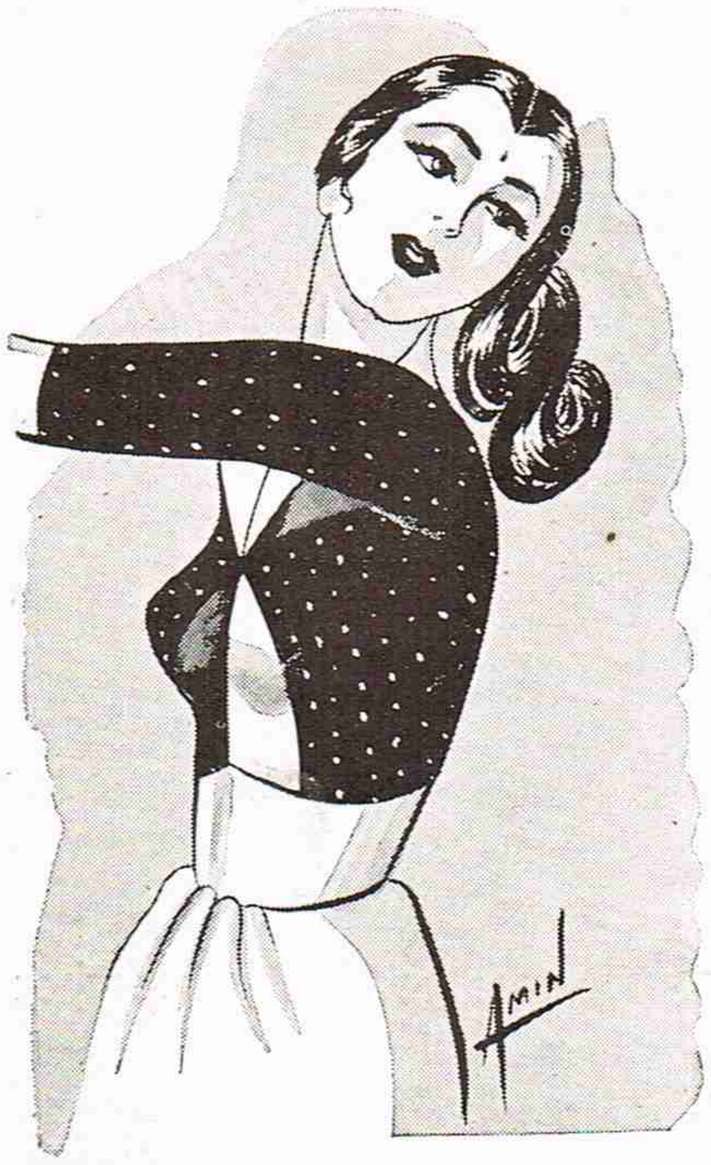
"The Address says that Baburao Patel has caused all anti-Indian films to be banned. He took a world tour at his own cost and went to the seat of such pictures ridiculing Indian sentiment. He met the Secretary of State for India and took from him an assurance to stop such anti-Indian pictures. For this patriotic service alone he deserves the gratitude of his country. I have seen many English pictures ridiculing Indian sentiment in London. They were such atrocious films. When we asked the theatres about them, their reply was that the English people liked them and therefore they produced them. (Suddenly Dr. Jayakar stopped his speech not to disturb film star Vyjayantimala, who arrived late, in finding her seat in the front rows. Though an hour late Vyjayantimala was frantically trying to squeeze herself into a front seat. Dr. Jayakar remarked, "I don't like to speak when people are finding their seats.")

"When I read Baburao's political writings, I feel his frankness, freedom, boldness, fearlessness, profundity of thought and gravity of expression without ill-will, without vindictiveness, without ill-feeling and without injury to anybody. He never hits below the belt. This is the great characteristic of the political writings of Baburao Patel and I am full of admiration. I have told you the reasons for calling him a "mysterious man". I wanted to know more and more of him.

"What a brilliant gathering he has gathered—brilliant in all respects! And what a colourful crowd he has succeeded in getting together! (Prolonged Cheers)

"I am accustomed to making long speeches lasting over hours, but on this occasion I had promised Mr. Thakkar, the Secretary, to limit my speech to 30 minutes.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am grateful to you for having heard my speech with patience." (Applause)



Here is a fascinating combination of black, white and grey for a choli in black sheers. The white and grey form the front yoke and give the requisite contrast to your complexion. Add a touch of sprinkled silver on the black portion to achieve a starry effect.

NZAWAT is to be released all over in MAY

l Marathi Picture
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Lyrics - SHANTARAM ATHAWALE Art - MASTER ACHAREKER
Dilouges - BAL BELGAONKER Sound KISHORE S. RANE
Produced & Directed by DADA PARANJAPE
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Baburao Patel Blames Government !

Calls Government, Blind, Deaf And Heartless !

Bombay, April 6, 1954.

The audience was anxious to hear Mr. Baburao Patel whose admirers expected him to give a humorous speech. He did not disappoint them. In a thirty-minute humorous speech Mr. Patel castigated the Government for its studied apathy towards the Indian film industry, criticized the present erratic censorship of films and censured the Government for imposing crushing taxation on the film industry. It was a very popular speech, witty and forceful, and people converged to the dais to congratulate Mr. Patel personally. We give below the text of the speech.

"It is a crime to break the beautiful spell of Dr. Jayakar's learned oration. Dr. Jayakar is the last of our stalwarts of the English language and I would have liked to go on hearing him for hours. But now the English language itself is being packed off as a late luggage of our erstwhile British rulers (Laughter) and we are unceremoniously being rushed towards our national language, the popularity of which has already reduced the number of radio licences in the country. If Hindi continues to be so popular, it will soon become as successful as Prohibition and Family Planning. (Laughter)

"Stop laughing! (Silence in the audience) You must laugh in Hindi. If you laugh over a joke told in English you will unnecessarily compel our rulers to change the Constitution again. (Continuous laughter)

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a new experience to me. I have never heard so many kind words in such a short time. Kindness kills and spells the epitaph of a critic's career and I am grateful to my friends in the film industry for not having used this technique of kindness earlier and for permitting me to reach this milestone of fifty without many accidents. Had they done so I would have been without a job today. (Laughter)

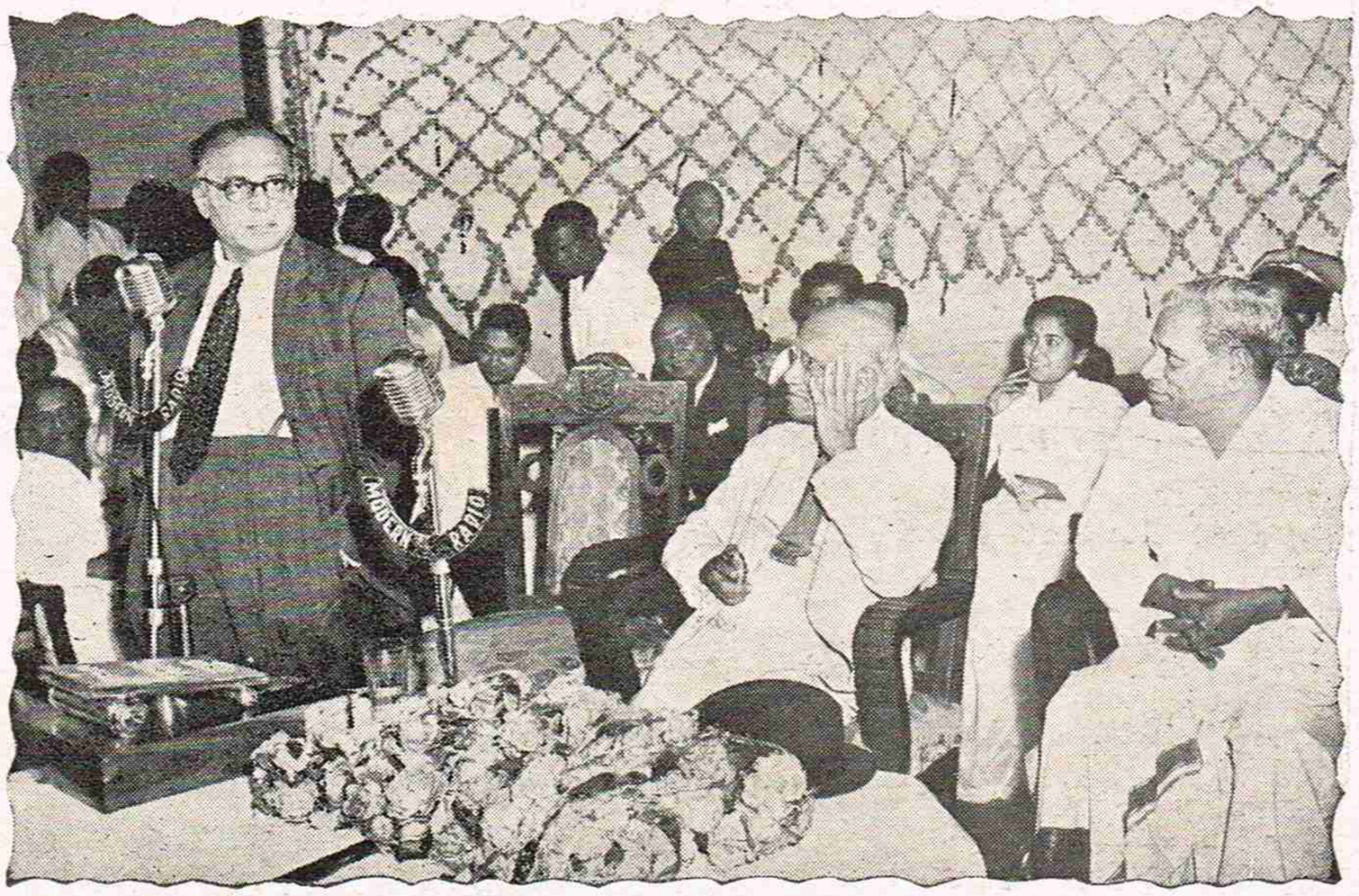
"You don't know how completely kindness kills. We all know that there is in our city an institution called the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They call it S.P.C.A. This institution is run by human beings for the benefit of animals. I have seen this institution operate on the Bombay racecourse very often. When a racehorse breaks its fetlock, human beings rush to its rescue with all their divine kindness and shoot the horse dead, to put it out of agony. So out of sheer kindness the whole horse loses itself completely only because of its fetlock. This is how kindness kills.

"It all depends who takes the first initiative in organizing these institutions for administering kindness. Supposing the horses themselves decide to be kind to the human animal and organize an institution called the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Human Animal, they may suddenly pick upon a man like our ever popular Morarji Desai and declare him to be deranged in mind and then proceed to put him out of agony quickly. (Loud laughter) You know, the human animal has no fetlock. It walks on its head and from the horse's point of view all the ailments of the human animal must naturally be centred in the head. It is, therefore, lucky that the horses are not sufficiently organized to establish a society like this, otherwise we would have been deprived of our very wise and extremely popular Chief Minister. (Applause)

WHALE HUNTING

"Coming to our film industry, I must tell you that making pictures in India is like whale-hunting. Our producers go out into the high and stormy seas with the intention of bringing home the whale every time. But the whale has different intentions and very often it goes down to the bottom of the sea, with the harpoon in its back, dragging also the producers to the bottom. And you know where the whale lives, the sharks also live. And when the producers fall into these shark-infested waters, all that we see of them is their blood floating on the seas. That in short describes the perils of motion picture production in India.

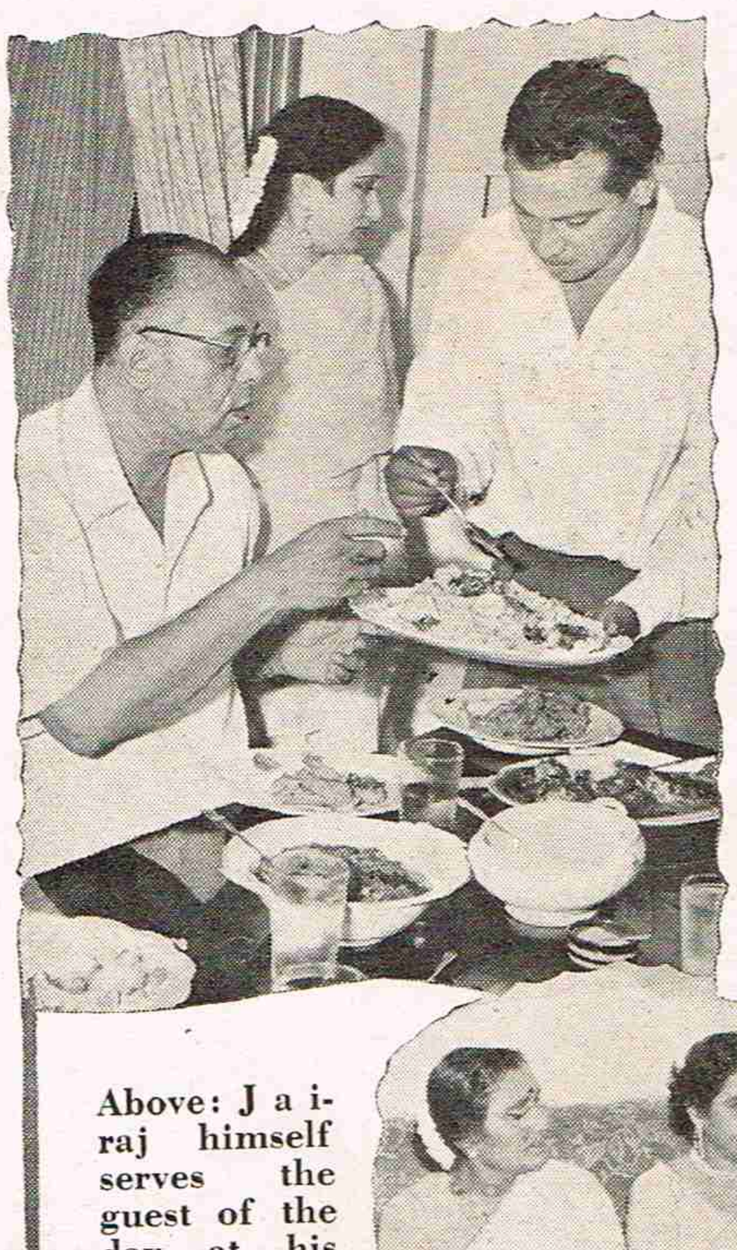
"Once in a while we bring home the whales. And when whales like "Chandralekha", "Anarkali" and "Baiju Bawra", which yield a lot of fat and oil to their producers, are brought home we have a spring festival. These big catches only irritate and encourage other producers to row out into the high seas and face the moods of the whales and the designs of the sharks. This



"Stop laughing", said Baburao Patel. "You must laugh in Hindi. If you laugh over a joke told in English you will unnecessarily compel our rulers to change the Constitution again."

process of whale-hunting has been going on for 40 long years and though everyone has been living in a state of suspended animation all these years, in our utter patriotism we still describe this dangerous whale-hunting enterprise as an indigenous industry. Giving wrong labels is an old habit with us as you will realize even from our consistent obstinacy in calling the Congress ministers as popular servants of the people. (Laughter)

"Our film industry is the most vicious riddle of the universe. It has so many difficulties that only the present crowd of supermen that we have can survive them. But some of them are the most outstanding. The first is the criminal apathy of the Government towards our industry. We have a government of lofty intentions and neutral existence. This government takes from our film industry an annual revenue of seven crores of rupees per year in entertainment tax alone. It takes a few crores more in other taxes.



Above: Jairaj himself serves the guest of the day at his suburban villa "Jaya". Mrs. Patel is busy with something else.

Baban Gokhale — one of the Butcher boys — bluffs the ladies. Left to right : Mrs. Shirin Patel, Mrs. Rukmini Kamlani, Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel.

CRUSHING TAXATION

"Here is a concrete example! My friend Mr. Vasan spent 68 lakhs of rupees in producing "Chandralekha". Half of the money he had borrowed and thus taken a risk of losing all. The picture collected over 4 crores of rupees. Out of this the Government alone took 2½ crores in different taxes. After paying interest and other production, distribution and publicity expenses, Mr. Vasan, the producer, earned only 5 lakhs of rupees. Had he bought the National Savings Certificates with his original amount of investment, he would have earned much more without having to pay the income-tax and without having to spend sleepless nights.

"And a government that is so substantially helped by our film industry has neither the sense nor the vision to help and plan the future of an industry, the product of which affects and influences the mode and life of millions of people in this country. Our government has a plan, called the 5-Year Plan, for spending 2244 crores of rupees in five years. It is another matter that we prepared the actual plan two years after the design for spending started operating. But even in this huge national plan for wasting, we do not find even a mention of the Indian film industry, even though this industry contributes several crores every year to the Plan. The only time when our government becomes conscious of our film industry is when it wants new revenue. The film industry has thus become the easiest industry to tax in this country because it has neither any existence in our national planning nor has it the ear or interest of the government. And yet its product affects every home in the country. Can you find another government, anywhere in the world, more indifferent in its self-righteous blindness?

"Like thirsty birds praying for rain, we have been on our knees for years expecting the Government to help our film industry. We led a number of deputations and waited upon even the 'chaprasis' of the Secretariat (Laughter) and it is now seven years since we got our freedom and we are still waiting. And now even the 'chaprasis' don't look at us. (Laughter)

THE HOLY BULL

"In 1945 I thought I would get Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, India's strong man, interested in our film industry and I persuaded my friend Kishore Sahu to invite Sardar Patel to open his picture "Veer Kunal" in Bombay.

"You know Sardar Patel was then Lord Kalbhairava of the Congress. (laughter) That is the frightening form of Shiva, the destructor, and it was not easy to enter his temple. Luckily our popular Congressman, S. K. Patil, was the Holy Bull then (laughter) and whenever the Holy Bull nodded and smiled the Kalbhairav frowned at least. (laughter) Kishore Sahu somehow got around the Holy Bull and the Lord Kalbhairav agreed to open "Veer Kunal".

"On December 1, 1945, while opening "Veer Kunal" at the Novelty Talkies, Sardar Patel said, "Political bondage of India is not only affecting the film industry but all the industries of the country. As the fish cannot live without water, no industry can survive without political freedom. It is not surprising to see that after 30 years of its existence, the Indian film industry is still in its present pitiable state. Only the freedom of the country can cure this circumstance.

"With India free, it is only a matter of an hour to remove all the obstacles in the way of the progress of our industries."

"Nine years have passed and that hour has not yet come. (Laughter) But after attaining freedom, we again reminded Sardar Patel of his

promise. This reminder was in the shape of a purse of Rs. 73,000|- which our industry presented to him on January 19, 1948 on the occasion of his 73rd birthday. You know the Congress organization has always appreciated reminders given through purses. (Laughter)

"Sardar Patel, shrewd man that he was, knew the efficacy of the dust-throwing technique of appointing Enquiry Committees perfected by the British (Laughter) and he also appointed an Enquiry Committee under the chairmanship of his "Holy Bull' to go into the affairs of the film industry. (Laughter)

"This was on August 29, 1949. The Committee circulated 8000 copies of a long questionnaire, examined 300 witnesses (I was one of them), spent Rs. 1,80,000|- and after 2 years brought out a 340-page report of 200,000 words in March 1951.

"It was unfortunate that in the meantime the Lord Kalbhairava of the Congress went back to heaven, the temple was in ruins and the "Holy Bull" was driven out into municipal streets. (Laughter) As a result of this tragedy, not one word out of 200,000 words in the Committee Report has been put to use.

KILLING CENSORSHIP

"I will give you another instance! Seeing a lot of crime and sex-laden pictures disfiguring our screen and demoralizing our people, I agitated for uniform and central censorship. For ten long years I carried on a ruthless campaign against such dirty pictures. Our great Government heard me and constituted a Central Board of Censors and adopted a Production Code which I had published. But I had asked for wise and intelligent censorship and Government has now given us an erratic and idiotic one. Our state is like the blind man praying for one good eye and God granting him two useless ones. (Laughter)

"We have a unique Censor Board in this country, the majority of its members having no background of culture, education or experience. Quite a few of them are women and all that some of these women know is the culture of the powder and lipstick as picked up in the clubs. (Laughter) A kind, old lady on the Censor Board after seeing a picture in which Urdu was generously used asked the regional inspector, "What language is this?" The man said it was Urdu. And she replied, "I thought so. It sounded new to my ear." What can you expect from such people? These people make a mess of motion picture censoring. They cut out big bits from our own films on the most stupid and frivolous grounds and allow streamlined crime pictures from Hollywood to go unscathed. They seem to approach Indian pictures with a distinct prejudice and hostility. The erratic censorship, at present prevalent in the country, has created such a panic in the industry and shaken its financial structure so badly that neither a producer knows what to produce nor does a distributor know which picture to finance.

RUDE REVENUE OFFICERS?

"Our next woe is finance. Some people say we are wasting money

JAYA TALKIES

KHOT WADI, GHODBUNDER ROAD, BORIVLI.

Head Office : Fazalbhoy House, 9, Marine Lines, Bombay-1. Phone : 20082

Ref. No. BV/186 Date 5th April 1954.

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Incidentally we take this opportunity of putting on record that the double AGA UNIVERSAL Equipment with its UNIVERSAL Amplifier and Speaker System, which is running at the above cinema for the last nine months has not only given us complete satisfaction, but has been very much appreciated by our patrons. Apart from the sustained excellent performance of the equipment, we also want to record that practically no spare parts have been required in all these months, which in itself is a credit to the equipment.

The writer of this letter having a wide experience of cinema exhibition for the last 12 years, ventures to write that the AGA UNIVERSAL Equipment has not only satisfied us in every respect, but we hardly expected such an excellent performance from an equipment sold at such a reasonable price.

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on bad films. The truth is there is no money in the country at all, neither with the government nor with the people. And we film folks have the least. How can we have money when our pictures are so heavily taxed, by way of the entertainment tax, that the people keep away from the box-offices? As Dr. Jayakar said films to be popular must be cheap. Who would run to see pictures when people know that half of their money goes to the government which has become a most sterile sleeping partner of our film industry? Where is all the money we give the Government every year? Has a copper pice from it been ever re-employed in our film industry? And I ask, why not? Is all industrial taxation a one-way traffic with this government?

"If Lata Mangeshkar earns Rs. 20,000|- a month, as Dr. Jayakar says, let me tell him that she is the only fortunate girl in the industry to do so. And Dr. Jayakar shouldn't be surprised to know that Lata pays 85% of her earnings in income-tax and without being treated properly whilst doing so.

"Many film stars complain about the rude treatment they get at the income-tax offices. It seems they are called too often and made to wait too long thus causing them loss in work and time. If this is true, it is rather unfortunate.

"In a poor family when a son goes out to work and returns home with money, he is loved and respected even by his step-mother. Our film people risk their neck and prestige in earning crores of rupees every year for the Government. Leave alone the thanks, we don't even get a wink of recognition from the Government. Isn't that strange?

FRENCH TREATMENT

"When we ask for more cinemas to make indigenous motion picture production an economic proposition, Pandit Nehru says we do not want more theatres. He asks us to build more houses, forgetting that people spend as many as nine hours of the day in theatres, running away probably from Prohibition and other amenities provided by our Welfare State. (Laughter) We have only 8 theatres to a million people in our country, while in foreign countries they have anything from 150 to 200 theatres to a million people.

"Then we have Minister Keskar, a French doctor, (Laughter) who throws out our film music as bad medicine and prescribes classical music—of course, his notion of it —for his All India Radio to revive ancient Indian culture. He seems anxious to depopularize Indian films and seems to take delight in doing so. What can we do with such sadism of power?

"Everyone condemns the film industry. Rajaji hasn't a good word for it. Nehruji plays with the stars but frowns at the films. Morarji looks contemptuously at it and even Gandhiji, a man of truth and intelligence, condemned films without seeing any. How can these men of truth and virtue condemn our pictures without even seeing them? This is, indeed, a strange expression of truth.

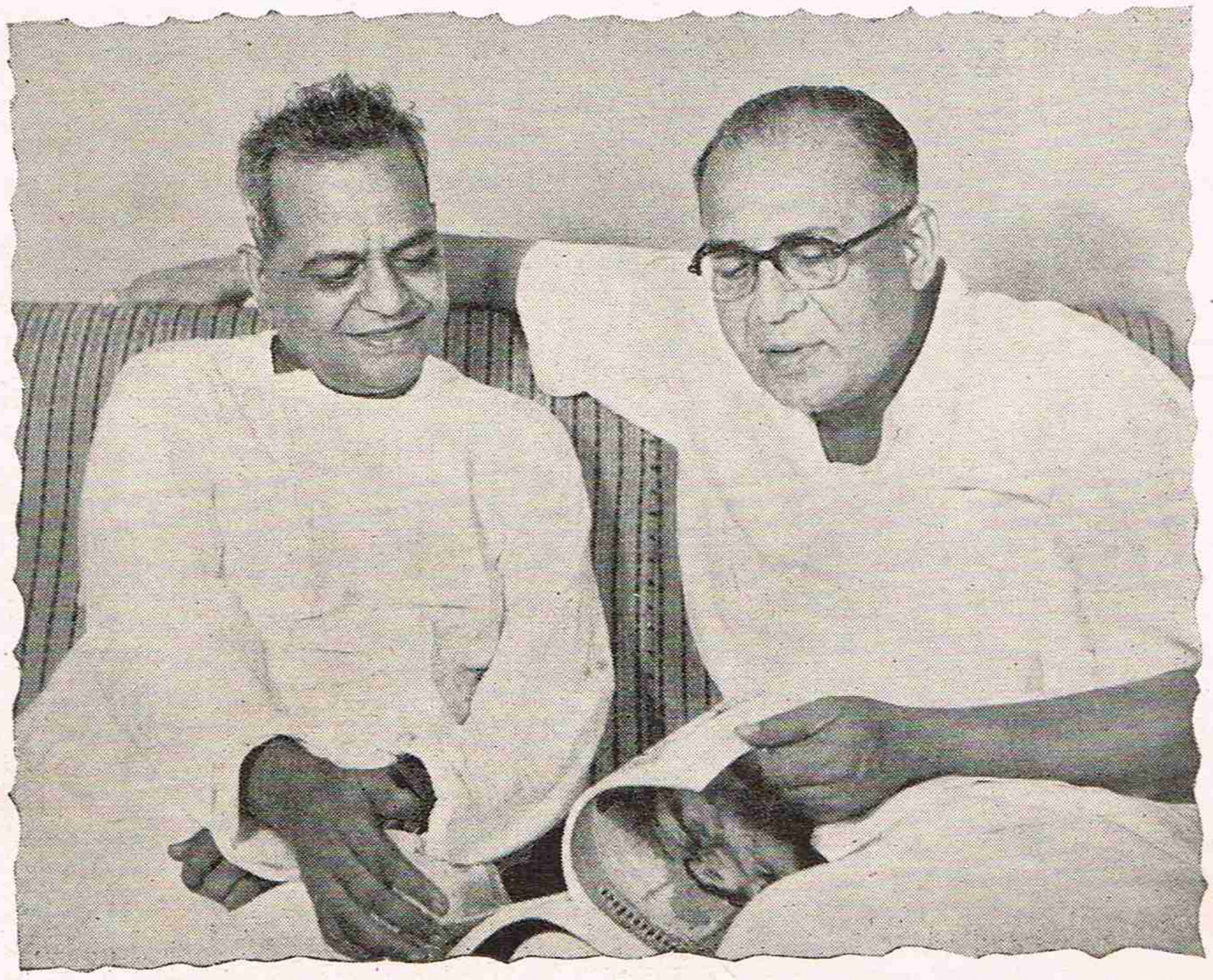
"When I point out these things in my blunt and honest manner, I am accused of abusing them. Whenever a man writes something truthful which rubs the wrong way with people and affects their pre-conceived notions of things, they turn round and accuse the writer of being abusive. Anything which is contrary to their ideas, wishes and expectations is abusive and insulting. Strong language is called abuse. I think the word "abuse" is the most abused word in this country. (Laughter)

GOVERNMENT TO BLAME

"Our tale of woe is endless. It is a long story of 40 years of cruel apathy and sadistic exploitation by government. It is a shame to say so but it is true that our film industry was a shade better off during the British rule than now under our own government. At least we had less obstacles to surmount and no Congress-patented virtues to nurse. (Laughter)

"We are in distress—terrible distress and our Welfare Government is mainly responsible for this state of ours. We, who appeal to the eyes, ears and hearts of millions, have failed to move our Government because our Government is at once blind, deaf and heartless. That is the tragedy of our film industry. (Applause)

"Ladies and gentlemen, I must go home now and try to forget all the kind words I have heard today. Because if I remember them I shall get a swollen head tomorrow and be useless for future work. And with your permission I intend to draw rather generously on my health permit tonight and forget all that has happened here. Thank you!" (Applause)



On April 4, Mr. D. G. Tendulkar, the world known author of "Mahatma", also found time to visit "Girnar" and congratulate Baburao Patel on his 50th birthday.

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO

SHRI BABURAO PATEL

EDITOR, "FILMINDIA"

Dear Friend,

We, the members of the Baburao Patel Go.den Jubilee Committee, take great pleasure in felicitating you on the occasion of your Golden Jubilee and in appreciating your unique work in the wide and vast world of journalism.

As the fiery Editor of "filmindia", your name and work is known to all who have even a nodding acquaintance with Indian Journalism. As a brilliant writer, a relentless campaigner, a fire-eating crusader, a zealous patriot and as a matchless national wit, you have earned a unique international reputation. As one of the very few free, frank, fearless and eminently successful journalists of the world your journalistic career provides an inspiring canvas of courage, dynamism and steadfastness.

Risen as you have from a humble beginning, your tempestuous career has become a beacon of guidance to many in this world of few opportunities but many obstacles. From the sanctum of a humble hut and the lap of a simple peasant mother you have reached the pinnacle of fame and popularity, achieving for yourself in the process, a pride of place in the landscape of letters and establishing yourself as a distinctive institution in journalism. Your unique success in your profession is the result of courage, ability, hard work and perseverance which in itself is a commendable achievement in a world where success does not come easily and does not come to many.

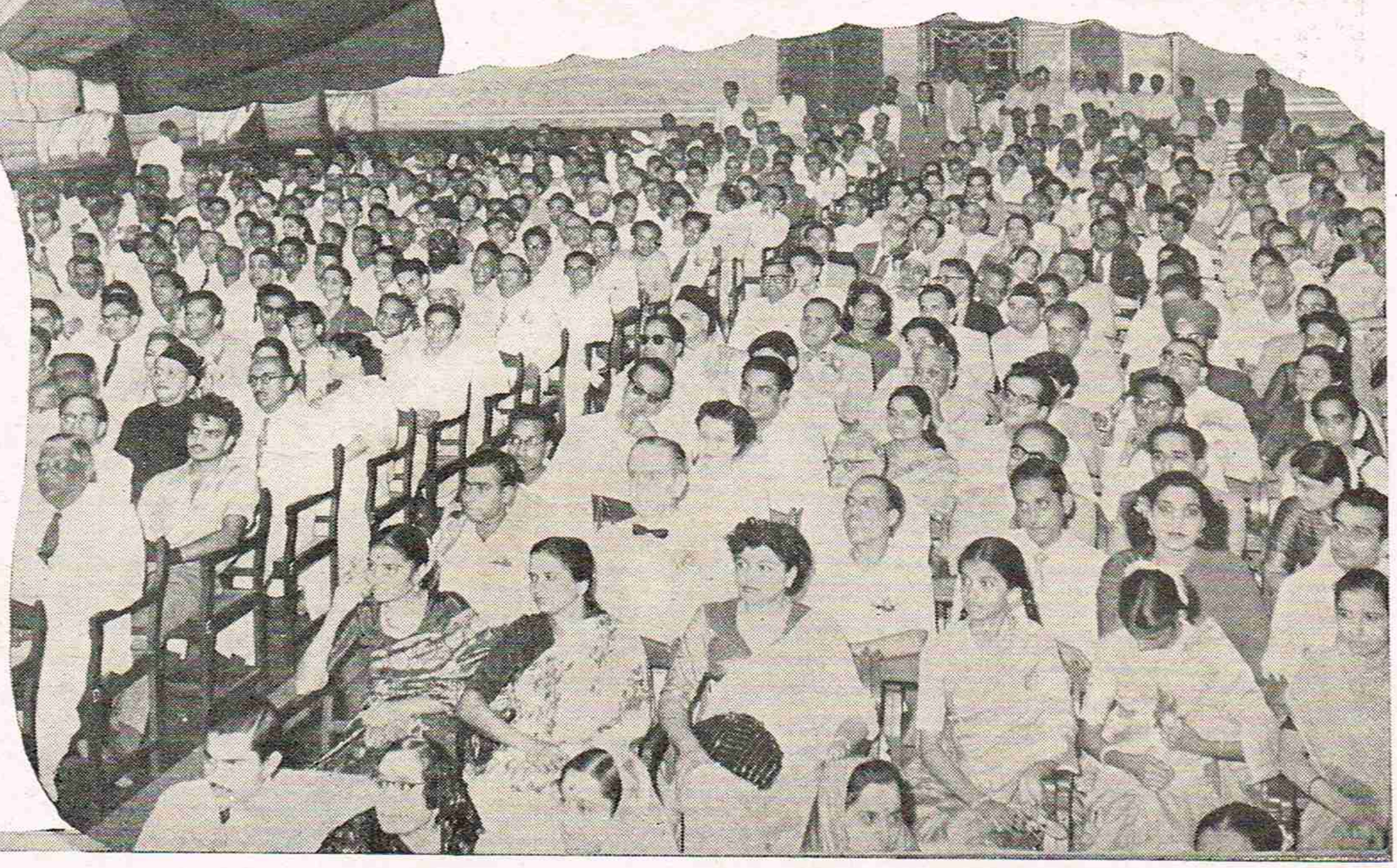
You have cherished and uncompromisingly fought for independence of thought—independence from hypocrisy, bigotry, pompous ignorance, intolerance, regimentation and shallow opportunism. In the field of film journalism you have not only been a pioneer in India but a stalwart of independent criticism all over the world. It can be truly said that you have laid the foundation of film criticism in India and given indigenous film journalism blood, body and soul.

Before you flashed on the film scene, Indian film journalism was a spineless profession of slavish write-ups without purpose or criticism. It was mostly just publicity, purchased, extorted or abjectly offered. Critics in those days were denied the freedom to analyse and criticise motion pictures frankly and honestly because those in the trade expected and demanded nothing but praise from critics and to that end employed all their wit and resources to suppress true criticism.

With your advent in film journalism, things began

Above : Seth Damodarlalji Jaipuria congratulates Baburao Patel after his speech.

★★★★★★



A section of the overcrowded hall! Women seem to have taken the front seats and left men standing behind.

to change radically. Without counting the risks and without caring for consequences you wrote frankly, honestly and strongly and surprised everyone with your courage and calibre. After your strong and courageous writings film criticism acquired its first glow of truth and dignity and it began to be realized that film criticism had its own role to play in society. It was your pioneering courage and your towering personality that lent morale and status to the profession of a film critic.

From the very beginning you realized and tried to make others realize that the medium of motion pictures was too powerful an influence in the lives of people to be allowed to be used with irresponsibility. With your persistent efforts spread over years you lent social significance to films. In this task you had to jolt the then generally irresponsible and uneducated producers and jog the apathetic authorities and national leaders. Your writings thus contained plenty of such critical jogs and jolts but they were necessary in social and national interests.

In getting the Indian film industry attention at home and introduction abroad yours is the largest contribution. Before your emergence as a critic the English newspapers in the country never devoted any space to Indian films even though they received huge advertising revenue from them. Now practically all newspapers devote a page to news and reviews about Indian films.

Your vigorous and persistent efforts to improve the Indian film industry form a large and important part of the history of the Indian film. Your all-embracing efforts to improve conditions in the film industry from studios down to theatres have indeed been great and reveal the relentless champion of progress in you. Maintaining quality in films and comfort for spectators in theatres as the absolute essentials of show-business, you have uncompromisingly fought for these ends.

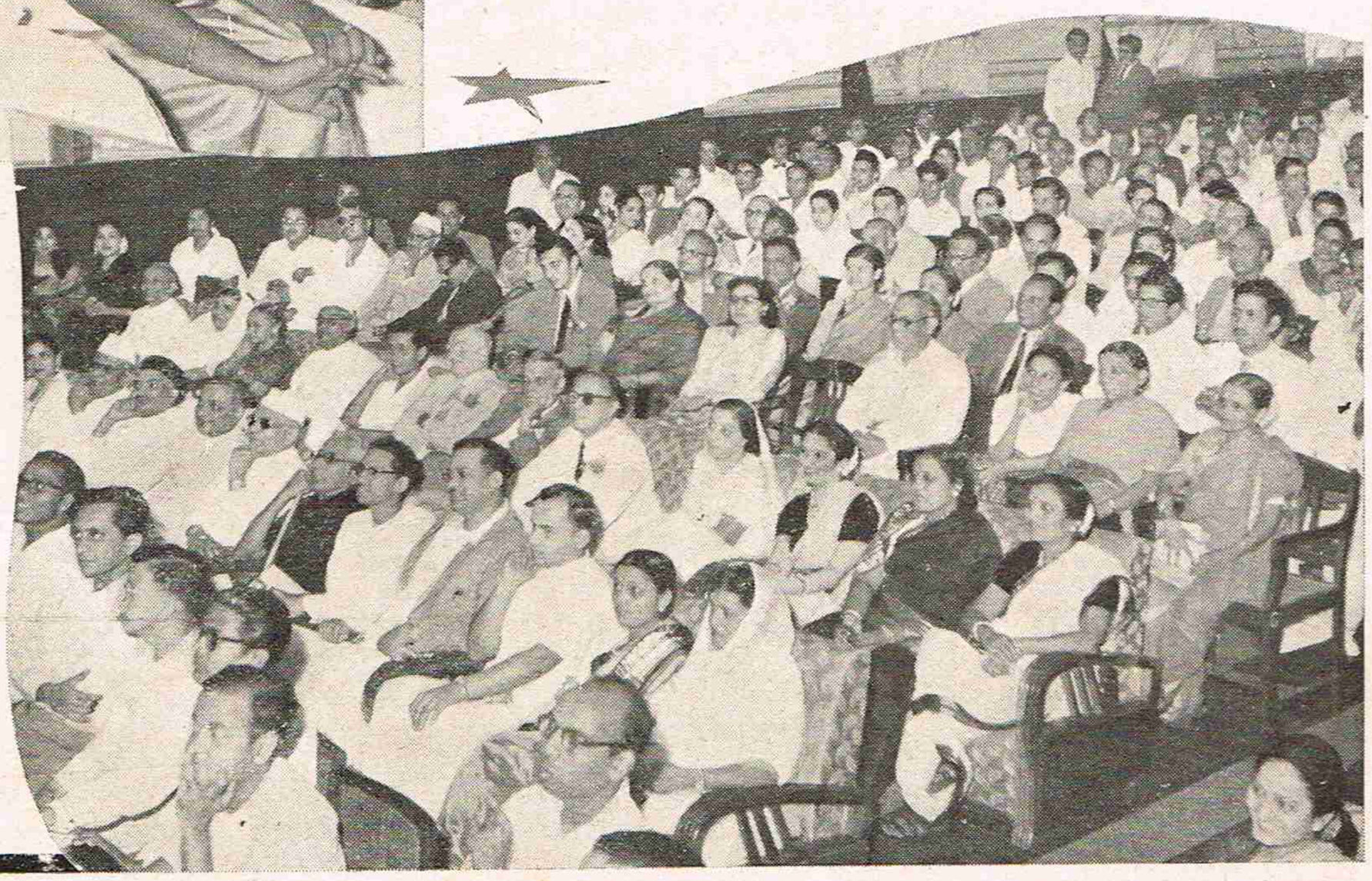
Right from the beginning, when police officials wore the mantle of censors and every town seemed to have its own whimsical censorship, you tirelessly agitated for the establishment of a Production Code and a Central Board of Censors. Today we have got both—after years of ceaseless campaigning by you.

Your efforts to weed out unsavoury and anti-social elements from the films have been equally intense and forceful and your unrelenting campaign against purposeless and anti-social pictures permeated with themes of sex, crime and lewdness were largely responsible in rousing in our people and leaders an informed and intelligent interest in films. You have always condemned crime pictures as dangerous and anti-social and have mobilized public opinion against them from time to time thus reflecting your active sense of responsibility and social consciousness.

Your most valuable service to the country, however, was when you launched a thundering agitation against foreign films which contained anti-Indian slant and substance. Month after month you carried on your fiery agitation against anti-Indian films like "The

Above : Miss Lata Mangeshkar, Mrs. Laxmi Mani, Mrs. Mehboob and Vyjayanthimala (behind) —all listening carefully.

★★★★★



A section of the audience enjoys Baburao's jokes.

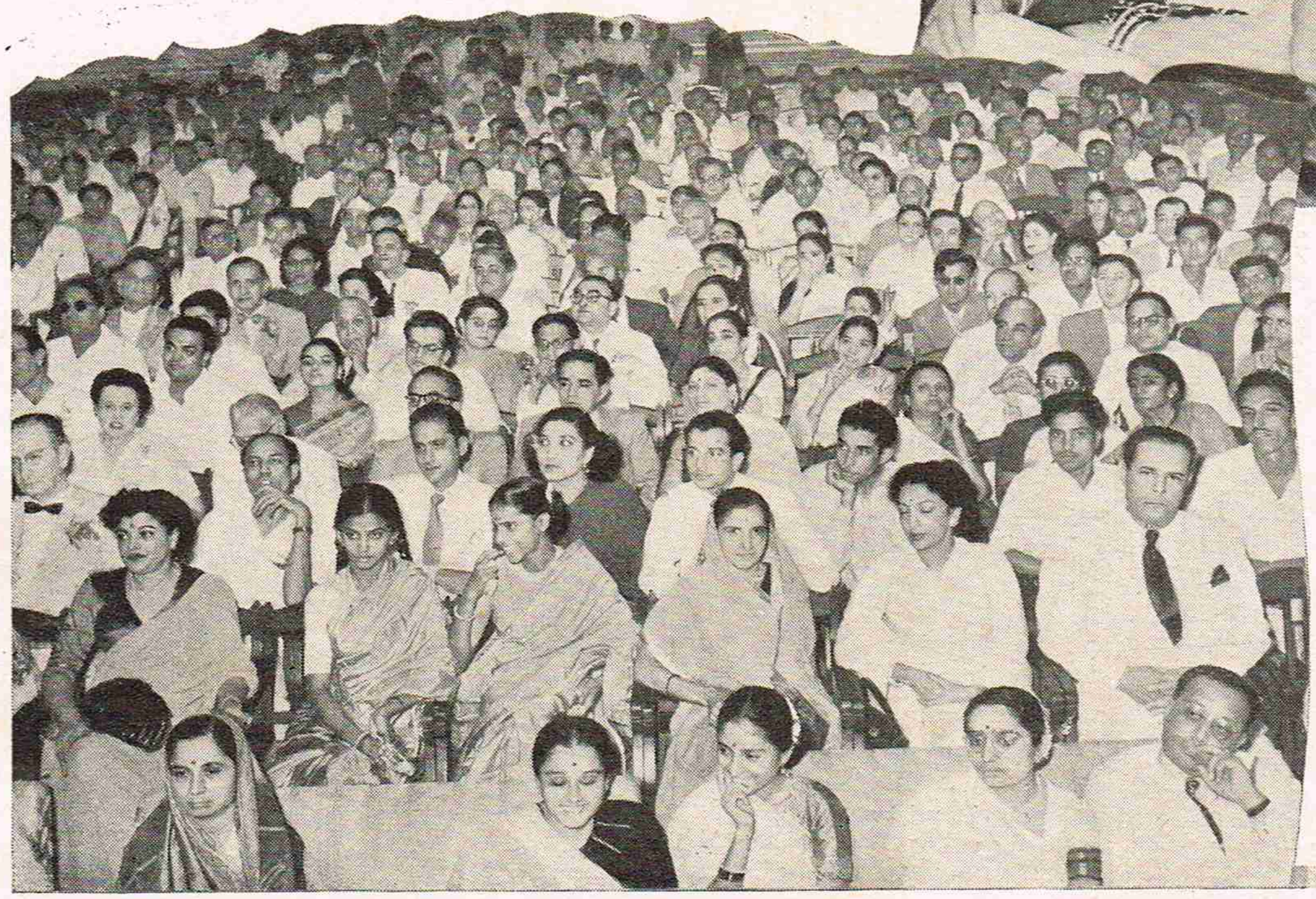
Drum", "Gunga Din", "Lives of Bengal Lancers", "India Speaks" etc. till you turned the campaign almost into a national movement and ultimately succeeded in getting these anti-Indian films banned. You further showed your tenacity of purpose in this patriotic cause when in 1939 you undertook a world tour and acquainted foreigners with the national sentiments of Indians through lectures and interviews. Among other countries you visited United Kingdom and the U.S.A. and thus carried your crusade against anti-Indian films right to the doors of the producers of these pictures. When you succeeded in getting assurances from the Marquis of Zetland, the then Secretary of State for India, and the Motion Picture Producers' Association of America that further production of anti-Indian films and films that hurt the susceptibilities of Indians would be stopped, you scored a triumph for the country. This campaign was a glorious and memorable chapter in your life.

Your frank and outspoken evaluation of films carries a unique stamp of courage and independence. The uncompromising frankness with which you criticize pictures even at physical and financial risks is indeed amazing and unparalleled.

Being a courageous and outspoken man, it is little wonder that you are also a misunderstood man. Ignoring or failing to realize the goal and spirit of your various crusades, some people, at one time or other have, either wittingly or unwittingly, misunderstood your intentions and tried to traduce your name and belittle your services. But again with courage, conviction and tenacity you have removed the doubts of your honest opponents about your intentions as well as exposed your traducers thus allowing truth to prevail.

During the years you have made continuous progress in the quality of your writings and today you can really be called a mellow and greatly effective writer with a vast store of wit and wisdom, knowledge and novelty, vigour and versatility. Your recent assessment of our present day political problems reveals yet another sparkling facet of your versatile genius. It cannot be denied that your political writings, many of which have proved prophetic, are written with rare fervour and sincerity and provoke thought in a remarkable measure and manner.

Dear friend, now that you have completed your fifty years and rendered valuable services to the film industry and the country and played a useful and forceful role in journalism of the country, we extend to you our best and warm wishes for your future. We wish that with your characteristic courage, frankness and crusading spirit, you will continue to serve the country and humanity at large for many, many years to come and will continue to show others that there is no dignified alternative to honest journalism and that no price is too great to be paid for writing with courage, honesty and freedom.



Above : Right to left: Mrs. Vasan, Mrs. Sushila Rani Patel & Renu Maker, the young starlet.

★★★★★★

Spotting them is difficult in this packed hall but we can name two friends— Mr. & Mrs. Sohrab Modi (second row, right). Mrs. Modi is evidently thinking deeply over what is said. Or was it the photo-flash?

Shakila is at an age where youth itself is all the beauty. She adds sex-appeal to "Noor Mahel", a romantic tale produced by Ramniklal Shah for Shah Pictures.

In conclusion, dear friend, we wish you a long, happy, prosperous and useful life.

We are,
Yours sincerely,
Members of the
Baburao Patel Golden Jubilee Committee.

CHAIRMAN
S. S. VASAN
(Producer-director : Gemini Studios,
President : Film Federation of India)

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OUR REVIEW

"Boot Polish" Is So Much Cant And Hypocrisy!

Picture Of Bloated Pretensions And Lean Intelligence!

"Boot Polish", we are told, has been produced with a purpose. We are told that it deals with a national problem. We are told that a few good heads seriously thought over this problem before recording it on celluloid. We are also told that the picture is meant for the enlightenment of the citizens of India as well as to guide their path with respect to this particular problem. In other words, the intention behind the production of "Boot Polish" is, to an ample degree, supposed to be a sociological one as the picture not only purports to present a problem but also to modestly suggest a solution. And lastly, we are told that the problem is beggary.

We have seen "Boot Polish" and have reached the conclusion that all that we have been told about it is so much cant and hypocrisy, a disease rampant in the Indian film industry. Far from being a sociologically motivated picture, "Boot Polish" appears a strictly commercial device to rake in as much money as possible at the box-office. "Boot Polish" may be the solution of the producer's present economic problems but as far as beggary is concerned the picture contains neither a truthful presentation of the problem nor a sensible suggestion of a solution. As far as the sober tackling of a serious problem is concerned, "Boot Polish" remains as stupid a picture as any other produced with bloated pretensions and lean intelligence.

NOT SINCERE

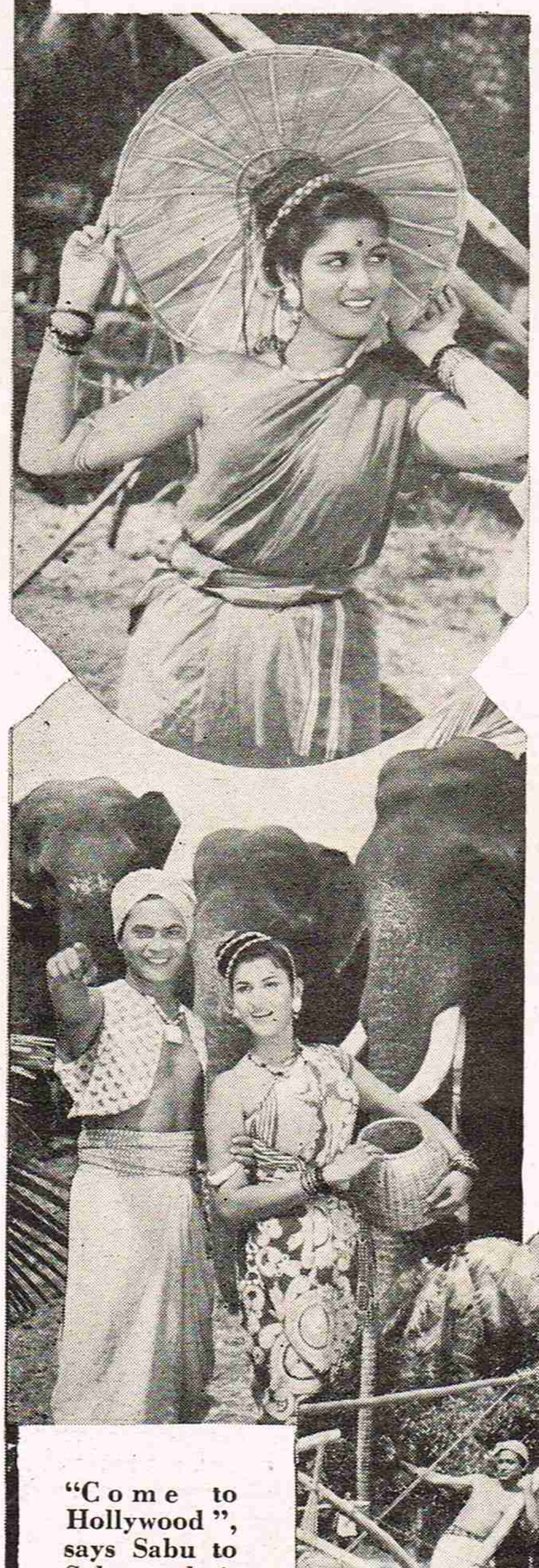
In the first place the picture doesn't appear to be at all sincere in its approach to the problem. Secondly, the perspective in which, in whatever little measure and manner, it views beggary is far from thoughtful or realistic. The picture's theme is based on the belief that professional begging is a bad thing which deserves to be eliminated from our social life and the picture proceeds along a hybrid and erratic career to somehow declaim by the end that it is better to die than to beg.

Now, everybody agrees that professional begging is a bad and disgraceful practice. And at least in Bombay, it is not only a social nuisance and a dishonourable act but also a crime, though few seem to remember it. The Bombay Beggars Act prohibits begging for alms in public places. But what the makers of the picture forget is that beggary is not an isolated, independent problem. Though quite a number of beggars are just habitual parasites and work-shirkers, beggary as a means of living is a sequel of poverty, destitution and unemployment. Unless the basic problem of poverty and unemployment in the country is solved, it is just idle exercise to pinpoint beggary and denounce it with rhetorics.

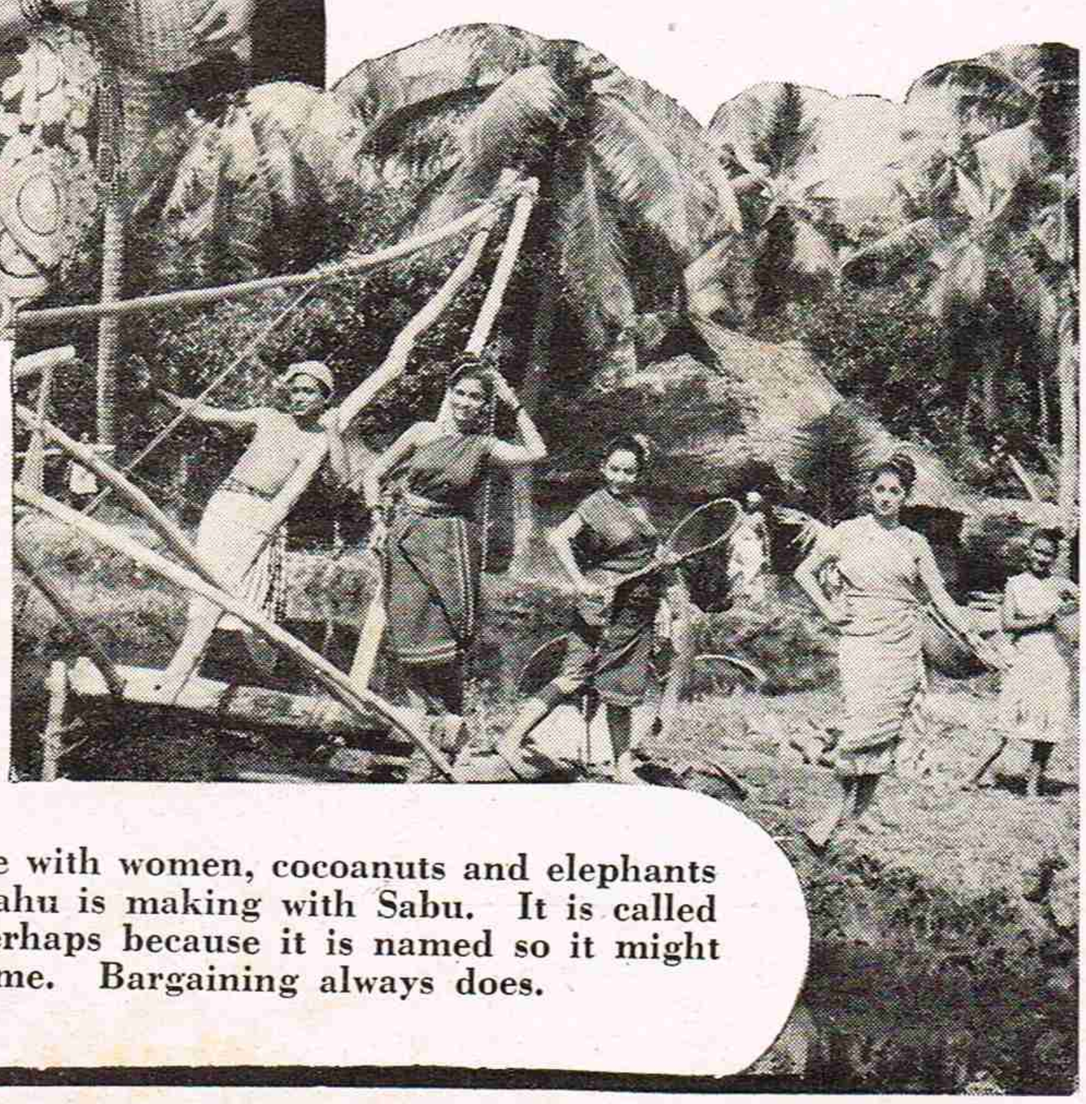
In a country where the number of people unemployed is estimated to be about 10 crores, more than a quarter of the country's total population, and where more than 5 lakhs persons are more or less vainly waiting at the doorsteps of the Employment Exchanges in search of jobs, to dramatically tell destitute people that they should work and not beg for a living is a most brazen example of a tongue-in-cheek performance besides being an utterance divorced from thought. Yes, begging is an utterly undesirable thing but it is resorted to by either insensate, sub-human parasites or by people too destitute to think in terms of human dignity and honour. Though the former deserve to be forced to work on pain of punishment, both the categories need work. And that is apparently the most insoluble of our fundamental problems. Where is work? Have the employers or the Government of Bombay got jobs for 25,000 beggars in the city of Bombay? Leave alone new jobs for beggars, the thousands of educated employees of the Civil Supplies Department and the Rationing Department of Bombay are faced with fresh unemployment. All these people are prepared to work hard for their living and by doing so increase the collective wealth of the nation. But where is the opportunity to work hard for a reasonable remuneration?

FUNDAMENTAL RIGHT TO BEG

"Boot Polish" says that young destitute children should rather shine shoes than stretch their palms for begging. But how many children can successfully take to shoe-shining? Isn't Bombay already flooded with shoe-shine boys? And in any event, merely suggesting to innumerable young waifs in the country to start shoe-



Isn't she tantalizing? But Shashikala knocked out Sabu with half her charm in "Sauda", a jungle thriller of Hindustan Chitra.



"Come to Hollywood", says Sabu to Shashikala. She sees the vision and seems to like it.

It is a jungle tale with women, cocoanuts and elephants which Kishore Sahu is making with Sabu. It is called "Sauda", and perhaps because it is named so it might take time. Bargaining always does.

shining or some similar means of livelihood is too insignificant and easily given a suggestion to be able to touch even the fringe of the larger social problem of chronic poverty and unemployment of which beggary is only a part. And to just vaguely tell them to do some work instead of begging is merely rolling the tongue in a disgustingly familiar manner. What we wish to emphasize is that merely preaching a homily to the destitute on the duty and necessity to work, in a country where about a quarter of the population lies almost in forced idleness, is too worn-out a cliche which looks cruel and callous in the context of reality.

But "Boot Polish" merely exhorts the beggars to work and condemns beggary without bothering itself with the stern existing reality. So do many other blinkered politicians and legislators! So does Shri Naushir C. Bharucha, the Independent member of the Bombay Legislative Assembly, who would not only like the Bombay Beggars Act to be strictly enforced but would also like to have it punish even those who give alms to beggars.

Article 118 of the Constitution of U.S.S.R. says: "Citizens of the U.S.S R have the right to work, that is, the right to guaranteed employment and payment for their work in accordance with its quantity and quality." According to this Constitutional right an unemployed person in Russia must be able to sue the Government for not providing him with employment. We do not know how far this right is respected in practice in Russia or what other rights the Russian citizen has lost in securing this one but if the Indian Constitution contained some such guarantee of work, then only could "Boot Polish" or Shri Bharucha sound reasonable and convincing while condemning the multitude of destitutes who crowd the streets begging for food. And then only would the Beggars Act have appeared realistic. Till then many will argue that human dignity cannot be founded on a hungry stomach and many destitutes will continue to feel that if they haven't the right to guaranteed work with payment, they have the fundamental right to beg for existence, Beggars Act or not.

Thus though the fundamental sentiment behind "Boot Polish" is laudable, at the moment it seems to remain in the drawing room. As for the problem of the innumerable waifs, the picture only amuses with its ridiculously naive suggestion of adoption of waifs by rich people. This suggestion has a sort of Vinoba Bhave touch. But where even our first Five-Year Plan seems to fight shy of the distressing problem of destitution, Bhanu Pratap, the presumably green writer of "Boot Polish", cannot be expected to do better. Besides, on seeing the picture one becomes sure that the real purpose of the picture is nothing more than to achieve some commercial success. And that is why we see sex, songs and dances in a beggars' colony and songs even inside a jail. The two young waifs in the picture are represented not as genuine young beggars but as the wards of a dirty, heartless strumpet who forces the kids to beg so that she may spend the money on her own life of sin and filth. Why couldn't Bhanu Pratap find some genuine young beggars who just beg for their hungry stomachs and not for the bedsheets of a prostitute? But he lumps together beggars with pimps, whores and bootleggers and paints the destitutes' life not so much as one of unrelenting misery but as one of sin crime, cruelty and immorality.

BEGGING FOR A PROSTITUTE

The picture hasn't much of a story. Belu and Bhola, two tiny tots, are left on the doorstep of Kamla's hut in the beggars' colony by a social service man after the kids' mother has died of cholera in the city and the father has been packed off to serve a life sentence for something. On finding the children at her door with a letter of introduction in their hands, Kamla, a sharp-tongued strumpet in the slum, who happens to be the aunt of the two kids, spits and fumes and refuses to give them shelter saying that way back she had been maltreated and driven out of the house by their parents. When John, a Christian bootlegger living in the next hut, pleads with Kamla not to be cruel to the innocent children she curses him too but ultimately drags the kids inside her hut with venom on her tongue and cruelty in her heart.

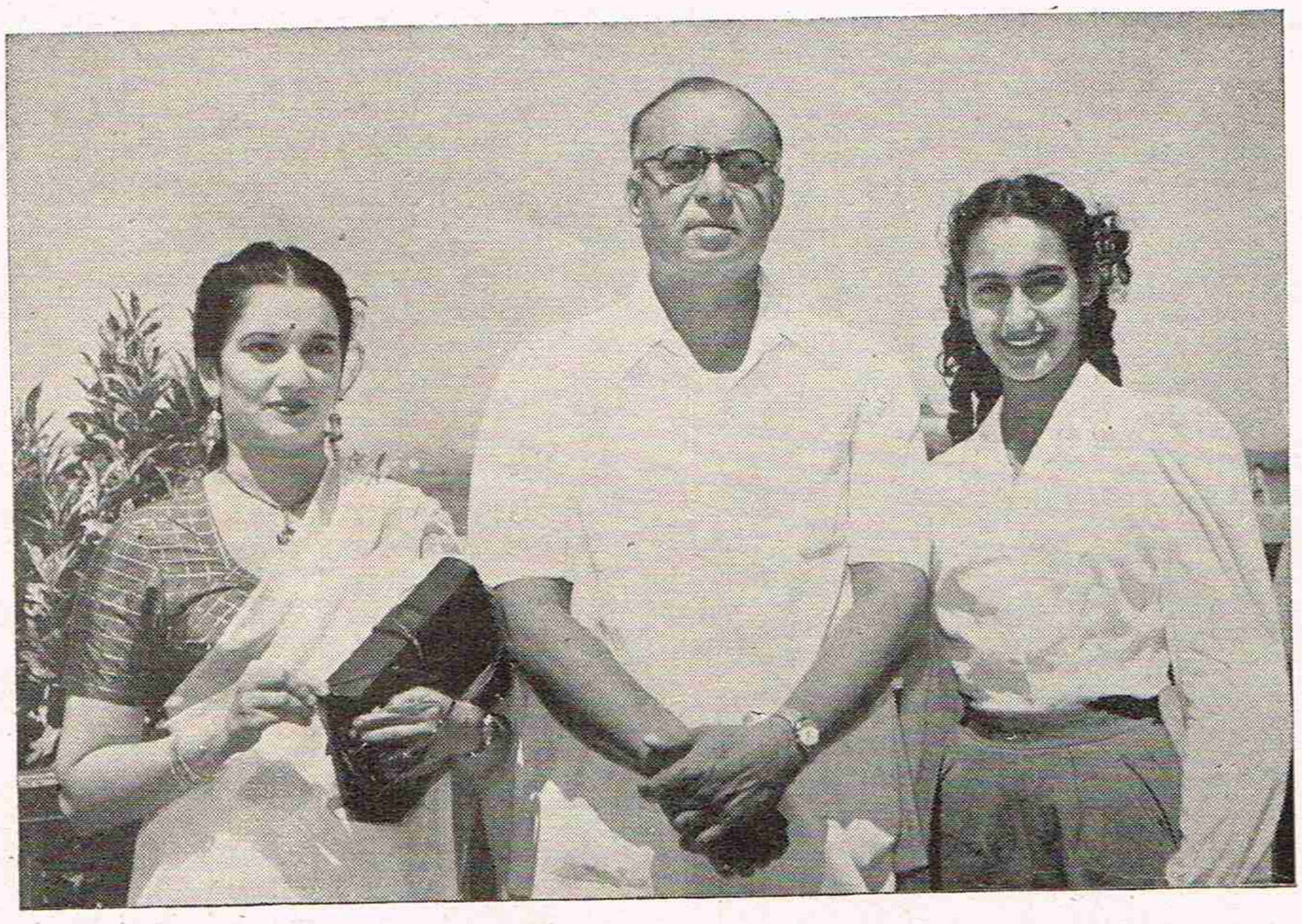
Soon the kids grow up—Bhola into a ten year old boy and Belu into a seven year old girl. Deciding that the condition of their staying with her should be that they should beg every day and bring the money to her, Kamla trains the kids how to beg and begins to send them on the streets, railway stations and in suburban trains. The kids begin quite well in this field of human disgrace but venom and violence remain permanent parts of Kamla's treatment of the kids. The kids, however find a kind and sympathetic companion in the bald, bearded bootlegger John with whom they spend considerable time joking and teasing whenever Kamla is not too near.

John happens to be a staunch opponent of beggary and believes in working for a living even if it be bootlegging. In between getting frequent beatings and abuses from Kamla and singing choruses and doing group dances in the slum, Bhola and Belu manage to contract John's theme in life and inspired by Chitku, a rakish shoeshine boy on intimate terms with Kamla, they decide to save some money quietly from their daily collections so as to buy a tin of polish and a brush to pursue the honourable profession of shoeshining. With John's blessings they succeed in their plans and giving up begging they start shoeshining even though they make a miserable beginning soiling their initial customer's socks and not even knowing that only leather shoes need the kind of shining services they sell.

SINGING IN JAIL

The kids manage to keep the change of their profession a secret from Kamla after bribing Chitku. Suddenly the kids' friend, philosopher and guide, John is arrested by the police and packed off to jail leaving Bhola and Belu alone and crying. When Kamla discovers that her two little wards had been shoeshining instead of begging, she gives them another thorough beating. But having promised John not to beg again in life Bhola insists that he would not beg and provokes more fury in Kamla. The same night John sings a gay song in the company of his fellow prisoners while rain and storm bring chill and fever to Belu.

After nature's storm comes Kamla who finally turns the kids out of the house. Bhola and Belu wander from place to place in rain and storm in search of a



On March 23, 1954, film star Nutan Samarth left for Switzerland by an Air India International plane on a holiday for four months. Among the numerous friends who bid this popular star farewell were Mr. & Mrs. Baburao Patel.

pair of shoes that needs shining but don't succeed. At last broken down with hunger Belu decides to pick up a lying coin but the little idealist Bhola slaps her and drags her away to a railway station. At the station Bhola and Belu are thrown into a panic on seeing the police running after a pickpocket. Belu immediately jumps into the starting train while Bhola is left behind. In the train, Belu, of course, attracts the attention of a kind, childless couple who take her home as she blabbers in high fever. Though Belu doesn't forget Bhola for a moment, she soon becomes a well-clad adopted daughter of the couple after they have traced Kamla and paid her Rs. 100|- for the child.

Left alone Bhola returns to Kamla and for some time attends to the shoes of the customers who come to watch and hear Kamla's cheap, crude and sexy songs and gyrations. But he becomes disgusted with this life and again takes to the road. In the meantime John is also released from the jail. With the three characters, who love one another, separated but alive the picture indulges in the usual hit-and-miss sequences before finally bringing all of them together. In the end Bhola also is adopted by the couple and John's tearful, ecstatic state at the turn of events indicates the extent to which the author has fallen in love with this solution of the problem of waifs. To the more realistic, however, this must appear only as so much sentimental nonsense.

FAULTY CHARACTERIZATIONS

In the picture crooked commercialism and straight story-telling are badly mixed with commercialism always prominent. As a literary piece it lacks both depth and sense and also a correct sense of characterization. The choice of characters in the picture to support the theme seems rather odd. The man who preaches the theme of the picture is, of all the people in the world, a bootlegger. John being a conscious criminal, all that idealistic talk about preferring to die than to beg sits with ill grace on his lips. Then the characterization of the crudely sexy strumpet Kamla is too enlarged to be even tolerable. The picture acquires a synthetic and arbitrary complexion when the author reduces the problem of the two waifs as not one of maladjustment in a cruel and confused society but as one of maltreatment by a cruel and dirty wench of an aunt. As a motion picture the picture has moments of interest and even some crude mass appeal, thanks to some carefully inserted items of cheap commercialism. But because of this commercial dilution of the theme the picture ceases to be even a pathetic personal story apart from containing little sociological value.

Technically the picture is poor considering that it took nearly two years to produce this picture. Achrekar's sets, for once, are realistic. Photography stumbles and sound recording is erratic at places. Music is interesting only in snatches and so are the lyrics. Dialogue is rather commonplace. For a beginning, the direction is not bad though it could have grappled with the theme more intelligently. The beggars' way to a railway station, while taking the adopting couple, was an intelligent touch.

Baby Naaz as Belu easily gives the best performance in the picture. The little girl has a good blend of innocence and impishness and at once wins sympathy. Ratan Kumar, as Bhola, however, is neither convincing nor appealing and at places looks too well-fed to be a destitute slum-dweller. The boy doesn't look the role nor can he act. He is too fat to do so. David as John gives a fairly good performance though he could have worn a more convincing beard. Chand Burque as the cruel strumpet Kamla looks the role and makes it pretty loud and noisy with strong overtones. She looks hideous in the face and crudely sexy in the body. The boy who plays Chitku is just stupid. From the rest Veera as the childless woman who adopts the kids does quite well but the man playing her husband gives a shivering performance.

In fine, "Boot Polish" is a third rate picture as far as average cinema entertainment goes. In theme and intention it is just pompously stupid. We cannot expect more from an uneducated producer in the midst of a more uneducated crowd.

BOOT POLISH

Producers : **R. K. Films**
Language : **Hindustani**
Story, Dialogue and Screenplay : **Bhanu Pratap**
Lyrics : **Hasrat, Shailendra and Deepak**
Music : **Shanker and Jaikishan**
Photography : **Tara Dutt**
Sound : **Shankar Amruta**
Cast : **Baby Naaz, Ratan Kumar, David and Chand Burque etc.**
Released At : **Liberty, Bombay**
Date of Release : **12th February 1954.**
Directed By :
PRAKASH ARORA

OUR REVIEW

"Bazooband", Old Bitter Wine In New Flask

Familiar Tale Of Wine And Women

Variety Productions' "Bazooband" is an old melodramatic pickle containing an errant husband, a devoted wife, a wily whore and strong whisky. One can easily guess from the ingredients the nature and flavour of the final concoction. The ingredients are old, the mixing is usual, the concoction is conventional and the flavour is too familiar. In both content and technique, the picture seems to have been just lifted from some ancient archives.

And yet this is a much better effort of Ramanand Sagar than some of his previous clumsy contributions to the screen. Probably dealing with a stale and familiar subject he felt more at home and the result is a picture which in spite of all its noise, crudity and triteness looks much less torturous and boring than it could have been normally. There is more action and narration in the picture than mere debate which is an improvement in Ramanand Sagar. Whatever else he may be lacking, Ramanand Sagar is usually clear about the central idea of his story. In "Bazooband" his theme is that whores and whisky ultimately spell ruin to a man, howsoever good and intelligent he may be basically. With this old theme in mind Sagar creates the three traditional characters of a good and noble wife, a sinning husband who is a slave of liquor and a prostitute. He then proceeds to describe the usual misery of the good, neglected wife, the wickedness of the prostitute and the gradual downfall of the husband. But since he manages to weave some quite interesting scenes both in dialogue and description one's interest is somewhat kept from flagging even in the face of this rickety old subject.

THE SETH GOES WRONG

Seth Surajmal is a wealthy man, though we are not told where his wealth comes from, and has a dutiful wife and two children. The picture begins with Radha, Surajmal's wife, and her little daughter and son complaining that Surajmal doesn't spend as much time with them as he should. For a while Surajmal remains in good humour but when evening approaches he loses his humour and sternly waiving his playful children and his pleading wife, rushes to his evening haunt, the house of Chandni, a scheming prostitute, who fills his life with sex and alcohol. Surajmal, we soon learn, is an acute alcoholic and a man completely mad about Chandni. He cannot live without either after sunset.

Chandni, however, in the traditional manner has her eye on his wealth but is herself in love with Bankey, a glib, oily rake, who in turn is interested in an Anglo-Indian tart. Surajmal keeps passing on his wealth in cash and jewellery to Chandni, and Chandni, escaping her mother's vigilance, manages to pass on some of it to Bankey who in turn gives it to the Anglo-Indian girl for safe keeping. Rather a complicated circulation of money but anything is possible in this world of inflated immorality. Things go on like this for a while, Surajmal keeps swigging whisky, Chandni goes on singing and dancing and Radha keeps on worrying and deluding her children that their father was a very busy and hardworking man to keep at home in the evenings.

Learning that Radha had told her daughter that Surajmal had removed a valuable armlet from the house in order to keep it safe in the bank for the daughter's wedding, Surajmal realizes the noble nature of his wife because he had actually given the ornament to Chandni. He decides to turn a good family man and goes shopping with his family to make preparations for the daughter's approaching birthday. But during the day he meets the crooked Bankey and winds up at Chandni's abode while Radha and the children return home without the father.

Lemon and green are pleasing colours that are used effectively in this lovely design. On the lemon crepe choli, work flowers of green sequins, scallops of gold jari and gold dots in between. Note the band running vertically has buttons in green sequins.

THE BIRTHDAY TRAGEDY

On returning home late at night, Surajmal creates the usual drunken man's noise insisting that Chandni be called to entertain the guests on his daughter's birthday. Radha puts him to sleep and collecting her children immediately leaves for her mother's place in another town where her mother was reported to be ill. In the train, through an outlandish coincidence, she meets Bankey who renders her help when her little daughter topples down from the upper berth and is injured fairly badly. While Radha passes some miserable days at her mother's place with her seriously ill daughter, Surajmal indulges in his usual evil revelry. On her birthday the daughter dies but not knowing about it Surajmal celebrates the dead daughter's birthday at his house with Chandni entertaining him and the guests with songs and dances.

Taking advantage of Radha's absence Chandni moves into Surajmal's house, keeps him drunk all the time and soon tricks the inebriated man into making her the heir to his property. When Radha arrives with the tragic news, she finds Surajmal too drunk to even grieve properly and completely under Chandni's control. Now in real life things would have happened in a different way but in Ramanand Sagar's picture, the wife is insulted by the whore and decides to go back to her mother leaving her helpless husband in the hands of the wicked prostitute.

Having got all they wanted from him, Chandni and Bankey now decide to end Surajmal's life. They plan to first poison his drink and then push him down an abyss. The Anglo-Indian woman also takes part in the murder conspiracy and soon they all collect at Bankey's house. But in the meantime Radha and her little son have left even her mother's house after frequent insults from Radha's sister-in-law and have again started aimless travelling. Exploiting the earlier coincidence, the writer brings about another meeting between Radha and Bankey in which Bankey, unaware that she is Surajmal's wife invites her to stay with him. So Radha lands at the scene of the murder conspiracy against her husband. Another one to arrive on the scene is Sanwariya, another ruined victim of Chandni who, after losing all his wealth to her, had started living with Chandni as more or less a pimp.

Both Radha and Sanwariya manage to learn about the crooks' plan to murder Surajmal. They both act instantly but though Sanwariya manages to trick Bankey into drinking the poisoned liquor intended for Surajmal, Radha's identity is revealed to Bankey and she is locked up by him. Later freeing herself Radha rushes along with her son to the spot where Chandni had taken the drunken Surajmal to push him to his death. Reaching in the nick of time Radha and her son start struggling with Chandni who seems bent on killing the whole family. The harlot proves too strong for Radha and Surajmal realizes the effects of drink when in his drunken state he finds himself too weak and feeble to even get up and help his wife. In the end, however, after seeing Bankey dying of poisoning Sanwariya comes to Radha's rescue and stabs Chandni who then goes down the deep ravine. Sanwariya surrenders himself to the police while Surajmal reunites with his wife and daughter a wiser man having decided to have no more of wine and whores in his life.

PROSTITUTE'S ENLARGED PORTRAIT

The first half of the picture is devoted mostly to depicting evil with wine and the whore playing a prominent role and the gradual disruption of Surajmal's home life is only briefly shown. While condemning alcohol and prostitutes, to take the audience on a long visit to brothels and showing it drunkards and crooning prostitutes in detail and good length is an old and questionable trick but Sagar manages to keep the picture dramatically interesting up till the interval. After that he lets loose all the melodramatic germs of the plot along with all implausibility and creates plenty of noise and crudity. His finale, though clumsy in execution, is quite imaginatively forceful and dramatic in conception conveying the logical limit of the evil of acute alcoholism with the illustration of a man who has grown so weak by drinking that he cannot even rise to defend his wife and little son. But in spite of it having a good, old theme and tolerable moments, many may not relish the enlarged portrait of a professional prostitute which the picture contains.

The production values are not so good. Sets do betray some expense but with shaking banisters they don't convince. Photography is mediocre. Sound recording is erratic. Dialogue is interesting at places and so is the music. Sagar's direction is an improvement on his previous effort.

From the players, Balraj Sahni as the alcoholic Surajmal does quite well. His portrayal of a drunkard is rather exaggerated and unlikely but it manages to look convincing because of its consistency. Roopmala as the wicked whore manages to look the role though she reveals neither looks nor acting talent worth writing home about. Sulochana Chatterjee does some stereotyped work and looks too plump for screen acting. Anwar as Bankey is not bad while Om Prakash as Sanwariya succeeds in looking an ordinary pimp and not a wealthy man reduced to a pimp. The rest is composed of a lot of mediocre crowd.

In short, Variety Productions' "Bazooband" is an old familiar tale of alcoholism and harlotry with some tolerable moments.

BAZOOBAND

Producers :	**Variety Productions**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story, Dialogue & Screenplay :	**Ramanand Sagar**
Lyrics :	**Prem Dhawan, Pandit Chandrasekhar**
Music :	**Mohammed Shafi**
Photography :	**M. W. Mukadam**
Sound :	**Manik Kale**
Cast :	**Balraj Sahni, Roopmala, Sulochana Chatterjee, Anwar and Om Prakash etc.**
Released At :	**Royal Opera House, Bombay**
Date of Release :	**5th March 1954.**
Directed By :	**RAMANAND SAGAR**

Back to the screen again after the usual rest, Rehana keeps her fans thrilled in "Teen Raten", a social theme produced by Keshavrao Dhaiber for Shiv Shakti Movietone.

OUR REVIEW

Minister Keskar Must See "Taxi Driver" Immediately!

Unblushing Picture Of Crime And Sex!

Nav Ketan's "Taxi Driver" confirms the impression that Chetan Anand has decided to take the low road to success giving up whatever artistic and intellectual convictions he had once displayed in his pictures. Only a few months ago he produced a criminal trash called "Hum Safar" and now he has followed it up with "Taxi Driver", another junk reeking of shameless crime and crude sex. And this is the man who once made "Aandhiyan", the film which was selected for the Venice Film Festival and which, if nothing else, had at least some obvious artistic intentions behind it. The commercial failure of "Aandhiyan" seems to have affected Chetan so much that he has now taken to pandering to the lowest and crudest tastes of filmgoers just to ensure some easy and petty profits.

"Taxi Driver" is an unfortunate picture in that it flaunts the social menace which we are trying to fight in Hollywood films. It is an ugly alloy of sex, crime and violence which seeks to thrill audiences through disgusting scenes of gambling, drunkenness, sexy dances, hold-ups, free fights and highway shootings. All this stuff is disgustingly familiar to those who have seen such trashes of Hollywood producers who are any day better hands than Chetan Anand at this dirty game. However, if "Taxi Driver" lacks the impact of the Hollywood crime films, it does not seem to be due to any mistakes in Chetan's intentions but rather due to his technical limitations. Chetan seems to have done his best to shape his picture according to the pattern set by Hollywood crime films, but the spectacle of an educated producer like Chetan imitating Hollywood trash leaves one with a miserable impression about him. Chetan should know that this is too great a price to pay for some cheap success.

We presume that being an educated man Chetan keeps abreast of times and realizes the current attitude to film entertainment in India. Does he, then, think that at a time when legislators have strongly denounced the import of crime and other sordid films, when the censors spurred by "Filmindia" are striving to thwart the Hollywood menace and when even the shrewd Hollywood producers are thinking in terms of exporting only their comparatively harmless films to India, he should produce indigenous pictures with emphasis on crude sex and violent crime? The one-time teacher in Chetan should tell him that this is hardly patriotic.

As a motion picture, in terms of technical skill, imagination and dramatic values, "Taxi Driver" is unbridled amateurishness. It has hardly any story and whatever flimsiness in the name of a story there is has neither head nor tail. Chetan Anand and his wife, who has written the story, seem to have some bizarre conception of the life of a taxi driver in Bombay. The manner in which this picture portrays the life of a taxi driver is far from flattering to this toiling worker. According to the picture, a taxi driver's pockets are usually overflowing with money which he recklessly spends on anything from charity to gambling. And if the picture is to be believed, Bombay provides some cheap restaurants for the sole patronage of taxi drivers and other riff-raffs where young girls dance and attire in a sexy manner and walk among the customers. If there is one restaurant like that in the whole of India we would like Chetan Anand to give us its address as we need the relaxation more than the taxi-drivers of our city. But then that is Chetan Anand's idea of realism a la Hollywood. And no wonder that "Taxi Driver" is both silly and disgraceful.

VILLAGE GIRL COMES TO TOWN

The story starts rolling with Mala, a young village girl, arriving in Bombay in search of Ratanlal, a music director, who had once back in the village highly appreciated Mala's voice and had assured her wealth and fame if she ever decided to come to Bombay and become a singer. After some quarrels with her village relatives Mala runs away from home with a small bundle and a copy of Ramayana and goes to the given address in search of the music director.

The residences of the film people keep changing according to the degree of their success and so, of course, Mala doesn't find Ratanlal at the address. Instead she meets two ruffians who spotting in her a green girl from the village decide to make her their victim. They promise to take her to Ratanlal, hire a taxi and head for the Juhu beach. The taxi driver happens to be Mangloo, a handsome and rather chivalrous chap. When on getting down from the taxi at Juhu, the ruffians

The more she dances the more charming Vyjayantimala looks in "Jashan", a bright tale of love of Hindustan Art.

Vyjayantimala in "Jashan", directed by S. Shamsuddin for Hindustan Art Productions.

★ ★ ★

This seems to be a story of dancing girls and you can pick and choose your favourite in "Jashan", a social tale of dance and song.

Nirupa Roy refuses to get old. That is probably because she moves about as a goddess amongst gods—of course movie gods. Here she is again in "Nag Panchami", a mythological romance directed by Raman B. Desai for Vinod Films.

start taking the girl through the darkness of palms, Mala becomes suspicious and when they prepare to manhandle her she cries for help. With the car handle in hand Mangloo rushes to her help and after a tame but intended to be fierce fight, he overpowers the hoodlums and puts Mala back into the taxi.

Since Mala has no safe place to go to she naturally lands as a guest in Mangloo's room while Mangloo makes his bed in the taxi. For the next few days Mala and Mangloo together try to hunt out the elusive music director but without any success. Mala keeps living in Mangloo's room while Mangloo spends his time running about in his taxi or frequently dropping in at a restaurant where Sylvie, a so-claimed Anglo-Indian cabaret girl, wears T-shirts or transparent clothes and entertains with songs and dances a clientele exclusively composed of taxi drivers, ill-clad and unshaven gamblers and riff-raffs. It is discovered that she is an over-sexed woman who pines for satisfaction from the handsome Mangloo. But Mangloo treats her with indifference and the poor girl keeps mentally writhing and physically wriggling.

One day Mangloo finds his sister-in-law arriving at the station and he immediately rushes home to clip Mala's flowing hair, give her a motor cleaner's outfit to wear and change her appearance into that of a boy. In that guise Mala does manage to hide much of her femininity and saves the situation when Mangloo's sister-in-law arrives at the house with a proposal of marriage for Mangloo. With another trick Mangloo manages to change the sister-in-law's mind about his marriage and soon sees her off.

Now the same old ruffians with an old grudge against Mangloo and a new plan to hold-up a bank, one day jump into Mangloo's taxi and take Mangloo and Mala miles out of the town at the point of a gun, leave them there and return with the taxi. Later they use that taxi to rob a bank which they do firing shots all around. On returning from their forced picnic Mangloo and Mala lodge a report with the police and return to the room. In the meantime, of course, an affectionate attachment has developed between the taxi driver and the runaway girl. But when Mala discovers about Sylvie's passionate interest in Mangloo, she suspects it to be mutual and quietly slips out to try her hand at being a maidservant.

Mala's disappearance leaves Mangloo disconsolate and he starts some cross-country drives with his friends to forget his loss. In the meantime realizing that Mangloo had reported about them to the police, the hoodlums flit past his room in a car spraying his room with bullets. Mangloo manages to survive this and soon meets Mala again when she has to quit her job after her employer starts showing her too many magic tricks. Aware of his life being in danger, Mangloo forces Mala to go to Ratanlal whom he had by now discovered.

Ratanlal and a group of racketeers connected with films appreciate Mala's singing very much and on her insistence decide to visit the restaurant to hear Sylvie. The original hoodlums also collect here and discovering that Mala is the cleaner they had driven out of town with Mangloo, they decide to kill both of them. So one hoodlum starts a knife attack on Mangloo in an inside room of the restaurant while another administers drugged tea to Mala. Soon, it develops into a more violent scene as the gangsters start blaring their guns in the suddenly darkened restaurant. After both Sylvie and Mangloo have been injured with bullets and Mala has had a glimpse of death after taking that drugged tea and the gangsters have died, the police arrive on the scene to take the matter in hand. In the end both Mala and Mangloo drive together happily and hale and hearty and we are left wondering how Mala had survived the poison and whether Sylvie had died of a bullet. Why couldn't she die more convincingly?

CENSORS MAKE A MISTAKE

The picture is nothing but a clumsy container of some violent crimes, sexy dances, physical fights, gambling orgies and some cheap thrills. There are moments when the picture further slides down to a low stunt level. Since it lacks the necessary technical skill, even these dubious thrills fail to be effective. The story, which reminds us of the Hollywood film "Taxi", yet to be released in India, lacks not only some sensible development and characterizations but also coherence and basic intelligence. The screenplay is worse.

Production values are unimpressive. Sets are few but clumsy. Photography is generally below average standard. Recording is too poor. Music is interesting only in little bits while lyrics are mediocre. Dialogue is not so bad but at times is quite stupid. At one place a character who has spent a hundred rupees on a singing girl the previous night says, "Aurat zat bari kamzaat hoti hai. Ek gana sunaya aur sau rupaye le liye". Perhaps the All India Women's Conference would like to protest against this sweeping remark by a vulgar character. The direction seems hasty and rather indifferent but it shows that if given due latitude Chetan Anand can use his camera effectively to exploit sex.

From the players, Dev Anand as Mangloo looks fairly at home and even manages to give a couple of expressions which we don't remember having seen on his face before. His speech, however, seemed defective at places. Kalpana Kartik as Mala has some unconvincing bit of work to do but she does it with interest. Sheila Ramani as Sylvie presents a rather ugly face but in the kind of role she plays people don't much look at her face. From the rest most of them are just disgustingly amateurish.

Considering the fact that our censors have banned as many as 35 Hollywood pictures for the very reasons which this filthy picture contains, it is surprising that they have certified this picture for release. This seems to be a clear case of obvious favouritism and if our censors begin to indulge in such lop-sided censorship, they will soon lose the faith and respect of our people. In our opinion, this picture must be banned straightaway if our code of censorship is ever to have any meaning. We commend this picture to the personal attention of Minister Keskar and hope he calls the picture for his personal review. No mercy should be

TAXI DRIVER

Producers :	**Nav Ketan**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story :	**Uma Anand**
Dialogue :	**Vijay Anand**
Lyrics :	**Sahir Ludhianvi**
Music :	**S. D. Burman**
Photography :	**V. Ratra**
Sound :	**R. G. Pusalkar**
Cast :	**Dev Anand, Kalpana Kartik, Sheila Ramani, Johny Walker etc.**
Released At :	**Minerva, Bombay.**
Date of Release :	**19th February 1954.**

Directed by :
CHETAN ANAND

shown to an educated producer like Chetan Anand who, while being fully conscious of his social responsibilities to our people, uses the powerful medium of the screen for propagating crime and lust to make a few paltry rupees for himself. We repeat that the picture should be banned if any decent values in our motion pictures are ever to survive.

In short, "Taxi Driver" is a cheap concoction of stupidity and disgrace. Both technically and literarily it is a sorry picture.

OUR REVIEW

"Dhoop Chhaon" Insults The Audience !

Stupid And Amateurish Picture !

Suhail Art Production's "Dhoop Chhaon" projects on the screen one long ugly shadow of incompetence and rank mediocrity with not a single ray of art or skill penetrating this artistically dingy affair to provide even some contrast. The picture proves that if a person has no talent, intelligence or imagination to speak of he can still find ample opportunities to make a public display of his personal ignorance in the film field. It also shows how pitiably primitive an Indian film can be even after four decades of picture making in India.

"Dhoop Chhaon" is primitive and incompetent in practically every respect. An unimaginably silly story crammed with stupid dialogue and situations and told with an appalling crudity and artlessness is the sum total of this miserable misadventure with celluloid. One cannot discuss how this picture is made. One can only bewail why, in the name of heaven, was it made at all?

The picture begins with wasting time and celluloid by showing an ugly beggar with a child singing the theme song of the picture and pacing through some badly photographed outdoors for five long minutes. The picture then turns to the wedding of Bimla, the poor sister of idle Umesh and Anand. Soon after Bimla's marriage, her husband Girja Shankar, who happens to be a fairly rich man, offers Bimla's two unemployed brothers some jobs in his factory. He, however, makes it clear that Umesh and Anand are not to reveal their relationship to prevent his position being compromised. The brothers agree not to claim Shankar as their brother-in-law in the factory and begin drudging at their petty jobs. At Shankar's house the newly wed Bimla starts giving glimpses of an ideal Hindu wife with her acts if not with her looks. Among other things she calls her husband "Nath" and waits for him for dinner till past midnight.

But Shankar resents all this wifely devotion and when she insists on acting according to her notions of a wife and requests him not to keep late nights and tell her his whereabouts, he gives her the usual cruel push clearly defining the old worn-out character of a nasty husband in the picture. He tells her to remember that he had obliged her by marrying a poor girl. One wonders if he had to treat Bimla with cruelty and indifference only a few days after the marriage, why did Shankar marry her at all. Probably he obliged the story writer also. Anyway, Bimla starts spending gloomy days, frequently receiving sympathy from a talkative servant in the house.

This stupid chapter soon reaches its arbitrary climax when Shankar disallows Bimla to visit her brothers on the "Rakhi" day. When forced by his mother Umesh comes to take his sister home, he finds Shankar maltreating Bimla. He argues with Shankar and is slapped by him. After beating both the brother and the sister, Shankar drives them out of the house. The brothers lose their jobs while Bimla is told by Shankar never to return to him.

Bimla returns to her mother who had almost become mad bothering about her daughter's fate while the two brothers, once again unemployed, start knocking about in search of employment. And according to the booklet 'in search of employment months passed like moments'. And people always thought that during one's hard days moments looked like months. However, though Umesh and Anand do not succeed in finding jobs, they manage to meet two rich girls to lend some comedy to their unemployed existence. Usha and Shanti, the two girls, happen to be the daughters of Ganga Ram, Shankar's wealthy business partner, and also Bimla's old friends. Umesh starts growing interest in Usha while Anand fools around with Shanti. And the brilliant story writer provides Shanti, the daughter of a rich factory-owner, and Anand a common meeting place in, of all the places, an Irani restaurant.

SYNTHETIC ENDING

Unsuccessful in getting jobs Umesh and Anand for a while take to carrying loads while Bimla returns to her husband disguised as a maid servant. An old, worn-out trick! With the help of the sympathetic servant she succeeds in keeping her face veiled from Shankar who lets her do all his work as a maid servant which she wanted to do as a wife. After the usual hit-and-miss interludes Umesh and Anand manage to come quite close to Usha and Shanti and their father. When Shankar, who had been denied Usha's hand in marriage, subjects Gangaram to a daylight robbery Umesh and Anand not only save Gangaram's money but also get Shankar arrested. Shankar goes to jail for two years while Umesh and Anand begin to look after Gangaram's factory as well as his daughters.

Bimla keeps visiting her husband in jail but still remains disguised as his maid servant. Meanwhile Umesh and Anand spend some happy days at their new jobs and in the company of Usha and Shanti. When, at last, Shankar is released from jail he immediately prepares to deal with Umesh and Anand as he held them responsible for his ruin. He gets hold of a gun, gets together his ruffians and sets out to kill Umesh. Bimla knows his intentions and at once warns Usha on the phone. But when Shankar approaches Umesh with gun in hand, he overhears Umesh telling Gangaram that he was holding the job only to fill Shankar's absence and that he would return the job to Shankar as soon as he comes out of jail. This makes Shankar realize his mistake and he steps forward to embrace Umesh. In the end Bimla lifts her veil and is accepted back by Shankar with apologies. It all ends with three happy couples and a miserable audience which simply chafed and squirmed at seeing all the stupidities on the screen. The audience goes out of the theatre angry and insulted.

Atrociously written the picture is more atrociously told on the screen. The writer himself does not seem to know what exactly he wanted to say. The stupid tale has neither purpose nor plausibility and the characterizations are too damn silly and stilted to be analysed seriously. The whole thing bears a deep disgusting mark of rank amateurishness and looks utterly ugly and crude. The picture has neither entertainment value nor production values. It has only irritation value and it does irritate effectively with its abundant stupidities.

Most of the sets are crude. Photography is ugly. Recording is also nothing very happy and songs are particularly badly recorded. Music is absolutely uninteresting while dialogue and lyrics are just stupid. Direction is horrible.

From those who make faces, Shyama as Usha does her usual stupid work. Bharat Bhushan as Umesh looks just ill-at-ease, to put it mildly. It is a pity that this boy is selling himself for money. Agha as Anand does his old tricks but manages to look tolerable in a company which is intolerable. Krishna Kumari as Bimla seems to have neither looks nor talents for the kind of role she plays. She, however, looks a capable extra prematurely promoted to a big role. Ansari as Shankar simply provokes laughter in the villain's role. The guy who plays Gangaram deserves to be shot dead as an actor. The rest are worse.

In short, "Dhoop Chhaon" is a stupid, miserable picture which should never have been made. At the present time, pictures like these are not only not wanted but are a crime against the film industry.

D H O O P C H H A O N

Producers :	**Suhail Art Production**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story :	**S. M. Raza**
Dialogue :	**Ahsan Rizvi**
Lyrics :	**Jan Nisar Akhtar, Arshi Ajmeri etc.**
Music :	**Aziz Hindi**
Photography :	**Dali Daruwalla**
Sound :	**M. C. Shah**
Cast :	**Shyama, Bharat Bhushan, Agha, Ansari etc.**
Released At :	**Super, Bombay**
Date of Release :	**12th February 1954.**

Directed By :
S. M. RAZA

OUR REVIEW

"Ilzam", The Old, Old Silly Tale!

A Stale, Sterile And Stupid Picture

Talwar Films' "Ilzam" could have been called a fairly entertaining picture twenty years ago. But since then, without waiting for the Indian film industry the world has moved on and without waiting for R. C. Talwar, even the Indian film industry has moved on a bit. "Ilzam" therefore looks like an old family ghost which has ceased to thrill or frighten or even entertain.

"Ilzam" is at once stale and sterile and stupid. It is a downright mediocre and spineless attempt at producing a picture without being efficient in technique, novel in theme or fresh and artistic in presentation. Being woefully poor even in intentions the picture scores nothing. It tells an old stupid tale in an old stupid way and somehow manages to cover its unreasonably long length of 13,000 and odd feet using all old and stale tricks and formulas which have already been chewed out of all interest or taste. And it leaves us with the impression that the ideas which our producers get don't need any legs to reach the studio floors.

PARDESI BABU

The hackneyed story of "Ilzam" is about the usual 'Pardesi' who goes to the village, steals the ready-to-be-picked heart of the village maiden and then passes through a hundred stupid things and thousands of feet of uninteresting celluloid just to land with the maiden in the same bed at the end. In this case the 'Pardesi' is a young lad called Rajan who has a romantic sister, a stupid mother and an odd servant. The noticeable piece in this odd but rich family is the mother. She is neither good nor bad. She is just stupid. And if she had not been that the picture would not have been possible. That is after counting out the producer.

Now this mother is so much fond of her son Rajan that when he exhales some noisy breath in the shape of a sneeze she thinks that it is the symptom of the boy's departure from earth. So she immediately buries the young sneezer under half-a-dozen quilts and then announces an emergency in the whole house. Soon the doctor arrives but being more stupid than the mother he cannot do anything about the matter even though he knows that Rajan is hale and hearty. Afraid to contradict the domineering mother, he prescribes change of climate to Rajan and advises the mother to take Rajan to the countryside. The mother agrees.

This mother who, out of sheer stupidity, treats her healthy son as a sick man is guilty of another stupidity. She insists that her daughter Rekha should marry Seth Karorimal, a hideous caricature of a human being, even when she knows that Rekha is in love with Ramesh, the boy Rekha's late father himself liked. We are not told why the mother wishes to see her daughter wedded to an ugly, middle-aged creature but we presume that the man must be justifying his name with a huge bank balance. However, Rekha refuses to see eye to eye with her mother and decides that if she ever throws her arms about anyone that man will be the short and thick Ramesh.

The family soon arrives in a village where they have a house and while the mother tries to protect her son from the small germs of cold, a big village germ called Kamli enters the young son's blood. Kamli is a young village girl with a blind father owning a local ferry-boat. When Kamli is not rowing the boat she is stealing mangoes from Rajan's countryside garden. In spite of his mother Rajan manages a few clandestine meetings with Kamli and both fall in love. One night Ramesh also arrives in the village and asks Kamli to take him to Rekha. Kamli's blind father at first refuses to let his daughter row a stranger across the river at night but ten pieces of silver persuade the old man to expose his daughter to possible danger. So Ramesh crosses the river in Kamli's boat to reach Rekha and we conclude that the traditionally horse-sensed villagers do not mind sending their daughters out at midnight with strangers for a few pieces of silver.

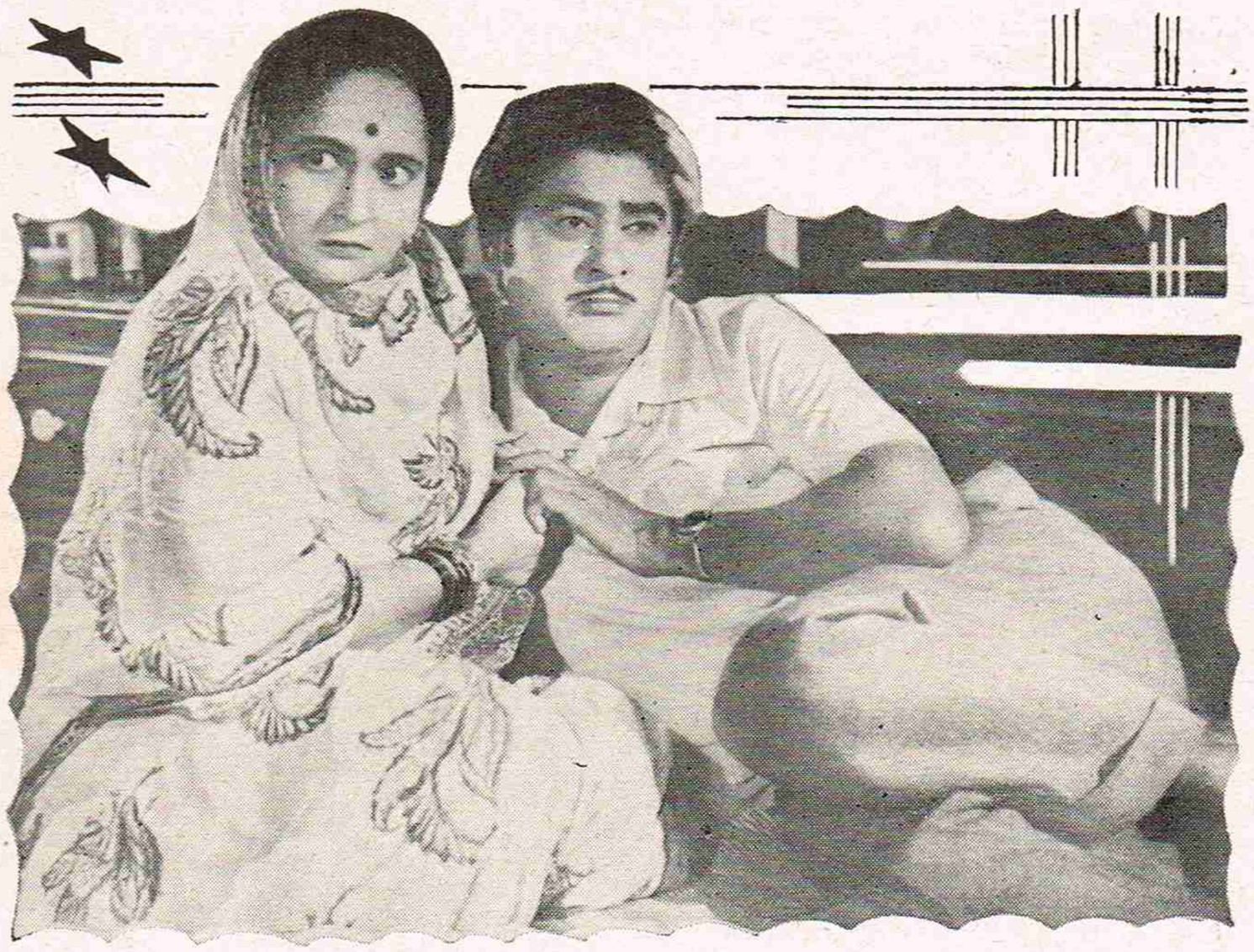
MARRYING FOR FUN

Ramesh and Rekha also manage a clandestine meeting and going a little further they also manage a clandestine wedding with due rites. After the secret wedding Ramesh goes away somewhere and Rekha returns to the house with her mother discovering neither her absence from the house nor her married status. On the other romantic front, Rajan and Kamli make plenty of progress and even manage to get the blind father's blessings over their friendship. But Kamli happens to have a fiance in the village who does not approve of the affair and decides to bless Rajan with a lathi on his head. So Lakhoo, the fiance, collects an army of villagers and lies in ambush for Rajan who was expected to visit Kamli. When Rajan appears on the scene, Lakhoo and his men, like the Robin Hood horde, pounce on the solitary man and beat him unconscious. After receiving the merciless lathi blows of about a hundred villagers Rajan should have died but then Talwar needed him. Rajan therefore survives.

After this lathi performance, Rajan and his mother and sister soon return to the city while Kamli is left behind to spend sorrowful days with her blind father. But when the blind man still refuses to hand over Kamli to Lakhoo, the hot-tempered fiance beats up the old man also and presuming him to be dead goes to bury him quietly. But Talwar needs the blind father also, so the old man starts mumbling in his premature grave and Lakhoo decides to heal him. In the meantime, however, Lakhoo tells Kamli that because of her affair with Rajan her father had drowned himself. On hearing the news Kamli decides to drown herself also but the moment she is about to jump into the river, Rajan manages to turn up from somewhere and takes her to the city and puts her in a rented room unknown to his mother.

Apparently having nothing else to do in life, the villager Lakhoo follows Kamli to the city and tells her whereabouts to

Youth is a spring-board of desire and when it conspires with grace and beauty, desires become dreams and turn the world into a paradise. Wonder what dreams beautiful Vyjayanthimala gives in "Jashan", a social theme directed by S. Shamsuddin for Hindustan Art Productions.



This is the usual mother and son situation between Leela Misra and Kishore Kumar from "Dulhan", a social story produced by Evergreen Productions.

Rajan's mother. Rajan's mother soon meets Kamli and pleads with her to let her son alone, the usual motherly sob-stuff. Kamli agrees to do so. But by this time Rajan's quiet-looking sister has given premature birth to a child—after a car accident. The child is supposed to be Ramesh's though one wonders how and when Rekha found the time to receive the child. However not wishing to disclose her secret to her mother, from whom she was trying to run away while she met with the accident, Rekha gives her child in Kamli's custody and takes a promise from her that she would not reveal the names of the child's parents until Ramesh had arrived to claim his child. After that while the miscarried child survives, the miscarrying mother dies.

In the last chapter of the picture things happen rather fast but as funnily as before. Seeing Kamli with the child Rajan concludes that it is her own illegitimate offspring and decides to give her up. Kamli returns to the village with her father who also had arrived in the city singing songs and searching for her. At the village, Lakhoo again starts troubling Kamli and setting their house on fire prepares to kill the blind father and the little child with the help of a crooked friend of his. But having heard the real story from Ramesh by now, Rajan, his mother, Ramesh and others come to Kamli's rescue in the nick of time and all ends well.

THE OLD JUNK

The story is so old and stale that it almost stinks. The same theme with a few variations here and there must have been seen on the screen hundreds of times. This one hasn't anything new except a little comedy in the beginning. Placing the emphasis on humour with the caricature of a doting mother the picture at the start promises to be a tolerable comedy but after that it becomes a drab and familiar affair without any fire or force or freshness. By the end it emerges as a complete junk. Characters are either stupid or stereotyped, situations are trite and silly, treatment is unimaginative and logic is absent. With all that, entertainment is also absent except the little which even a junk sometimes provides.

Production values are rotten. Sets look cheap and ugly. Photography is utterly clumsy though recording didn't seem so bad. Lyrics are stupid and so is the dialogue except a few sentences in comic situations. Music is interesting only in bits. Direction is spineless.

From the players, Meena Kumari as Kamli is not bad. Kishore Kumar as Rajan manages to make faces and swing his hips. Shammi looks a lost girl from start to finish in the role of Rekha. As Ramesh, Randhir, the man with insignificant height, plays an insignificant role in an insignificant manner. Om Prakash as the servant is not so stupid this time while Jagdish Sethi seems to have completely forgotten the art of screen acting. His performance is loaded with mannerisms and affectation and he fails to convince. From the rest, Amar as Lakhoo makes some crude noise while others do other crude things.

In short, "Ilzam" is a stale and humdrum picture without even aiming at some quality or distinction leave alone achieving it. It is the umpteenth ugly version of a silly and stale tale.

I L Z A M

Producers :	**Talwar Films**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Screenplay :	**R. C. Talwar**
Dialogue :	**Ramanand Sagar**
Lyrics :	**Rajendra Krishna**
Music :	**Madan Mohan**
Photography :	**Prakash Malhotra**
Sound :	**Wagle**
Cast :	**Meena Kumari, Kishore Kumar, Shammi, Randhir, Om Prakash, Jagdish Sethi etc.**
Released At :	**Swastik, Bombay**
Date of Release :	**5th March 1954.**

Directed By :

R. C. TALWAR

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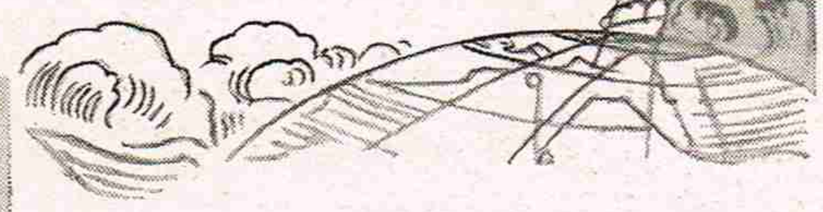
Smart accessories for the outfit are a satin purse, green suede chappals, with gold tooled work on the straps, heavy gold earrings and gold choker necklace.

The original, enlarged design for the embroidery motifs can be had from Miss Amin, Filmindia, Fort, Bombay.

AT HOME AND ABROAD



When they miss the bull's-eye, they blow up their nostrils and look straight in the eye. It is the challenge of a cat in temper which Geeta Bali is throwing at you in "Sailaab", an emotional social story directed by Guru Dutt and produced by Emar Films.

THUS ENDS ROMANCE

Bombay, March 1.

Film actress Nalini Jaywant alias Mrs. Pankaja Virendra Desai was granted a decree of divorce from her husband Virendra Chimanlal Desai by Mr. Justice Coyajee at the Bombay High Court.

In her suit Nalini Jaywant said that she was married to Virendra Desai in Bombay on May 18, 1944 according to Vedic rites. Virendra Desai was a married man at that time without any particular occupation and living with his first wife Madhuri. After her marriage, Nalini and Desai lived together in Matunga till December 1950 and then shifted to their bungalow at Chembur.

Nalini admitted that they had many quarrels at home because Virendra Desai had illicit relations with many women. In September 1953 she came to know that Desai kept Kondalin Bai Pancheco, the second defendant, as his exclusive mistress and concubine. She protested against this but Desai refused to give her up and challenged the plaintiff to do the worst. Thereupon she filed the present suit for dissolution of her marriage with Desai.

Nalini is now a free woman while Virendra Desai can always go back to his first wife. Divorce seems to have become a common feature amongst our film stars, with Hollywood giving the lead.

DEATH OF A DICTATOR

Sullivan, U.S.A., March 9.

74-year old Will H. Hays died at Sullivan, the town where he was born.

Will Hays was the first president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. In this capacity he had the power to censor 80% of all American-made movies. Owing to his forceful personality, the Association came to be known as the "Hays Office".

The Hays Office was supposed to be the conscience-keeper of the American film producers. Will Hays often held a stop watch to measure screen kisses for twenty long years. In spite of this apparent censoring, many American producers managed to charge their films with sex and crime. And recently the producers of "The Moon Is Blue", and "The French Line" defied the Production Code Administration who refused to grant them the seal of approval and released these pictures. Times are certainly changing.

Now old Will has been kissed by death without a stop-watch.

THE NEW PRESIDENT

Calcutta, March 1.

The annual general meeting of the Film Federation of India was held at Calcutta and the following office-bearers were elected:—

Mr. S. S. Vasan, president; Mr. Jagat Narain of Delhi and Mr. B. D. Bharucha of Bombay, vice-presidents; Mr. A. V. Meiyappan, Treasurer. Some of the members in the 28-man Committee are B. Nagi Reddi, J. B. Roongta, Jaimini Dewan, B. N. Sircar, M. D. Chatterjee, S. L. Jalan, S. N. Ghosh and K. L. Chatterji.

Let us hope Mr. Vasan succeeds in getting the Government to reduce the heavy entertainment tax which is killing the film industry. He caught a cold recently explaining the importance of this measure to the chilly officers of the Government of India.

NEVER TOO LATE

Hollywood, March 3.

Director Vincente Minnelli married 25-year old Georgette Magnani. For both it was a second marriage.

Vincente's first wife was Judy Garland. Now that Vincente is fifty years old, that is double the age of his new mate, let us hope he doesn't feel the need for more changes. One of Vincente's recent pictures was "An American In Paris".

We must say Hollywood girls like seasoned beds.

WRONG STATISTICS

New Delhi, March 11.

Replying to a question by Mr. Raghunath Singh, Mr. B. R. Bhagat, Parliamentary Secretary to the Finance Ministry, stated that the amount of Rs. 38.70 lakhs was remitted abroad on account of rental of foreign films during 1953.

He also said that India received Rs. 8.27 lakhs as rentals for Indian films sent abroad. Remittances of amounts less than Rs. 20,000|- however, were not reported to the Reserve Bank. Mr. Joachim Alva stated that next year there was a provision for remitting 50 lakhs abroad while no amount was provided for inward remittances.

Our Finance Ministry seems to be getting wrong figures. Rs. 38.70 lakhs is a ridiculously small amount considering the large number of foreign pictures that are shown every year in India. It is high time we scrutinized the box-office takings, particularly of American pictures and found out in how many ways and directions money goes out of India.

SCISSORED CELLULOID

London, March 16.

The Censorship Board report recently released by Britain shows that there were minor or substantial cuts in no less than 384 films during 1953. Ten films were not given the seal of approval.

The censors saw 1962 films which means that they sat through 5½ million feet of celluloid to finish their work. 34 of the censored films were put in the 'X' category and prohibited for exhibition to those under 16. 1728 were considered suitable for audiences of all ages while 200 were classified as suitable for adults but not excluding exhibition to children.

The dog has rubbed it the wrong way and the cats are in conference. Women are not different. Their emotional upsets write male history of the world. Let us see what is worrying Usha Kiran and Purnima in "Tanhaai", a social theme produced by Padma Productions.

LOST A FRIEND

Bombay, March 10.

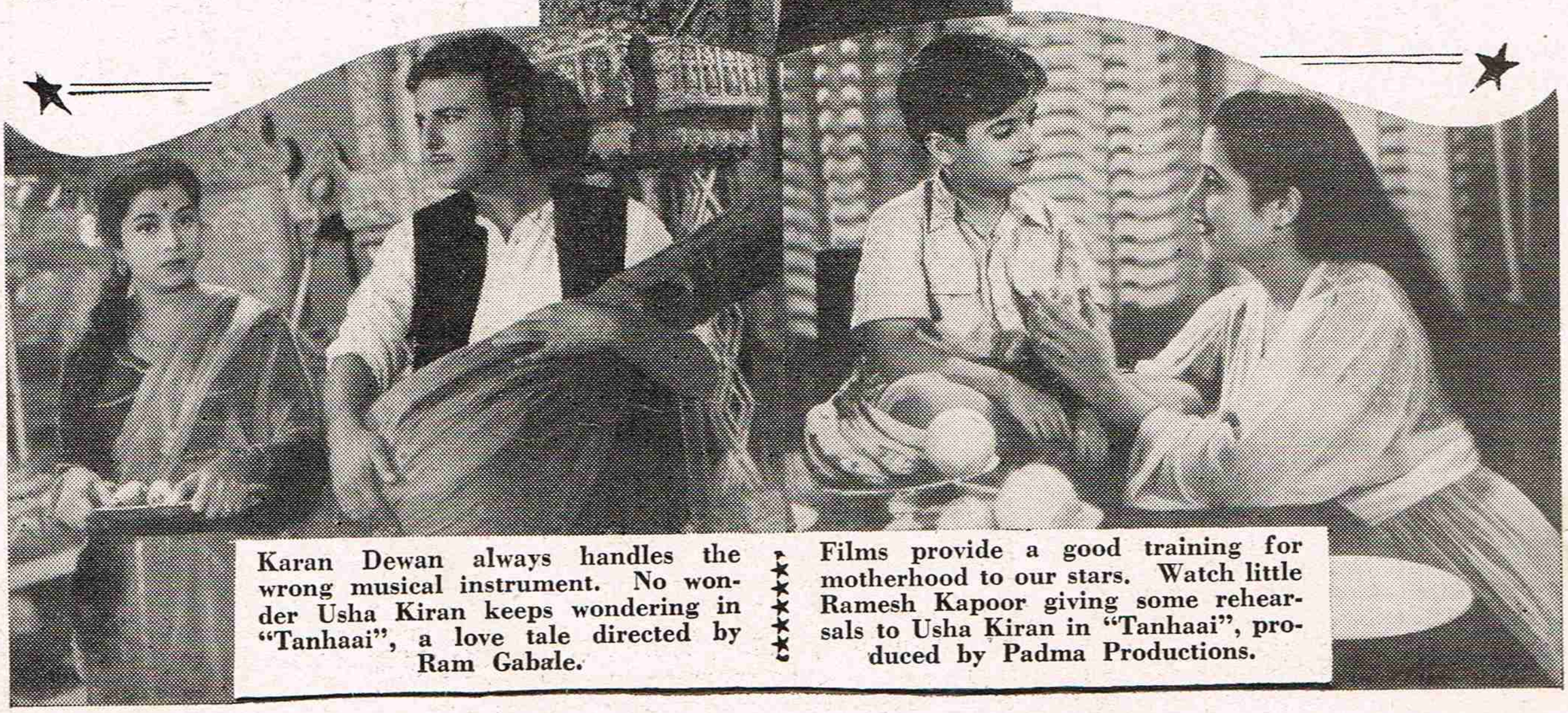
Producer Ayoob Khan, elder brother of popular actor Dilip Kumar, died on Tuesday March 9, at Dr. Bacha's Nursing Home from kidney trouble at the early age of 33.

A gentle, quiet and unassuming man, Ayoob was loved and respected by all in the film industry. In his large family of six brothers and six sisters, he was a pillar of support with a kind word for everyone. Dilip Kumar, particularly, looked up to Ayoob for intellectual companionship apart from the fact that Ayoob was his pal, guide and counsellor.

Three years ago, Producer Ayoob Khan floated a new company, Time Films and produced "Baghi" which ran well all over the country. Another film in the script stage was "Kala Admi" a picture on the coal miners of India starring Dilip Kumar.

An invalid for many years, Ayoob utilized his compulsory bed-rest by a voracious reading of English literature and Urdu poetry. He never allowed his chronic illness to intrude upon his friends and family and few people knew the agonizing pain behind the polite smile of this friendly man of culture and education.

His funeral was attended by hundreds of stars, producers and directors in the film industry and many friends who loved him for his selfless nature. It is hard to forget his genial smile. May his soul rest in peace !



Karan Dewan always handles the wrong musical instrument. No wonder Usha Kiran keeps wondering in "Tanhaai", a love tale directed by Ram Gabale.

Films provide a good training for motherhood to our stars. Watch little Ramesh Kapoor giving some rehearsals to Usha Kiran in "Tanhaai", produced by Padma Productions.

LABOUR THREAT

London, March 16.

Six film laboratories, some of the biggest in Britain, are likely to close down if the workers carry out their threat and stop work.

The men's union, the Association of Cine Technicians, is fighting for a 30-shilling a week wage increase.

The laboratories produce prints of films required for the different cinemas. So the close-down threat would paralyze the cinema industry.

THE ONLY ONE CAUGHT

Bombay, March 10.

Mr. K. J. Khambata, Chief Presidency Magistrate of Bombay, sentenced Pakistani national M. D. Butt to pay a fine of Rs. 750|- on a charge of contravening foreign exchange regulations.

Butt is alleged to have bought the Indian film "Sangdil" from the Commercial Finance Corporation on behalf of a Pakistani firm for Rs. 24,000|. by borrowing the amount from a person in Bombay instead of bringing the money through a state bank as required under the foreign exchange regulations.

HIS NEW VISION OF HEAVEN

New York, March 1.

Augustin Duncan, well-known Broadway actor and brother of Isadora Duncan, died in New York of a heart attack at the age of 80.

He began losing his eyesight in the late twenties but he didn't give up acting. In 1932 he played the role of the blind beggar in Synge's "The Well of the Saints". In fact he played his roles with such consummate skill that people didn't realize he was blind. His portrayals in "A Man of the People" and "Lute Song" are still remembered by his fans.

ASSUME NEW POWERS

New Delhi, March 15.

The Council of States discussed during question hour the resignation of a member of the Bengal Advisory Panel of Film Censors on the ground that the present censorship of films was ineffective.

Mr. G. Rajagopalan, the Parliamentary Secretary, said that the resignation of Mr. A. P. Choudhuri had been received but the Chairman of the Panel had not yet accepted it. Mr. Choudhuri felt that the present rules were not sufficient to check the evil effects of films on the masses and he wanted to resign and then lead an agitation against bad films.

Mr. B. C. Ghose also wanted to know why some of the American films which offended public feelings and lowered public morals were not banned. But Mr. Rajagopalan said that this criticism also applied to some Indian films and "the Government was bound by the Constitution and within the four walls of their powers they issued directives to the Board and the Board examined and passed films in accordance with it."

We are glad that there was at least one sincere and sensible member on the Panel of Censors who reads Filmindia and realizes the deleterious effect of the crime-filled and sex-dripping American films. Every bad American picture must be mercilessly banned if ever we are to improve the quality of our entertainment. One cannot understand why a Government that quickly arrogates to itself powers to crush its critics and rivals should display any constitutional modesty and hesitation in assuming powers to save the people from the evil effects of poisonous motion pictures.

A DIFFERENT STORY

Rome, March 16.

While the picture of box-office takings is not too rosy in many countries, Italy has a different story to tell in this respect.

The box-office takings have steadily increased from 28,500 million lire (£ 16 million) in 1947 to 90,000 million lire last year. Attendances in the same period have gone up from 235 million to 780 million admissions. The most popular Italian film was "Don Camillo" which grossed £ 800,000.

Italy's top star, Anna Magnani, earns 50 million lire, that is nearly £ 28,000, per picture. Gina Lollobrigida, the second best, earns about 30 million lire, Silvano Pampanini 20 million, and Yvonne Sansom 12 million.

Aldo Fabrizi is the best paid male actor earning 30 million lire per picture followed by Amedeo Nazzari with 25 million lire.

Italian film producers are now confident that they can hold their own in Italy with Italian pictures. By the end of the year, the tax on foreign films will go. The revenue from this tax provided a £ 2 million fund for financing Italian productions.

It looks as if the Italian producers have learnt to stand on their own feet.

PETER VS SUZANNE

London, March 7.

Well-known British stage and screen star, Peter Ustinov, married 25-year old French actress Suzanne Cloutier. It was a secret wedding which became known to his friends soon.

Peter is a playwright too though his play "No Sign Of The Dove" ran only for nine days in London. Peter's portrayal as Nero in "Quo Vadis" brought him great applause.

Suzanne was first introduced to the screen as Desdemona in Orson Welles' "Othello". Said Peter: "Suzanne is used to genius and I think she will find me easier as a director than Orson Welles". We hope he makes a better husband.

FAMILY QUARREL

Bombay, March 10.

The Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Shah, Bombay High Court, dismissed with costs an appeal relating to the recovery of a sum of Rs. 50,000|- filed by Filmistan Distributors (India) Ltd., against P. B. Zaveri, Chunilal Shroff and V. K. Film Distributors from a judgement of Mr. Justice Desai.

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The plaintiffs alleged that P. B. Zaveri had stolen the cheque of Rs. 50,000|- filled in by Gaitonde, the cashier of Filmistan, by falsely representing that Mr. Tolaram Jalan, a director of Filmistan, had authorized him to take a cheque of Rs. 50,000|- in favour of V. K. Distributors. They therefore filed this suit to recover from the defendants Rs. 50,000|- for alleged conversion of the cheque for Rs. 50,000|-.

Mr. Justice Desai disbelieved the story of theft and dismissed the plaintiffs' suit with costs. The plaintiffs appealed again.

In dismissing the appeal, Their Lordships said that the main issue as to whether the cheque was stolen was decided against the plaintiffs because at the stage of counsel's address, counsel for the plaintiffs made a very important admission that Gaitonde's evidence should be discarded.

The plaintiffs had put forward Gaitonde as a witness of truth and it was only after they realized that no court could accept his testimony that the plaintiffs urged Mr. Justice Desai to discard Gaitonde's testimony. Their Lordships added that this might be the misfortune of the plaintiffs but it was a misfortune for which they must pay the penalty. Gaitonde had authority from the plaintiffs to issue cheques and it was not fair for the plaintiffs to say that Zaveri was guilty of theft.

Their Lordships rejected the plaintiffs' application for amendment of the plaint to make out a case that there was no consideration for the cheque.

The appeal was, therefore, dismissed with costs.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Hollywood, March 7.

Marlon Brando, the Mark Antony of "Julius Caesar", is reported to have become mentally sick. A psychiatrist is now nursing him in New York where Marlon Brando is staying at the moment. Being a popular star, Marlon goes about in the dress of a United Nations diplomat to avoid being mobbed.

Twentieth Century Fox have filed a two-million dollar suit against Marlon Brando because he failed to report on the sets of "The Egyptian". They also want to seek an injunction to prevent him from working anywhere else.

The studio says that his services are of a "special, unique, extraordinary character and of the greatest value to the producer."

The fiery speech of Mark Antony has probably upset the sensitive Marlon or did the producer's damage suit need a medical explanation?

THE SHOW ENDED

Bombay, March 9.

Mr. D. B. Mehta, a pioneer in film exhibition, died in Bombay after a brief illness at the age of 65.

Mr. Mehta owned the Chitra Cinema in Dadar. Constructed sixteen years ago, the admission rates were never increased. In the early days of his career he was the managing partner of Crown and Surya cinemas. He was an active member of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association of India and an experienced showman.

AMERICAN INDUSTRY OF CRIME

Los Angeles, March 5.

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, the F.B.I. Chief, while testifying in support of an increased budget for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, gave alarming statistics of crime in America.

Crime costs each family in the U.S. 495 dollars annually. For every dollar spent on education in the U.S., one dollar and 82 cents is spent indirectly paying for results of crime, crime prevention and criminal activities. For every dollar donated to churches, ten dollars go towards crime. The crime rate in Southern California has increased considerably in the past year.

But Hollywood producers are deaf and blind. As long as crime pays handsome dividends through their motion pictures, why should they worry about the poor American citizens?

INFLAMED TEATS

Bhusaval, March 10.

After months of discussion between the Government and the Central Circuit Cine Association, the Government of Madhya Pradesh at last saw sense and agreed to reduce the Entertainment Duty from 33½% to 25% on gross receipts.

Though the percentage of reduction granted is not much, it is still a relief to an industry overburdened with heavy taxes. We now expect the other provincial governments to follow the example of Madhya Pradesh. Our milch cow has been sucked dry for years by the Government.

GOT OFF LIGHTLY

Bombay, March 13.

Mr. K. J. Bijlani, Presidency Magistrate, Bandra, convicted Hanumanth Raghunath Rhodekar, a student, because he made overtures to a young lady who acted opposite him in a drama. He was asked to pay a fine of Rs. 25|- for his lapse or undergo seven days' imprisonment.

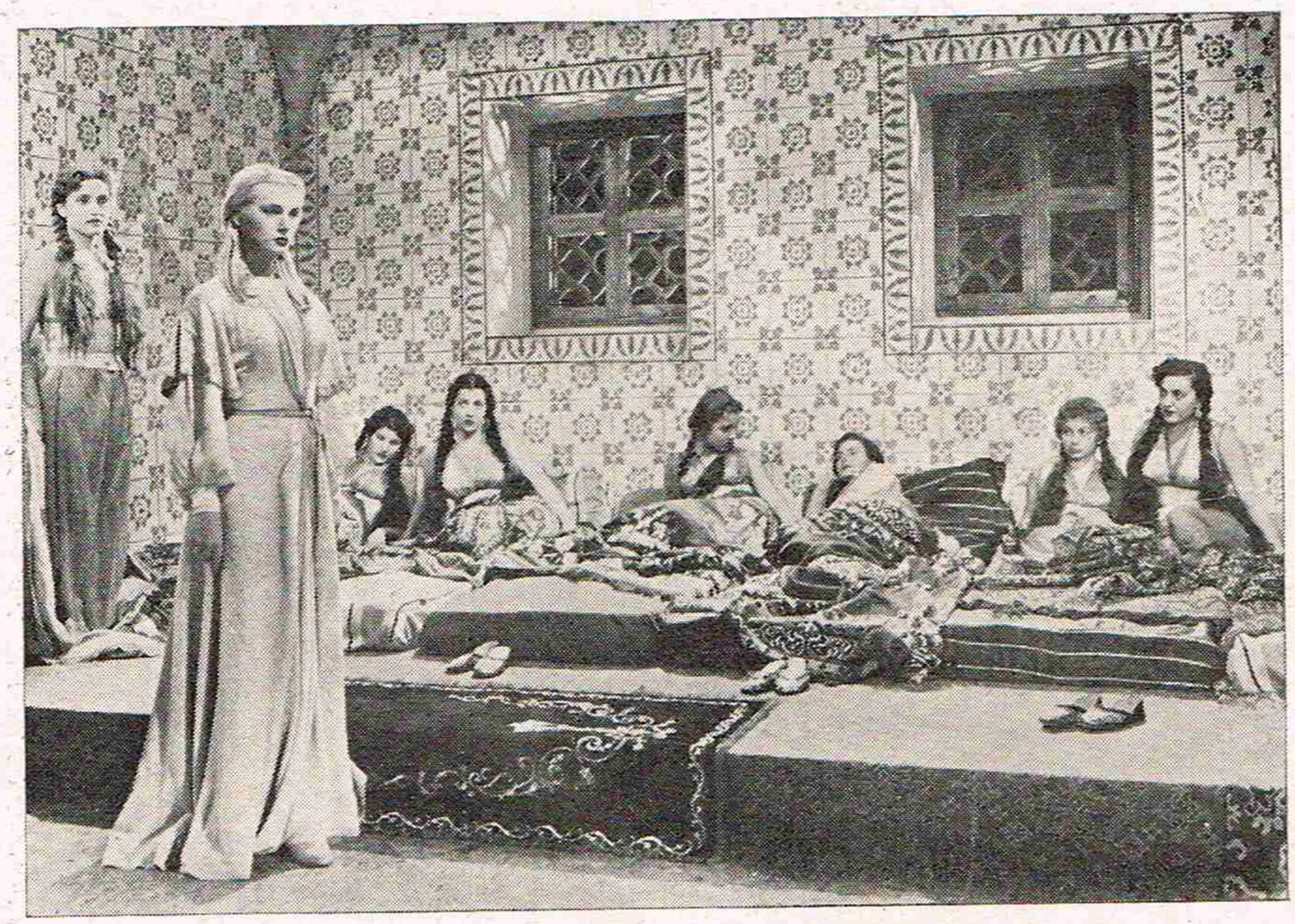
The student said that he forgot he was not on the stage when he made overtures to the young lady. A convenient form of absent-mindedness!

POISONING PEOPLE

London, March 5.

Mrs. Henrietta Bower, a British expert on films, who recently visited Russia addressed a meeting of the "Film Panel of the Authors of World Peace Appeal" where she said that the anti-Western propaganda in some Russian films was really shocking.

For instance in the Russian film "Silver Dust", the theme of which is germ warfare allegations against the West, American officers are shown asking Washington for permission to experiment with a new type of lethal weapon on the Chinese and North Koreans and the permission is granted. In another scene, American authorities are shown arranging for a number of Negroes to be 'framed' on charges of rape so that they can be sentenced to death. But the "American Peace Partisans" stop this outrage.



Believe it or not but Turkey also produces motion pictures. Here is one, "Safiye Sultan", produced in Turkish and Italian languages by Efi Film and distributed by Resat Akyurek. The girl in the picture is an Italian and the scene is a bedroom in a regular "serai" and not in a setting.

Other misrepresentations in Soviet films included: Americans torturing monkeys with atomic dust, Western agents killing a wounded soldier, an Englishman stamping on a Soviet woman's fingers. Such films were shown to children and adults in Russia. Said Mrs. Bower: "It is for you to assess the fear and hatred of the West which is being inculcated into the minds of countless children by these films".

Mrs. Bower said that while other members of the party visited only those cinemas selected by the Soviet authorities, she insisted on seeing those cinemas that she liked. It was here that they spread the hate propaganda.

This hate propaganda is nothing new. It is a mutual business with Americans painting Communists as criminals and Communists running down Americans as murderers. Who expects halfway measures from people rushing the world to disaster?

NOW BEGAN BLUSHING

Hollywood, March 3.

Glamorous actress Marilyn Monroe, recently married to baseball player Joe Di Maggio, is having trouble with Twentieth Century Fox over her role in "Pink Tights".

Instead of attending the shooting of "Pink Tights", Marilyn is reported to have gone with Joe Di Maggio for her honeymoon. The studio then extended her holiday and gave her another date to make an appearance on the sets of "Pink Tights". But Marilyn didn't turn up and now she has been suspended by Twentieth Century Fox.

Monroe's lawyer told the studio that the script should be approved by the star. The studio said that director Henry Koster and Sol Siegal, Marilyn's previous producer had "guaranteed the script's excellence." But Marilyn's lawyer replied that she would not work in "Pink Tights". And this is the girl who climbed to fame on a nude calendar.

It is evidently an air-tight situation!

SMALL MERCY

New Delhi, March 11.

Dr. B. V. Keskar, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, revealed in Parliament that the total number of film songs broadcast from Delhi station was 766 as against the total number of recorded songs 11,016 of Indian music. So there was no ban on the broadcast of film records. Only those with good music were selected.

Thank God for small mercies. Otherwise we would be completely at the mercy of Keskar's notion of classical music.

MUTUAL ARRANGEMENT

Hollywood, March 9.

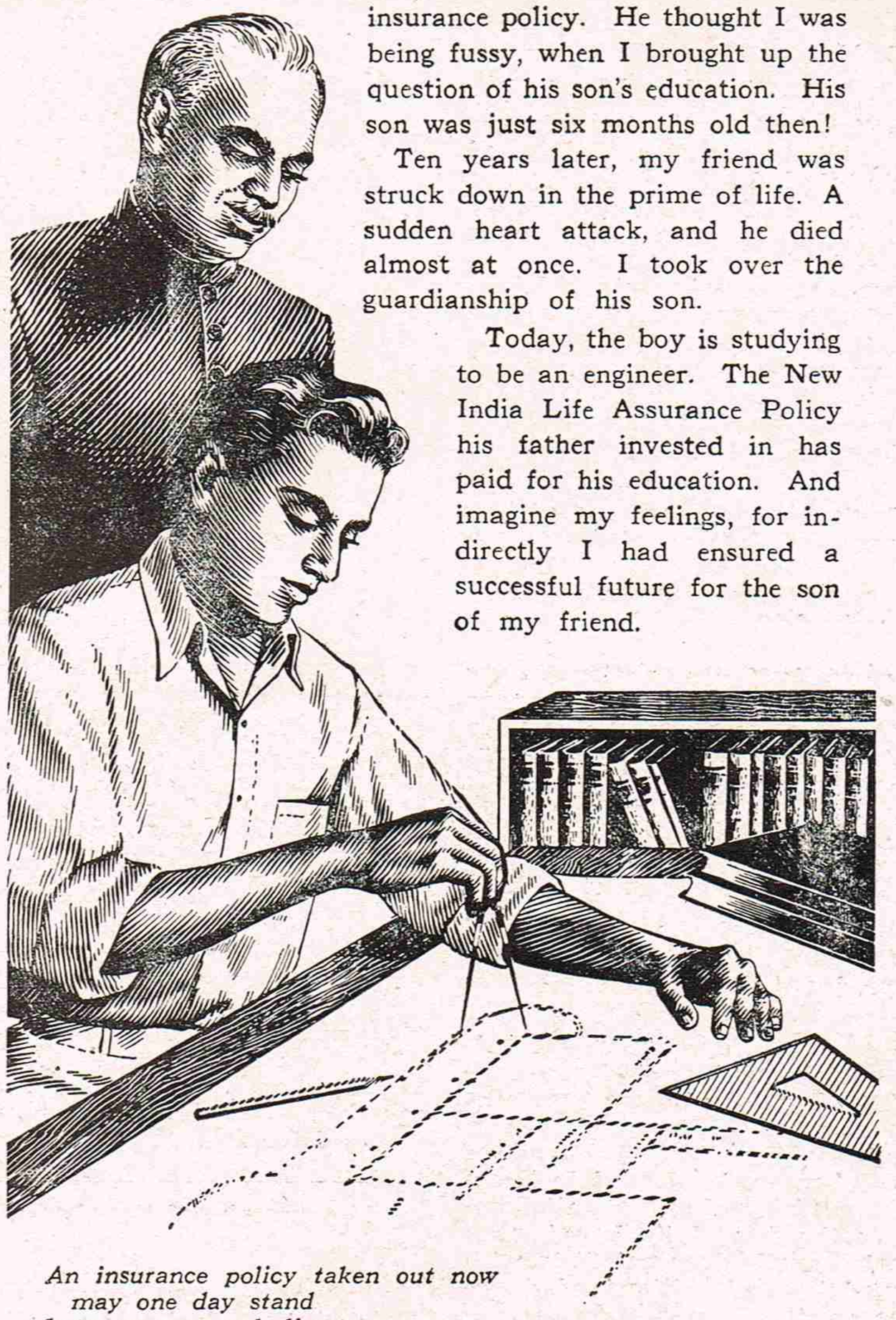
Hollywood producer Howard Hughes, who had released "French Line" in defiance of the Production Code Administration, finally agreed to withdraw the film and cut some of the objectionable scenes. That was the only way to avoid a fine of 25,000 dollars from the Johnston office and renew his contract with Jane Russell.

Jane Russell also joined in the chorus of complaints against "French Line" though she was its heroine. When some people told her: "Well, now look, Jane you wore the costume", she retorted: "When you're working on the set, you never know what the camera is getting."

Anyway Howard Hughes is too cunning a businessman to be caught so easily. The bad publicity did him a lot of good.

NEW INDIA STORIES FROM LIFE . . . 2

'My advice saved this boy's future!'



Years ago, I persuaded my good friend and neighbour to take out an insurance policy. He thought I was being fussy, when I brought up the question of his son's education. His son was just six months old then!

Ten years later, my friend was struck down in the prime of life. A sudden heart attack, and he died almost at once. I took over the guardianship of his son.

Today, the boy is studying to be an engineer. The New India Life Assurance Policy his father invested in has paid for his education. And imagine my feelings, for indirectly I had ensured a successful future for the son of my friend.

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Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay 1.

NI. 8993

BIG TIN SHED

Bombay, March 14.

The Government of Bombay have decided to give the Bombay Municipal Corporation a sum of Rs. 25,000|- for constructing an open air theatre in Bombay. The site suggested for the theatre is the area near the Cooperage maidan.

This information was given by Mr. P. R. Nayak, Municipal Commissioner of Bombay. He also said that the most interesting and instructive models shown at the civic exhibition would be housed permanently in a Municipal Museum either at Victoria Gardens or in North Bombay for the benefit of the public.

These models can at least act as constant reminders of our intellectual bankruptcy and sterile imagination.

DANGER OF 3-D FILMS

London, March 3.

A writer in "The Medical Officer of Health" warns the readers of bacteria-infected 3-D glasses. They particularly contain Staphylococcus aureus, the bacterium found in boils and can lead to serious conditions if they are worn by filmgoers. When pairs of glasses previously worn but sterilized for further use were examined various organisms were found on them. Three other pairs which had been worn but not sterilized were found to be infected with plenty of Staphylococcus aureus.

In India since the release of 3-D pictures, eye diseases are reported to be on the increase especially trachoma and granular ophthalmia. But our health authorities refuse to act in spite of our warning. Perhaps they want half the nation to go blind before they lift a finger to throw used glasses away. Isn't the people's blind loyalty to the Congress enough of a bad disease?

POLITICAL CENSORSHIP

Pachmarhi, February 28.

The Government of Madhya Pradesh have banned the screening of "My Son John", an American picture produced by Paramount Pictures.

The Central Government had already withdrawn permission to exhibit "My Son John" some time ago. This controversial film was, however, certified by the Central Board of Film Censors and released in Bombay. The picture has an anti-Communistic theme and its banning on political grounds does not fit in with our much-boosted notions of dynamic neutrality.

NEW KOREAN CROONER

Hollywood, March 4.

Crooner Bing Crosby adopted a five-year-old Korean war orphan through the Foster Parents' plan.

Bing has already four sons. This will be the fifth heir to the Crosby fortune. But the five-year-old orphan will also require a nice mother to complete the picture. Which means that Bing will now have to rush up plans for marriage.

Killing the parents and adopting their children is a fine illustration of American democracy.

RAJAJI SCARED

Madras, March 5.

Chief Minister C. Rajagopalachari expressed strong disapproval of parents taking their children to horror films and dramas. He was the guest at a Tamil play "The Doctor and the Devil" (an adaptation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde") staged by the Standard Vacuum Recreation Club in Mylapore.

If you are fond of curves and twists, Roopmala is the one to see in "Madhur Milan", a dizzy tale of love produced and directed by K. G. Punwani for Film Show Productions.

In one scene of the play, a horror-stricken boy was being strangled and thrown out and the children in the audience seemed to enjoy this stuff.

Said Mr. Rajagopalachari: "There is no doubt that the acting is superb, but I am against the exhibition of scenes of horror to children. You torture a child on the stage and you torture the children among the audience. Parents should not bring their children to such dramas. This is not my humble opinion but my firm conviction. If I had the power, I would award deterrent punishment to these parents."

It is high time parents discriminated between good and bad films and played the role of censors for their youngsters. But what about the frightening Frankensteins of Congress?

ON OXYGEN

London, March 12.

M.G.M.'s studios in Elstree-way, Boreham Wood, are now working on a small staff having dismissed more than 300 film workers consisting of electricians, hair-dressers, make-up men etc. There were no new plans for production and they also wanted to economize.

Twice before this procedure was followed when the studios remained idle for four months in 1950 before producing "Calling Bulldog Drummond" and again for eight months before the filming of "Ivanhoe".

USELESS PRAYERS

Bombay, March 6.

Socialist member S. G. Warty criticized the Bombay Government's attitude to art, music and culture while discussing the budget proposals for 1954-55. He said that owing to their policy of not exempting even dramatic performances from the entertainment tax, the Marathi stage was on the verge of ruin. The entertainment levy was "regressive in character."

Mr. Warty pointed out that the Government of Bombay earned Rs. 1,65,54,000|- by way of entertainment tax but they hardly spent 9% of the amount on the machinery to collect it. He urged that a part of this revenue should be set apart for the promotion and development of art and culture.

This is useless advice which will fall on the deaf ears of our little Caesars.

ISLAM IN DANGER

Amman, February 28.

"Saint Joan", a play by George Bernard Shaw, has been banned in Jordan by the Director of Jordan's Press and Publicity Bureau, because of "Sayings misjudging the Prophet Mohammed and the Muslim religion".

A TALL THREAT

Ambala, March 16.

As a protest against the imposition of cinema show tax at Rs. 10 per show as envisaged in the Punjab State budget, all cinema houses in Punjab observed a one-day hartal. 150 cinema houses in Punjab, Pepsu and Himachal Pradesh were directed to close their cinema houses for a day by the East Punjab Motion Pictures Association.

The proposed show tax is expected to yield an annual revenue of five lakhs of rupees. Mr. Chamanlal Sehgal, honorary general secretary of the East Punjab Motion Pictures Association, said that if the government did not accede to their request of withdrawal of the levy, they would close down all the cinema houses indefinitely.

CASHING POPULARITY

London, March 1.

Cowboy of the Hollywood screen, Roy Rogers and his famous horse Trigger are making a goodwill tour of the United Kingdom.

Trigger was insured for £350,000 before he began his air trip from U.S.A. to Prestwick airport, Scotland. Indeed a valuable commodity! Let us hope together they spread goodwill worth £ 350,000.

DON DEVIL IN GOA

Nova Goa, February 26.

With the 'Quit Goa' movement taking a more concrete shape these days and Pandit Nehru thundering in Parliament about eliminating the foreign pockets in India, the Portuguese authorities have decided to ban the performance of historical dramas in Goa.

The censorship of scripts before actual performance of dramas already exists in Goa. Usually references to the Portuguese people or their country's rule over territories in India are deleted.

The Portuguese seem to have become panicky without knowing that Indians are more scared.

WHAT IS "LOCALLY"?

New Delhi, February 25.

Finance Minister C. D. Deshmukh stated in Parliament that 427 motion pictures had been exported to Pakistan since February 27, 1951. Out of these 72 films valued at Rs. 25,47,-889|13|6 were exported on an outright sale basis for which Rs. 18,98,-715|13|6 had been realized in the prescribed manner and Rs. 3,51,-391|7|- locally. The remaining 355 pictures were exported on a rental basis which brought in Rs. 52,40,-340|1|3 in the prescribed manner and Rs. 1,75,185|14|- locally.

PRAISING THE CALENDAR

Tokyo, March 3.

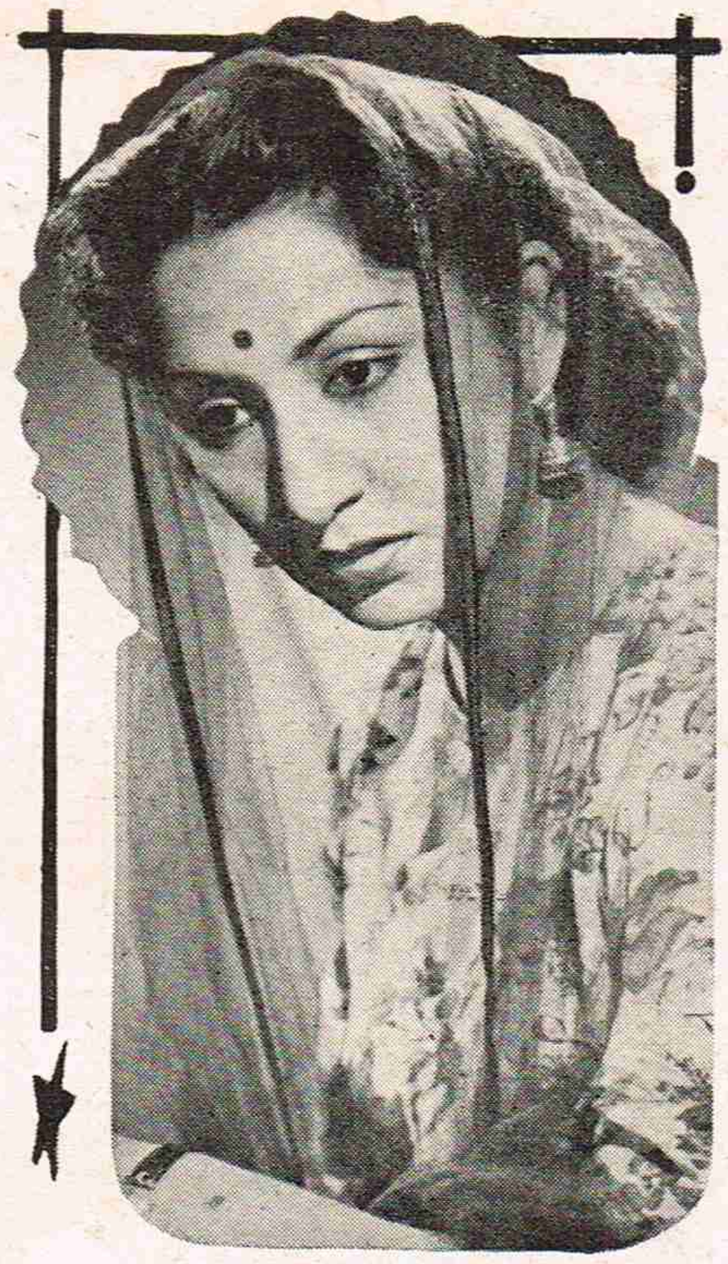
This is how some of the leading Japanese citizens tried to analyse the sex appeal of Marilyn Monroe for the Japanese audiences.

According to designer Madame Masako, the popularity of Marilyn among Japanese girls "was an explosion of emotion among people pursued by the instinct of wanting to become more beautiful, tied up with the liberation of sex."

Movie critic Tadash Iijima attributed Marilyn's appeal to jazz. In his opinion, "the furore over her is a result of syncopation and composite rhythm. Miss Monroe's walk and jazz have in common a rhythmical quality and power to stimulate the highest sensation of sex."

But Soicha Oya, a newspaper commentator, remarked with a touch of cynicism: "Miss Monroe's presence started a sort of chain reaction. It was a sign that the heads of the masses are empty".

Marilyn Monroe was in Tokyo with Hubby Joe Di Maggio for her honeymoon and naturally excited the curiosity of the Japanese. But quite a few of the Japanese girls have a better sex appeal than the American bombshell of sex and glamour.



Divorce doesn't worry her. It only makes her think. Watch Veera breaking through "Sheeshe ki Diwar", a social tale directed by Manmohan Sabir for Manmohan Films.

AN OLD TALE

New Delhi, February 28.

The Minister for Commerce and Industry, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, stated that India imported 200 million feet of raw film valued at Rs. 1.82 crores every year. This constituted her entire requirements.

The Government of India were also examining the possibility of starting a raw film factory in India with the help of foreign experts. We have been hearing this factory fable for many years now.

JULIE'S DOWRY

London, March 2.

Julie London divorced Hubby Jack Webb. Jack is a popular television star and had to shell out half-a-million dollars to his wife by way of property settlement.

BY A HINDU PRODUCER

Bombay, February 25.

Mr. Jamnadas Mehta presided over a meeting held to protest against the alleged screening of breaking of the idol of Lord Krishna in "Samrat" produced by Filmistan.

Some picketers demonstrated peacefully for half-an-hour in front of the Novelty after the meeting. The management assured the picketers that there was nothing wrong in the film.

THE CHURCH CONDEMNS

London, March 2.

The Vatican's daily newspaper is waging a war against immoral films foreign and home-made. It has asked for state intervention against "lascivious and harmful" films which characterize a "cynical and brutal white slave trade." It deplores those Italian films which exploit sex in the raw. It says: "Infamous and provocative subjects that are a pretext for displaying liberties do not stand comparison with the success of famous productions in which the suggestion of the subject and the excellence of the acting, brought even sacred themes to triumph."

The scanty costumes worn by American actress Jane Russell and Italian actress Gino Lollobrigida have been condemned by this newspaper. Yet another is French actress Francoise Arnoul who does saucy roles. Her current picture "Forbidden Fruit" had to be censored in parts before its London release.

FILMISTAN VS WORKER

Bombay, March 13.

Mr. M. D. Lalkaka, Chief Judge of the Court of Small Causes, Bombay, rejected an appeal preferred by the Filmistan Studios against a decision of the Payment of Wages Authority ordering payment of arrears of wages of Rs. 506 to a discharged employee of the concern, Lalta Prasad Shukla.

Filmistan applied for permission to discharge Lalta Prasad with effect from December 2, 1952 before the Industrial Disputes Appellate Tribunal. The Tribunal granted permission to discharge the employee by an order passed on July 15, 1953. Meanwhile the employee petitioned to the Payment of Wages Authority claiming arrears of wages for the period November 1952 to April 1953. The Authority granted the wages.

The Chief Judge found that the permission granted by the Appellate Tribunal to discharge the employee was not with retrospective effect from December 2, 1952 as prayed for by the company. The company could not on the strength of that order discharge the employee as from December 2, 1952. Any order of dismissal communicated to an

employee would take effect only from the date on which the order was in fact communicated.

The Chief Judge held that "the civil rights of the employee for wages etc should be judged on the footing that the contract remained in existence till such communication" of the order of dismissal. "Neither of the parties has any right to put an end to a contract of service with retrospective effect as neither of the parties can by a mere violation, take the contract as not having subsisted during a period when it has actually been in existence."

NEW FILM AWARDS

Bombay, March 21.

At a well-crowded function organized by Mr. J. C. Jain, the enthusiastic editor of "Filmfare", a fortnightly film magazine of Bombay, Filmfare Awards, the second of their kind in India (the previous ones were Cimpa awards given by "Cinevoice", both defunct now), were presented to Mr. Dilip Kumar, as the most popular actor; Meena Kumari, as the most popular actress; Mr. Naushad Ali, as the most popular music director and Mr. Bimal Roy, as the most popular director. Mr. Bimal Roy, as the producer of "Do Bigha Zamin", also got an additional award for producing the best picture of the year.

Presiding on the occasion Mr. George V. Allen, the U.S. Ambassador in India, said that because films made a more lasting impression on the masses than any other media, it was necessary to use it with good heart and morals. He said he was definitely against the practice of sending overseas only such films as showed a country in good light. The Americans, according to him, sent to other countries of the world all the films which they themselves saw at home and no control or effort was officially exercised to make a particularly good impression by sending out only suitable pictures. He said that the double policy of showing one type of films to its own people and another type to others killed the democratizing influence of motion picture films. Mr. Allen thought that all films, however, should have a moral and uplifting tone.

Mr. Jai Chand Jain, the affable host, said that he had started his magazine in his anxiety to build up healthy traditions in film journalism and now he had inaugurated the annual awards to encourage talent and progress in the film industry.

Some stage entertainment was also provided for the occasion, the tolerably good items being a song by Mahomed Rafi, the popular playback singer, and the dances by film actresses Vyjayantimala and Kamini Kaushal. The latter revealed more of her anatomy than necessary and in doing so paid a bold and visible compliment to her friendship with Mr. Jain. The most intriguing item, however, was the presentation of the solitary flower bouquet to different artistes after their turns. Though the bouquet made repeated appearances on the stage, every time it was presented by a different society damsel. With Dalmia, the Marwari financing the show and David, the Jew, supervising it, the wisdom of not wasting money on quick fading flowers could not be more emphasized.

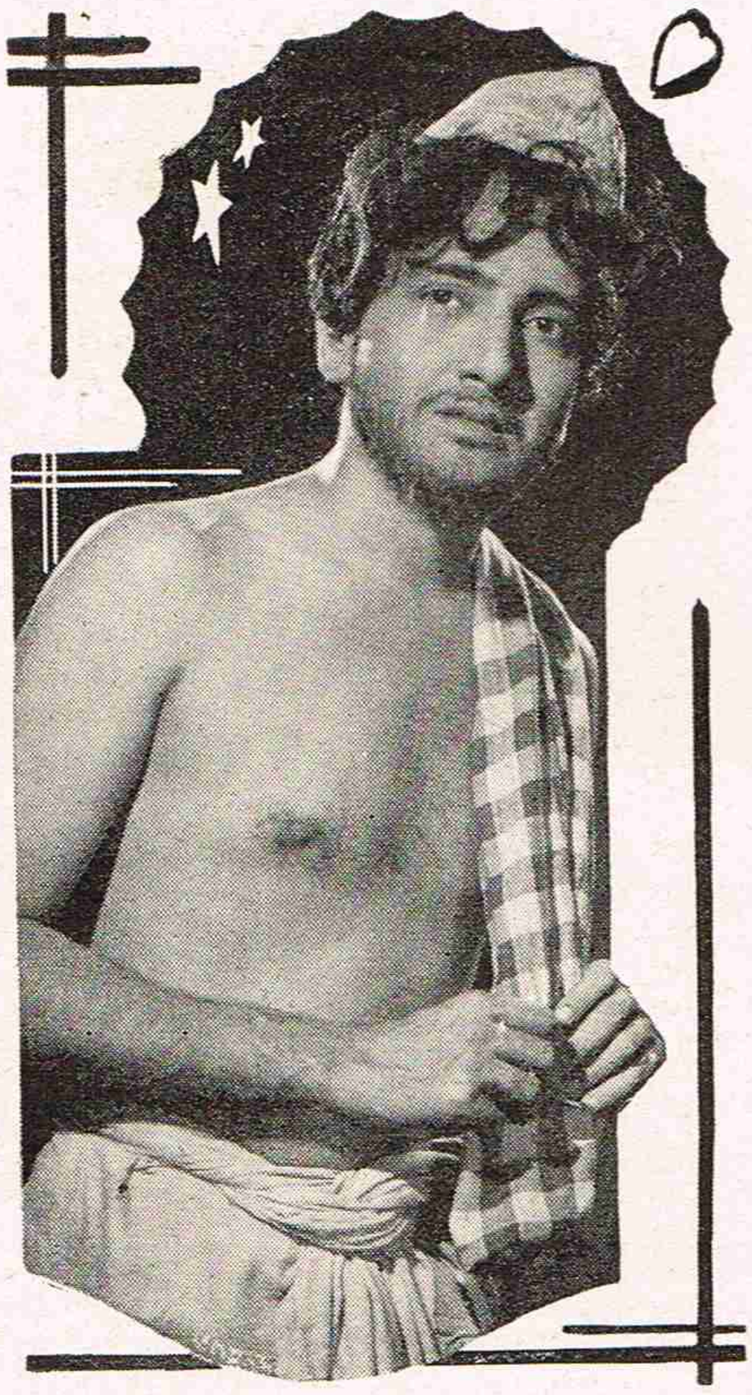
GOODBYE, FRIEND!

Bombay, March 17.

We regret to announce the premature death of Mr. Prahlad Dutt, a gifted film technician, at the early age of 43. He had been ailing for some time with chronic liver complaint and passed away at 1-30 P.M. on March 17, at the Harkisondas Hospital in Bombay.

Mr. Dutt jumped into news for his clever trick photography in pictures like "Padosi", "Dnyaneshwar" and "Shirin Farhad". His last assignment was "Avaiyyar", produced by Gemini Studios. He had also directed several pictures, the prominent ones being: "Mitti Ka Khiloune", "Nazare" and "Ghungroo".

A hard working, nice natured soul, Mr. Dutt will be badly missed by his numerous friends in the film industry. A man of original ideas, Mr. Dutt was looked upon as a pioneer in his field of trick photography and the film industry in general will be the poorer by his sudden loss. May his soul rest in peace!



Bharat Bhushan lends great emotional sincerity to his saintly role in "Saheb Kabir", directed by Chaturbhuj Doshi for Shri Vishwa Bharati Films.

FREE READER SERVICE

The articles on life insurance appearing in Fimindia seem to have been very effective. Apart from the huge response from our readers, the Government has been active in ferreting out frauds practised by our insurance companies. The insurance companies themselves have been activated and some of them have rushed to reduce their premium rates by as much as 25%. This only shows that there has always been a margin of 25% reduction in the old loot. One wonders whether the old policy-holders of those companies, which have reduced their premium rates, will also get the benefit of these reductions. Strictly speaking they should get this benefit and their policy contracts should be revised.

All this shows how necessary it is to guide those who wish to insure themselves. Our free insurance service tells our readers: why to insure, how to insure, where to insure, how much to insure and whether to continue their present insurance?

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Another Insurance Fraud!

Directors Sent To Jail!

Mr. B. J. Abhyankar, Judicial Magistrate, Poona, convicted Shridhar Lakshman Apte and Miss Dwarkabai Bhat, former managing directors of the Long Life Insurance Company, Poona, on a charge of having committed a criminal breach of trust in respect of Rs. 94,000 belonging to the company.

The Magistrate sentenced Apte to two years' rigorous imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 1,000 or in default to a further period of six months under Section 409 of the I.P.C. and ordered him to pay a fine of Rs. 1,000 or in default to undergo six months' imprisonment under Section 105 of the Insurance Act. He also directed him to refund within a week Rs. 95,000 or in default to undergo two years' simple imprisonment. The substantive sentences are to run consecutively and not concurrently.

The second accused, Miss Bhat, was sentenced under Section 409 I.P.C. to one year's simple imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 1,000 or in default three months' simple imprisonment. She was asked to pay a fine of Rs. 1,000 or in default to undergo three months' simple imprisonment under Section 105 of the Insurance Act.

She was also directed to refund within a week Rs. 95,000 or in default to suffer three months' imprisonment. The substantive sentences are to run concurrently. The Magistrate has directed that if both the accused refund the amount, Rs. 95,000 should be paid to the company and the excess should be given back to the accused.

Criticising the accused, Mr. Abhyankar observed in his judgment "that the two accused masqueraded as gentle people and misappropriated Rs. 95,000 belonging to the company. The accused have been playing systematic frauds and as the record will show maintained false accounts and prepared false balance sheets and managed to take false certificate in respect of the cash without showing it to the auditor. The offence, therefore, calls for very severe punishment. It is true that the accused are not young and gone beyond the stage of improvement. But it is plain to my mind that the punishment must be so severe as to deter like offenders from misappropriating public funds."

CHAIRMAN CRITICISED

Mr. Abhyankar also criticised Dr. N. G. Vinze, chairman of the company, and other directors in his judgment. He said that it pained him to say so. But it did appear to him that Dr. Vinze and the board of directors did not seem to have acted with sufficient care in dealing with this matter. There can be no question that they were out to support the accused and save themselves the ignominy if they could, lest the people at large know that omissions on their part have resulted in the company's money being misappropriated.

Dr. Vinze and the company's attitude even in a serious matter like this was to consult lawyers in a friendly manner, as if this was a family affair and the loss of Rs. 95,000 a trifle. It was of the utmost importance that as soon as the matter came to light Dr. Vinze and others ought to have placed the matter in the hands of a lawyer and not gone after free advice given and taken in a friendly manner.

Dr. Vinze also lodged the complaint six months after the incident. This could not but be culpable negligence on the part of the company's directors, but their negligence, however culpable, could not mitigate the offence or the criminality of the acts of the accused. The fact that both the accused continued to remain in office long after the discovery of their offence shows their boldness and capacity to manage the directors.

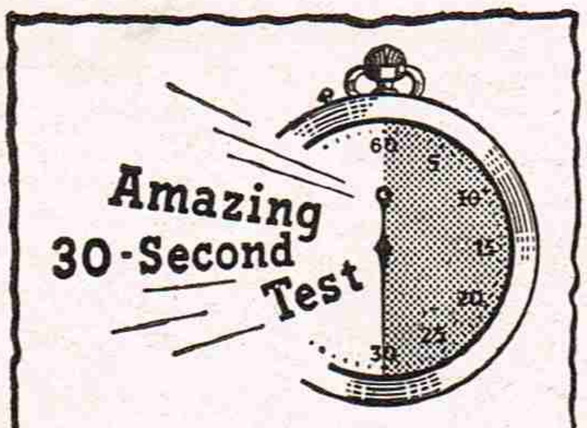
COLOSSAL LOSS

The Magistrate further said that but for the carelessness of Dr. Vinze and others and the perfunctory audit of the auditors the accused would never have been able to play the mischief and put the share-holders and policy-holders to colossal loss which he had reason to believe would never be made good.

The Magistrate also did not agree with the defence contention that the second accused was innocent. He said that but for her it is probable that the first accused would not have dared to commit such an offence and the directors would not have been off their guard for such a long time.

The first accused Apte admitted having taken Rs. 95,000 from the company but contended that it was due to him on consideration of his past sacrifices. It was argued on his behalf that he had foregone commissions and allowances due to him with the sole intention of keeping the company going and that the directors had not only passed a resolution in appreciation of his sacrifice but also given him an oral undertaking that they would make good his loss when the company's financial position improved. The Magistrate dismissed the entire defence argument as "dishonest and pervert in the extreme." (Poona, March 31, 1954)

With his blue eyes, Kamal Kapoor plays a great Moghul lover in "Malika-e-Alam Noor Jehan", directed by Gunjal for Amar Kirti Pictures.



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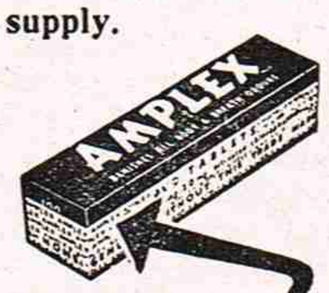

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CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

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EVEREST AT. 54. 7

Some Scent Sense

By "Sagitta"

When you shop for perfume, try a drop on your wrist to bring out the full bouquet.

A nice trick with toilet water is to spray yourself after you've put on your lingerie.

PERFUME can recall a memory or a song; it can change a mood—or the season. It gives a woman a warm inner sense of being wanted, lovely. It lifts the morale of her charm.

Enlarge your vocabulary of scent—widen your perfume horizon. You can only do it by testing and trying to discover the particular fragrance **you** like. When you respond to a perfume—own it, live with it, see if it's **you.**

Manufacturers, stores, and the return of the atomizer are making it easier for women to educate themselves in perfume. Buy the trial-size, handbag bottles so that you can own and try out several expensive perfumes without a heavy initial outlay. Try and decide what it is you want your scent to express for you, what type of perfume best suits your personality. The atomizer—the new, cheap plastic ones are attractive and colourful—dispensing its fine spray, shows you how to surround yourself with an aura of fragrance, on body, clothes and hair.

Perfume is the strongest of the toilet water, cologne and scent fragrance triad. It is the mother scent from which are derived the lighter, thinner toilet waters and colognes.

Cologne and toilet water can be used all over the body as the foundation for high-spots of perfume. As an afterbath rub, or sprayed on while the body is still damp, they evaporate into the skin, belong to your body.

For refreshment when the weather's hot, dash some cold, clean cologne on wrists and forehead. Use cologne as a hair-setter—it's fragrant, but, of course, somewhat drying. Keep your hair smelling good—men love it.

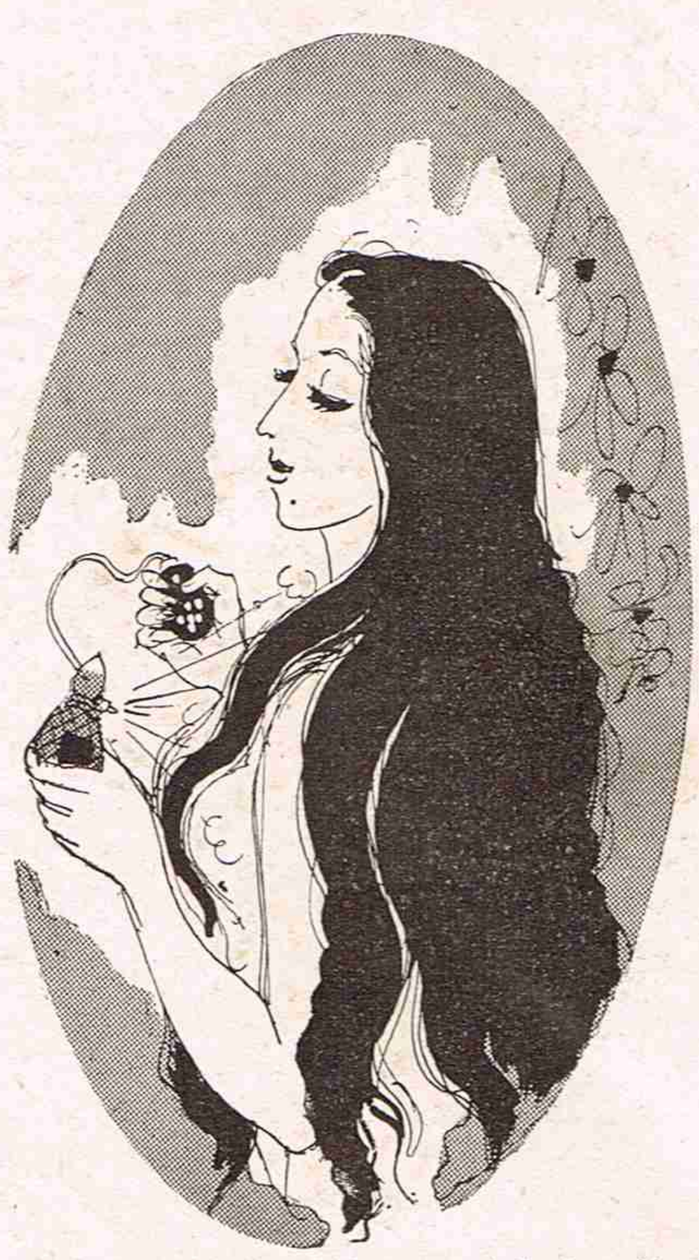
Toilet water's uses are legion.

Saturate a big twist of cotton wool and rub yourself down, then put the fragrant tuft among your linen or lingerie.

With this "base" laid down, add accents of perfume all about you. Always, of course, on your handkerchief. A dab behind the ears. But once on, don't expect it to last for ever. It **does** evaporate, **does** wear away, on some skins much faster than others. Most perfumes have about a four-hour life-span, so carry a purse phial and add a whiff—in privacy—now and then.

Different temperaments belong to different perfumes. Find your own. Try, try, try before you buy, and then try some more. Spray or touch a bit from the counter samples right on your wrist, and pat lightly into the skin, warming it to "mature" it quicker.

It's hard to judge until you've really "worn" a perfume to see what it turns to on you—try several before you select one that really seems to "answer" you.



Use cologne as a fragrant hairsetter, particularly if hair is oily, or as a quick refresher.

Never throw away your empty perfume bottles, but lay them in your drawers to scent the clothes.

In hot weather or crowded places, rub a solid stick of cologne over your forehead.

Helpless and at their wit's end, they ask the world to sympathize with them. But rush to them with help and they shrink from you. Usha Kiron is a great one at this and she is at her best in "Tanhaai", a social theme directed by Ram Gabale and produced by Padma Productions.

(This is the readers' forum—as and when space permits. From the producer to the lay filmgoer, every one can write to the Editor and ventilate his grievance. For every letter published in these columns, the publishers will pay Rs. 5|-. Letters should be signed and marked "Woes and Echoes". Photographs of the readers will be published along with their letters, if convenient.—The Editor.)

ASK NEHRUJI

"Book-lovers all over the country are greatly indebted to Judas for focussing public attention on the sad plight of Mr. Tendulkar whose book on Mahatma Gandhi has earned world-wide recognition. Mr. Tendulkar took up this work in a spirit of service and had no mercenary motive whatever. His indefatigable efforts and research over a large number of years in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties deserve to be handsomely rewarded. It is really surprising that this monumental work has escaped the attention of the authorities.

"Authorship in India has never been a paying profession, but Mr. Tendulkar cannot be classed as a professional author and as such his welfare should be a state responsibility. Pakistan has engaged the services of a highly paid Englishman to write a book on the life of the late Mr. Jinnah. Is it not, therefore, surprising that a patriotic Indian who completed this job of his own accord, should be ignored in this fashion?"

BOMBAY. **M. S. Lulla.**

BUT WHO LISTENS ?

"On February 12, Mr. Shanti Prasad Jain, an industrialist of note and President of the Bihar Chamber of Commerce, while replying to the reception by the Chamber on his return from a tour of the foreign countries, said that there was a genuine desire on the part of the American people to help India towards her industrial development and material progress. As the resources of India were limited, he felt, this country could make the desired progress in the field of production with the aid and assistance of America whose material resources and wealth were vast and unlimited. He further remarked that America was mortally afraid of Communism. Therefore their programme of assistance and aid to other countries was ..... with a view to halt the march of Communism. I would like to assert that Mr. Jain is an industrialist of no mean order and is noted for his keen observations and pronouncements. His opinion, therefore, is bound to carry weight and conviction. But what fascinates me most as a "filmindia" reader that the said statement is quite in tune with what you have been trying to impress and instil in the minds of our headstrong leaders through your two consecutive editorials (January and February). In January you stated with devastating frankness that but for our refusal to co-operate with America, the latter would not have been sent scurrying in the lap of Pakistan. Again followed in the wake of this sagacious counsel your pronouncement in February to the effect that "all they wanted was our sympathy for their racial fear of Communism". You made a bold plea for abandoning our vicious dynamic neutrality and going all out to rub shoulders with the U.S.

"It only serves to illustrate how you boldly echo the sentiments of the enlightened section of the people. It redounds to your credit that by your arduous endeavour and mature experience you have ever felt the pulse of the nation quite rightly and

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Anjam	Chhoti Bhabi
Gunah	Sagaii
Patanga	Nirala
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Dholak	Bawre Nain
Singhar	Nand Kishore
Jalpari	Moti Mahal
Bazar	Parwana
Rangeeli	Lav Kush
Duniya	Ram Vivah
Nishana	Nek Parvin
Khazana	Sati Ahilya
Hindustan	Hamara

and

many more!

For particulars :

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mirrored faithfully the aspirations of the people. Let it be said that to this extent you fulfil the democratic destiny of your journal. Long live "filmindia", a virtual barometer of the popular sentiments."

ARRAH. **Prem Chandra Sinha.**

FUN TO KESKAR'S JOB

"Never before were the programmes of A.I.R. so mediocre and more boring than these days. Let me give you the details of a mid-day session of A.I.R. Lucknow and Allahabad. To start with you hear some stupid records of "Sitar and Tabla Vadan" followed by 18th century records of "Ghazals and Geets", which hardly anybody would like; and "classical" songs which God alone in heaven can understand (or on earth may be these gods of A.I.R. who broadcast them). This alone is sufficient to make one feel tiresome but that is not the end. It continues to give you yet some more none-too-pleasing "Studio Records" and to exhaust the rest of your patience they make you hear a few noisy and outmoded "Qawalis", leaving you in a senseless condition at the end of the programme. The programmes of other sessions are no better and they lack taste and variety.

"Since the day A.I.R. has banned film songs, good music from the A.I.R. has become a rare occasion and the present programmes are more a source of boredom and exhaustion than of amusement. I hope our Minister for Broadcasting knows that most of his listeners depend on foreign stations to satisfy their thirst for good music. What then is the fun in wasting some crores from our revenue every year on this mockery?"

KANPUR. **T. C. Bhatia.**

THAT HINDI LANGUAGE

"During the last 15 years or so, thanks to radio and gramophone, film music has come to be an important part of our daily entertainment, nay, of our very lives. Whatever the event, social or cultural, happy or sad, its observance cannot be considered complete unless accompanied by the recorded songs of our favourite singers. It is, however, quite another matter that, more often than not, the choice of music is unhappy and out of tune with the spirit of the occasion.

"Thus I have had many chances to hear sad songs like "Chhod gaye balam" and "Pal pal jalta hai shamshan" at marriage parties. I have also seen funeral processions (of very old people, of course) marching to the tune of "Chal chal re naujawan". Only recently, the local Harijans, in true modern fashion, opened the birthday celebrations of Guru Ravi Das with film records—all cheap love ditties.

"One can, in this strain, offer other examples by the dozen. What surprises one most is the paradox that in spite of our being so mad on music, our sense of music is so painfully poor!"

CHANDIGARH. **Prithi Paul Singh.**

REMEMBER AND ACT

"I think during my student life, I must have read a large number of articles on students and their behaviour. But I have never so far come across anything with greater sincerity and sympathy than your article, "Be Wise In Your Anger", in your February issue.

"A million thanks to you! You have been the Santa Claus and saviour of our students. You have opened our eyes to our own feuds and faults. You have also opened our eyes to our fateful future, as free citizens in a free India.

"It is high time that we reached some maturity in our behaviour as future pillars of our nation. But in the meantime our thanks are to the meritorious work of our editor for having understood our problems better than all our professors, the President and the Prime Minister put together."

BOLARUM (DN.) **V. Prabhaker.**

RACKETEERS ALL

"Simply asking a blackmarketeer in cinema tickets to pay a fine of Rs. 100/- or in default to undergo 45 days' imprisonment, is not enough.

"To stop this vicious circle of the blackmarketeers the management and the staff working under them should come to the rescue of the public by stopping the wholesale sale of their tickets to these vagabonds who in turn sell these tickets at higher rates. It is clear that the staff have also got a hand in this dirty affair.

"The filmgoers unable to get the tickets from the counter and unable to resist the temptation of seeing a picture become the easy victims of those persons who believe in just whispering their intention of selling the tickets at fantastic rates.

"When the police found 45 tickets with that person who was sentenced as above, it was also the duty of the police and of the Court to find out who was at the window and why had he issued so many tickets to an individual person and that booking clerk should also have received some sort of punishment by the magistrate so that in future he and his other colleagues would not issue a large number of tickets to a single person for selling them at higher rates."

BOMBAY. **Mrs. Satwanti Dayal.**

OLD WIDOWS

"On Sunday mornings the local 'Odeon' cinema shows old foreign pictures at concessional rates. "A

"I wish to draw the attention of our Home Ministry through the columns of your esteemed paper to a disquieting press report. It is announced that about 7,000 Muslims, who had migrated to Pakistan from Uttar Pradesh, will be allowed to return to India in pursuance of the Nehru-Liaquat Pact.

"Firstly, as everyone knows Pakistan never carried out its obligations under the Nehru-Liaquat Pact—at least not in a way to inspire confidence among the Bengalee refugees.

"Secondly, in view of the present Indo-Pak relations as a consequence of U.S. military aid to Pakistan, how will the entry of such a large number of people, whose credentials are doubtful, affect the security of India? Uttar Pradesh has of late been showing signs of the revival of communal activities by some of the former Muslim Leaguers, and the entry of large number of people from Pakistan will fan such activities."

BOMBAY. **M. S. Lulla.**

GIFT HORSE

"Kishore Sahu's long-awaited "Mayurpankh", which I saw here recently, has turned out to be a poor film from the producer-director of famous pictures like "Raja" and "Sawan Aya Re". While the outdoor shots of places like the Gateway of India, Marine Drive, Central Secretariat Buildings, Birla Mandir, etc. in Gevacolor are pleasing to the eye, the film loses its appeal due to poor dubbing of the Hindustani dialogue for the two foreign characters in the story. For one thing, the lip movements of these two persons have not been properly synchronised with the dialogue, and for another, by putting high-flown Urdu words in their mouths the director has made the whole thing look and sound very unreal.

"One may well ask of him whether European visitors on their first visit to our country talk such chaste Hindustani dialogue. It might be possible after some months of their stay here, but to expect them to do so immediately is beyond the stretch of one's imagination. It would have brought a touch of realism to the film if the foreign characters had been made to speak the Hindustani dialogue themselves after memorizing them from the Roman script as our Army people do.

"Another point to mention is that in a scene, the ceiling fan is seen in full motion in the hall of the Prince where all the people are seen wearing regular woollen dress—evidently to enhance the effect of Gevacolor. Probably the powerful studio lights made the occupants of the room sweat thereby necessitating the use of the fan! In that case, could not an air-conditioned room have been used to eliminate the use of the fan and the resulting unpleasant sight? It is indeed a pity that a director of Kishore Sahu's calibre should have paid little attention to such important facts."

K. S. Sankara Narayanan.

NEW DELHI.

SAVE YOUR EYES

"Thousands of filmgoers here should be profoundly thankful to you for the article in March issue of "filmindia", "Americans Making Us Blind". Theatres showing 3-D films now sell the polaroid glasses instead of hiring them as hitherto. It is amazing to find how quickly criticisms in "filmindia" bring about the desired effect. Keep it up, Baburao!"

MADRAS. **P. S. Parameswaran.**

UNRELIABLE CENSORS

"Mr. Patel, it is perhaps too difficult to imagine without seeing "Taxi Driver" how bankrupt in intelligence its mock producer-director Chetan Anand is.

"He shows us in the picture that Bombay taxi drivers drink as and when they please and talk about the availability of wine as if there is no prohibition at all in the city and a picturegoer elsewhere in India finds himself in utter conflict with the Censors who sat through the length quietly without realising the impression the activities of taxi drivers would leave on the audience who have, of course, read a lot about Morarji's prohibition in Bombay."

NEW DELHI. **Maharaj Krishan.**

HORMONE TREATMENT

"Frankly speaking, I have found Hollywood's latest 'IT' girl, Marilyn Monroe, a big disappointment. By no stretch of imagination can she be called strikingly beautiful, as the publicity pups would have us believe. Her figure is quite good, but not extraordinary. As for her acting ability, I cannot do better than quote my friend who remarked that she acts with her anatomy.

"Judging, however, from the way the American film industry and the Press have gone crazy over this girl, one would be led to believe that Hollywood had, at long last, got hold of an actress who combined the best qualities of Greta Garbo and Jean Harlow. The truth is quite the reverse and lends further support to the widely held view that Hollywood is fast bidding good-bye to its old standards of art and quality. The emphasis has now shifted from talent and ability to the shape of legs and the size of breasts. It is, therefore, not a matter of wonder that in International Film Festivals recently, Japanese and Italian pictures, with their ac-

cent on good, simple stories and vivid realism, have bagged more prizes than have the overglamourized versions from Hollywood. The movie moghuls of the Dollarland owe it to themselves to realise that only that art is lasting which has its appeal to the heart and the brain and not to the glands!"

CHANDIGARH. **Prithi Paul Singh.**

OUR TALKING GENERAL

"Once again in your glorious article "Our Hour of Peril", published in the February, 1954 issue of "filmindia", you have voiced the feelings of the people. Our position at the moment is exactly like that of the infant state of Israel. We must follow the glorious example of these valiant people who have made themselves immortals in the history of the world.

"The superiority in man power is still a vital factor in winning a war as has been revealed by the Chinese in Korea recently. India with a population of more than 350 millions should have a standing army of at least 10 millions to guard her home land. Then alone we can thunder "Jai Hind"."

LUCKNOW. **Prakash Narayan.**

SAHU'S MONKEY TRICKS

"Your deep concern over the degrading aspect of Hollywood films on our masses led to the introduction of a section called "Reviewed In Hollywood" in "filmindia" wherein your advice on Hollywood films is eagerly awaited. The influence of the West, and especially of the American way of life, through the films, is so great that even the 'genius' Acharya Kishore Sahu could not avoid being influenced.

"His picture "Mayurpankh" is an illustration. In American pictures, an American usually visits a foreign country and gets involved in illegitimate love affairs. In this case an engaged couple from Britain visit India. The woman, a novelist who is interested in Indian life, falls in love with our Indian married hero. The idea of a married man falling in love with an engaged woman is not only foreign but also degrading to us.

"And what, our 'genius' Acharya Kishore Sahu shows her about the Indian life, is the same snake charmer and the monkey player which we Indians have so often criticised and condemned in films from Hollywood on India.

"The theme of the picture is hackneyed and there is nothing Indian in our hero to be appreciated by the Westerners. The maxim "love is blind" is appropriately proved by making a Western girl, engaged to a well-built and smart person, fall in love with our 'genius' Acharya Kishore Sahu. And I thank him for raising in me, a lanky fellow, hopes of a beautiful girl falling blindly in love with me."

MADRAS. **C. Mohammed Ali.**

ASK CHIEF HANUMANTHIAH !

"Smoking in theatres is strictly and legally prohibited under the Mysore Cinematograph Act Rules in all the theatres throughout the Mysore State. But this rule is not being followed by many of the cinema-goers in most of the theatres in the State, especially in the mofussil areas. These theatre-owners take very little care in enforcing this rule and the result is that the audience has to suffer a lot by the smoke inside the auditorium during the show. If anyone complains of this to the manager or the owner, they pay no attention and if we protest, they ask us to leave the theatre, of course without refunding the amount. Such is the callous attitude of theatre-owners and they want public co-operation and sympathy.

"Recently I happened to go to a Kannada picture "Jaladurga" in the Shanti Picture House. That was the first day and hence there was a big rush. I had reserved a seat in the box and hoped to enjoy the picture. But soon after the show began, a chair was pushed into the box and then somebody was asked to sit on it. I protested, but in vain. There was no separate fan in the box and now that it is summer in Davangere, one can imagine the comfort we had that day and naturally I could not enjoy the picture. And added to all these, smoking was freely allowed, since the theatre-owners were not for losing those customers nor were they prepared to refund the amount. When are our theatres going to improve?"

DAVANGERE. **C. K. Seshadri.**

TOURIST TROPHY

"Not long ago the secular, democratic, Republican Government of India, called Bharat, instituted a set of new awards called, PADMA VIBHUSAN, PAHELA VARG, DOOSRA VARG AND TEESRA VARG. It was also announced that it would be awarded for exceptionally meritorious deeds. The whole nation was however surprised to hear that the first award was made to the King of Bhutan, for what meritorious deed only the President and his 'To be-or-not to be' Prime Minister knew. And now comes another announcement of a similar award (but Doosra Varg) to the King of Sikkim. Mr. Patel, what do you think of these awards?"

CALCUTTA. **P. S. Easwaran.**

HIS PERIL ? OUR PERIL !

"Your leader in the February issue once again proves to the hilt how sublime patriotism, which seems to have got into your blood, is the ruling passion with our beloved Editor and illustrates how journalism geared to the noble purpose of serving the nation can be directed along healthy channels. The sealed jar of mystery enveloping the U.S.-Pak pact has been broken and true to your conjecture the U.S. has come out with

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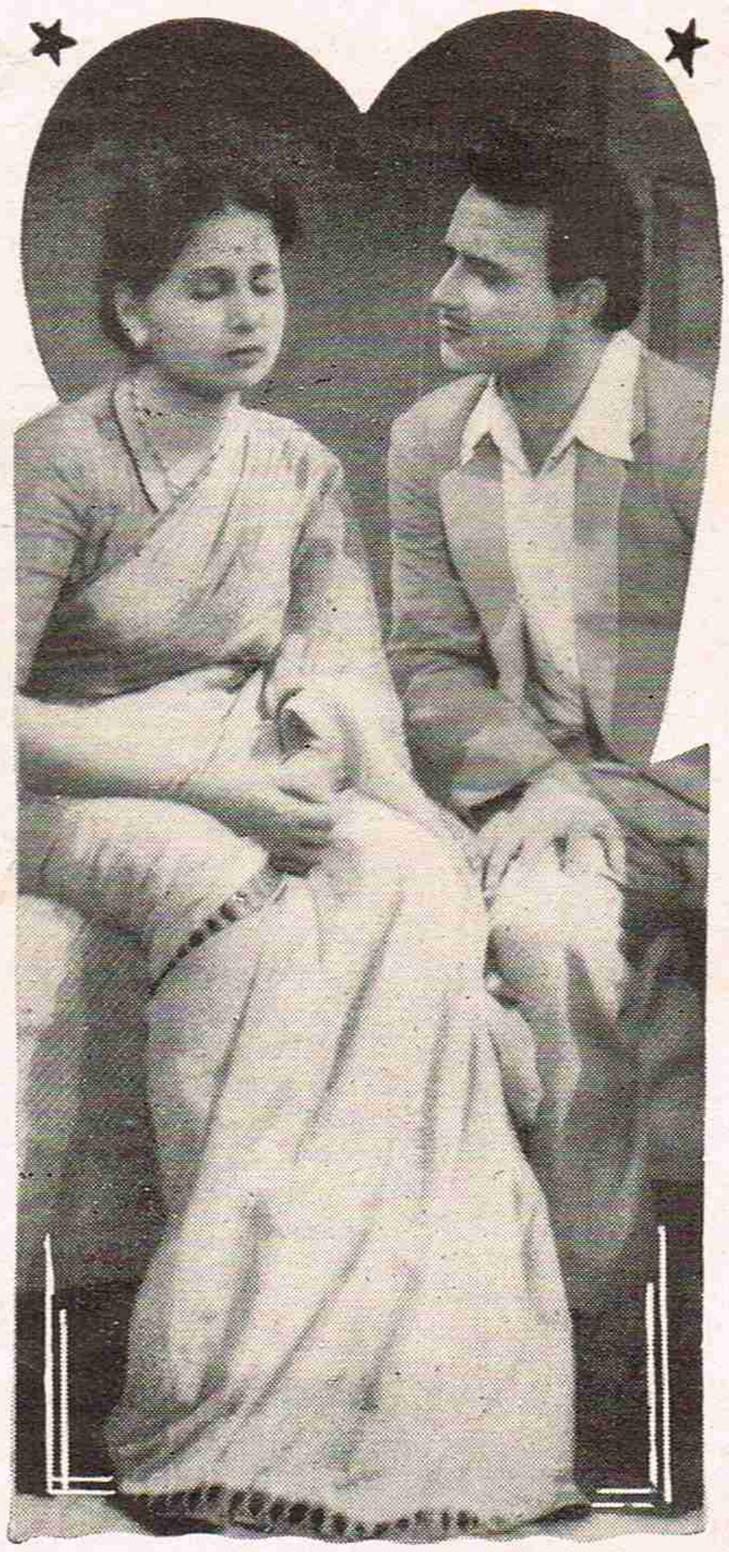

That woman can make many faces. She beats even the monkey. But we were not prepared for this one from Geeta Bali nor was Jaswant in "Suhagan", a social theme produced by Datta Dharmadhikari and directed by Anant Mane for Alhad Chitra.

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her countenance of the Pact even in view of the Indian opposition. Frankness requires it to be stated that our complacency even in the teeth of grave national emergency is deplorable by all counts. The 'soap-box' war will not bring about any tangible result. But your most opportune article vibrates with the consciousness that 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty'. Nehru still basking in the glory of hero worship and servile adulation at the hands of his 'courtiers' seems to have developed a faulty contact with realities. In this context, we welcome the fact that Nehru will find in your leader a bitter pill to swallow. Though he talks much of history and has a work on 'History' to his credit, he, of all persons, betrays complete lack of historical perspective the way he is not positive and forthright in meeting the explosive contents of the situation fraught with grave potentialities. Let nobody labour under the delusion that moral force alone would deter hostile forces from invading our land.

"Incidentally, it comes to my mind that this virtual 'thesis' from your pen beats hollow the 'call to nation" part of Kalyani resolutions. If our leaders can claim to have the intellectual capacity to distinguish chaff from the grain, they would find much substance in your article than in all the Kalyani resolutions put together, meant to guide the people in this crisis. For, you have conspicuously illumined the way out of the present welter of conflicts and contradictions. In sober analysis, you have brilliantly expounded in bold relief the historical and political forces at work in India vis-a-vis the rest of the world. Like a true alchemist, you have removed the dross so that pure gold may shine.

"Nehru's foreign policy is undergoing an obvious strain and shows signs of foundering badly on the rock of the present 'crisis'. His polemics and endless volley of words will not solve the poser thrown at us by our neighbour. On the terra firma of hard facts let our custodians act up to your suggestions in facing the "down-to-earth" reality. But the rub is that Nehru is in no mood to abandon hugging to his childish nursery psychology. If he cannot see the tree for the woods, he will do so at his own peril. He dare not develop cold feet at this hour. National expediency demands that he should judge the implications of the said Pact against the tell-tale background provided by your leader."

ARRAH. **Prem Chandra Sinha.**

FOR PERSONAL PRESTIGE

"You have been warning Pandit Nehru of the dreadful consequences of the U.S.-Pak military pact in your editorials since the New Year. While answering a reader's question in Editor's Mail in March 1954 you have written that you will kiss Pandit Nehru's feet if he raises an army of a million soldiers within six months and then talk of peace and neutrality. This shows your affection and love for the country and our leader Nehru.

"The U.S. military aid to Pakistan has come as a grim threat to the peace loving Indian people. But what has Pandit Nehru done to strengthen our defence? In the Parliament Pandit Nehru not only condemned those who pleaded for arming our nation but also ridiculed them. If lack of finance is the handicap for not arming our country, why did Pandit Nehru waste our money by sending troops to Korea? Could not that amount, which we have unnecessarily spent in Korea, be utilized for the defence of the country?"

BANGALORE. **J. B. William.**

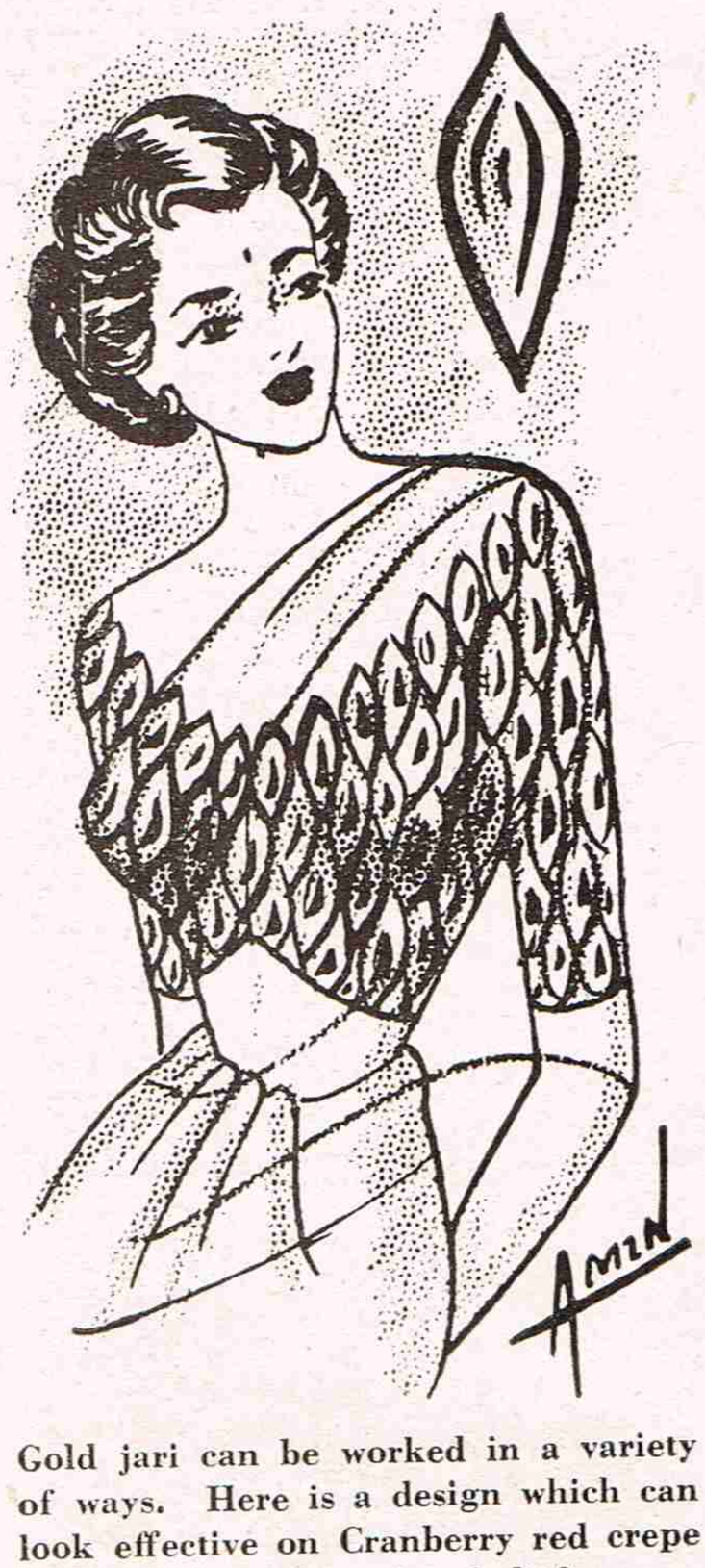
CLIMATE FIRST, CLIMAX AFTERWARDS

"Your hard hitting editorials urging rearmament will be applauded by all true patriots.

"But, I submit, that the starting of Rifle Clubs will have only a very limited value in the defence of the motherland. The World War II has clearly demonstrated that a partisan army such as the one you envisage has no more than a nuisance value to the well armed invader. Besides, partisan activity can bring to bear terrible reprisals on the common man.

"Whilst it is conceded that we must have a modern army and collect warlike stores on a scale sufficient to defeat the would-be aggressor, yet he would be a simpleton who would rest content with ample military equipment alone. We require—I repeat badly require—the right type of military leadership also. It is now known that the Germans (during World War II) had no quantitative superiority over the Anglo-French forces and their qualitative superiority was only slight. Yet, when Hitler accepted the Von Manstein plan of campaigning in France, the Anglo-French generals had no answer for it. The Germans appeared in places where they were least expected and prompt and utmost

Jagirdar, our veteran character actor, fits in anywhere, in any picture and in any period. He has a nice role to play this time in "Malika-e-Alam Noor Jehan", a Moghul story directed by Gunjal for Amar Kirti Pictures.



Gold jari can be worked in a variety of ways. Here is a design which can look effective on Cranberry red crepe or taffeta. Reserve the choli for your next important date.

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exploitation of the breakthrough was made by a series of lightning thrusts which culminated in the defeat of the Anglo-French armies. It cost the lives of several thousand allied soldiers to roll the Germans back to the Rhine.

"Let us take a lesson from history. If our military leadership cannot cope up with a modern war, there is no reason why we should not have one which can?"

EDAMANAL. **M. Madanagopal.**

DISHONEST JOURNALISM

"It's really sad to note the way some of the leading journals have reviewed Raj Kapoor's much boosted "Boot Polish" as a 'thumping success'. Thumping success my foot! It's a damn failure—yes, damn failure; for the obvious reason that it offers no concrete solution to the problem of homeless children, who are forced and taught to beg for alms instead of being guided properly to earn an honest living.

"Mr. Patel, anyone having commonsense can realize that this problem cannot be solved merely by way of adoption by the rich childless couples. Self help is the only solution for it. Didn't Raj Kapoor read this first lesson in his school days?"

CALCUTTA. **J. L. Kholbheteria.**

AND PASSING IT ON

"Just a few words of constructive help and not idle criticism.

"Our Indian actresses are undoubtedly beautiful as stars go. One thing they simply ignore is the fact that they suddenly put out extra growths of flesh. With the height of fame, the flesh also grows. Something must be done about this. For a film star, slimming is a 'must'.

"Rita Hayworth is admirable and so are many other western stars. Just look at Rita Hayworth's figure in "Salome".

"Slicing off excess fat is a duty that the film girl must do.

"As a typical example, in "Anarkali", Bina Rai's close-ups were very pleasant. But when the eye wandered downwards, it met with nothing but frustration, just to see those two tyres of flesh showing between her skirt and bodice.

"This is a small detail escaping the director's notice and not bothering the pretty girls.

"The public, they must remember, is a massive critic and wants perfection. Stars with pretty faces as, to name a few, Nalini Jaywant, Vyjayantimala, Bina Rai, Anjali Devi, Shakuntala, should watch out for those extra pounds, they tend to put on.

"Thank you, Editor, for reading this through."

MADRAS. **Lalitha Devi.**

I KNEW YOUR MIND

"It was my considered opinion that the film industry was too small a field for your intelligence and ability and that you were doing a disservice to yourself and to the nation by remaining in such a restricted field. I thought that a man like you should conduct an All-India forum and muster strong for the one platform of the masses on the burning questions of the day.

"Your recent article on "Our Hour of Peril" has removed that doubt from my mind. It is timely, and is worth its weight in gold and even more. It is at once a well-timed warning and an earnest appeal to the dormant leaders and people of India, which should not fail to create the desired effect. I wish this should be printed in millions in regional languages and copies distributed to all people to arouse their spirit and soul in this hour of national peril."

POONA. **Srimati R. Jayalakshmi.**

RE-CONDITIONING

"I used to be a warm and close follower of Pandit Nehru but after undergoing the shock treatment of your editorials of the last few months I have had my political opinions reconditioned and my mental attitude has been—so to say—Patelized.

"Intellectually I am a new man—a changed man—and I am not alone! There has been very little violence here unlike Bengal but majority of the people are leftist, the change has been calm and smooth like hydromatic gear shift!

"You will be interested to know that even if the Congress win in the local elections it is no indication of the **true** or **inner** beliefs of the people who—asked to vote for a man who is already a minister and can do something for them **or** for a man who hopes to become a M.L.A. and may or may not do something—know which 'dossai' has the 'massla'!

"Hoping—nay—knowing and believing you will continue the crusade against our "jutebrained" politicians and their crooked schemes."

TRIVANDRUM. **K. George.**

This black taffeta choli has a lace piece attached in front. Little tucks all over the body and sleeves add to its beauty. Try this innovation for a change.

PICTURES *in* MAKING

Jungle costumes provide them with the right background for their primitive passions. Take them to the jungle and they remember Mother Eve. Let us see what Roopa Verman is about in "Sauda", a jungle thriller directed by Sushil Sahu and produced by Hindustan Chitra.

J. J FILMS (Bombay)

Producer Jhunjhunwala is busy supervising the shooting of "Parichaya" at the Shree Sound Studios. This social based on a novel by Swarnakamal Bhattacharya has all the ingredients of a box-office hit and stars Nalini Jaywant, Pronati Ghosh, Abhi and Sajjan. Satyen Bose is directing "Parichaya" and with his experience he is likely to make a picture with mass appeal. Some of the tunes composed by Sailesh Mukherjee are said to be attractive.

EVERGREEN PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Though launched only two months ago "Dulhan" has made rapid progress. Six reels have been already edited and the producers hope to release it early in June. "Dulhan" is a highly explosive comedy packed with gags and punches to chase your blues away. Meenakumari plays the charming heroine with an altogether versatile role to give ample scope for her histrionics. The supporting cast consists of Kishore, Leela Misra, Raj Mehra and Om Prakash. Narendra Suri is directing "Dulhan". The musical score is by Hemant Kumar. Modern Movies control the world rights of "Dulhan".

GYAN MUKERJI PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Gyan Mukerji, the creator of many a jubilee hit, has begun the shooting of "Sardar", a spectacular action drama starring Ashok Kumar and Bina Rai and ably supported by Nawab and Nigar Sultana. Planned on a lavish scale, "Sardar" is likely to bring fresh laurels to Producer-director Gyan Mukerjee. The world rights of "Sardar" are controlled by Messrs. United Producers.

CINE PLAYERS LTD. (Bombay)

Written by well-known Bengali writer Premen Mitra, "Birhan" is reported to be an emotional story with many touching moments. With Gyan Mukerji directing, "Birhan" has every chance of hitting the bull's-eye. Meenakumari and Karan Dewan are teamed together supported by Nawab, Rama Shukul and Mishra. Six reels have been edited and four songs picturized and the picture is fast nearing completion.

JAMBU PRODUCTIONS (Madras)

Director M. V. Raman of "Bahar" fame has completed quite a few sequences of "Laaj", a musical comedy starring scintillating Vyjayantimala. Her seductive figure has been well-framed in some spectacular dance numbers. C. Ramchandra's music is particularly catchy. "Laaj" has Om Prakash in a frivolous role with suitable support from Raj Mehra and Randhir. "Laaj" is scheduled for release at about 300 centres on August 15 and filmgoers therefore don't have to wait long to see it. The rights for North India, Western India and Pakistan are with Modern Movies.

GEMINI STUDIOS (Madras)

Madhubala completed her work in "Bahut Din Huwe" and returned to Bombay. Producer-director S. S. Vasan is now busy with the remaining half of the picture. "Bahut Din Huwe" is a sure box-office hit because it is based on "Bal Nagamma" a picture which ran like wild fire in the South some years ago. Rattan Kumar plays the son of Madhubala in "Bahut Din Huwe" while Swaraj portrays the hero. Never before did Madhubala look so beautifful as she does in "Bahut Din Huwe".

SADIQ PRODUCTIONS LTD. (Bombay)

Producer-director M. Sadiq is giving the finishing touches to "Shabab" his ambitious opus under production for the last two years. Starring pretty Nutan opposite Bharat Bhushan, "Shabab" is a thrilling tale of two hearts beating to the tune of divine music. Naushad's musical score is said to be of the popular variety and likely to bring repeat audiences.

MEHBOOB PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director Mehboob is working furiously on "Amar" starring Madhubala, Nimmi and Dilip Kumar and is bent on completing it soon. Others in the cast are Ullhas and Mukri. "Amar" is in two versions, English and Hindustani, the former being scheduled for a world-wide release.

HITEN CHAUDHURY PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Working slowly but steadily, Producer Hiten Chaudhury has completed more than half of "Biraj Bahu", a domestic drama based on a novel by Sarat Chandra Chatterjee. In "Biraj Bahu", Kamini plays the heroine, this time in a restrained and dignified manner opposite Bengali actor Abhi Bhattacharya. Director Bimal Roy has a look of quiet confidence and that is why we predict box-office success for "Biraj Bahu". Salil Chaudhury is in charge of music.

KARDAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director Kardar has made steady progress with "Yasmin" starring Vyjayantimala. Based on that one-time hit "Son Of Sheikh", "Yasmin" has exciting drama. Another one is "Baap re Baap" starring Kishore Kumar. A third one which is more than half-way through is "Barati" directed by J. K. Nanda. "Barati" is a hilarious comedy with plenty of laughs supplied by Agha and Om Prakash. Chand Usmani and Peace Kanwal are the two charming feminine throbs round whom the story revolves.

AKASH CHITRA (Bombay)

Producer-director K. B. Lall released "Angaray" starring Nargis and Nasir Khan at the Imperial Cinema, Bombay. It seems to have been liked by the people, the way we see crowds outside the Imperial. "Angaray" is a story of simple hill folks but their sighs and smiles are not different from ours though naturally rustic. Some of the tunes by S. D. Burman are quite attractive.

ALL INDIA PICTURES (Bombay)

Producer-director P. N. Arora is the fastest worker one can come across in the film industry. More than half of "Chor Bazar" is ready and before another month, it will perhaps be completed. Arora, however, does not sacrifice quality in his mad rush for work and that is exactly where he scores. Sumitra and Shammi Kapoor lead a useful cast consisting of Chitra and Om Prakash.

NEW ART THEATRES (Bombay)

Director Arun Moitra is shooting regularly "Rahbar" starring Nimmi, Shakuntala, Balraj Sahni, Sulochana and Pran. Timir Baran is tuning the lyrics and that is an additional attraction.

R. S. FILMS (Bombay)

At M. & T. Studios, Andheri, "Sau ka Note" is progressing fast under the direction of Y. Pethker. The star cast consists of Geeta Bali, Begum Para, Karan Dewan, Krishna Kumari, Leela Misra and Badri Prasad. "Sau ka Note" is being produced by well-known character actor Ram Singh who often plays the bad man on the screen. Music is by S. Mahinder. The world rights of "Sau ka Note" are controlled by Adarsh Films Ltd., Chandni Chowk, Delhi.

KWATRA FILMS (Bombay)

Produced and directed by H. S. Kwatra, "Pilpili Saheb" a rib-tickling comedy is fast nearing completion. Shyama plays the heroine with Kuldip Kaur acting as foil to her virtue. Others in the cast are Agha, Pran, Sunder, Lalita Kumari, Madan and Panditji. Some popular folk music has been provided by music director Sardul Kwatra. Lyrics are composed by Hasrat Jaipuri and Shailendra. Another "Vanjara" in Punjabi, produced by Kwatra Brothers, is also getting ready. It is a tale of courage and chivalry and stars vivacious Renu Maker, Asha Mathur and Amarnath. Direction is by Majnu.

The office-going girl should try this novel type of choli for a change. Take any colour of bias binding and work it on the choli as shown in the sketch.

UMA CHITRA (Bombay)

Directed by Chaturbhuj Doshi, "Aabroo" is ready for release and if reports are to be believed it has box-office values. The cast is pretty imposing with popular artistes like Kamini Kaushal, Smriti Biswas and Kishore Kumar playing important roles supported by Motisagar, Madanpuri and Kesari. Three more pictures planned for production by Uma Chitra are "Teen Patte", "Shahzadi" and "Girnar".

GOLDEN PICTURES (Bombay)

"Sajni", starring Sulochana and Anoop Kumar and directed by Vasantrao Painter, has been completed. The story is from the pen of well-known Mahrashtrian writer Narayan Hari Apte. Music is by Sudhir Phadke. "Abhiman", their next, has gone on the sets under the direction of Gyan Mukerji. Ashok Kumar plays the male lead. Music is by Arun Kumar. Both "Sajni" and "Abhiman" are jointly produced by Isabel Clifford and P. R. Patkar.

FILMARTS (Bombay)

Producer T. R. Fatehchand has already completed two reels of "Milap" at the Famous Cine Studios, Mahalakshmi. "Milap" stars Geeta Bali opposite Dev Anand, supported by K. N. Singh, Johnny Walker, Rajinder Indra, Uma Devi and Krishan Dhawan. An exquisite dance number by Geeta Bali is one of the highlights of "Milap". Direction is by Raj Khosla while photography is in the hands of V. K. Murthy.

CHITRA NIKETAN LTD. (Bombay)

This company has an impressive line-up of quite a few pictures. They are: "Tankha", "Chandu" and "Aaj-ki-Baat". Written by Vinod Kumar and produced by Filmzar, "Tankha" is the story of a man who finds himself on the street after twenty-five years of faithful service. And he goes in search of a job to bring home his monthly salary to keep body and soul together. Nigar plays the heroine opposite Ajit while Pran plays an important role supported by Naina and Radhakisan. "Chandu" is a comedy with light moments, produced by Roop K. Shorey and starring Meena. Others in the cast are Majnu, Pran, Shashikala, Sunder, Gope, Om Prakash, Kuldip Kaur and Anita. Produced and directed by Leela Chitnis, "Aaj-ki-Baat" is a human story with two newcomers, Ajit and Uday, the two sons of Leela Chitnis, Chitra, Bipin Gupta and others.

INDIA FILMS (Bombay)

Producer Prakash Chhabra performed the muhurt of "Shahzada" on February 17 and since that time many sequences have been completed. Begum Para plays the heroine opposite Ajit supported by Sheila Ramani, Krishna Kumari, Murad and Johnny Walker. The story has an Egyptian background with plenty of scope for some intriguing dance numbers. Music director Nashad has already recorded two songs sung by Asha Bhosle and Shamshad Begum.

REVIEWED IN HOLLYWOOD

(By: Our Special Correspondent)

[More crime is manufactured in the celluloid factories of Hollywood than are atom bombs made in the armament factories of America. But between the crime pictures and the atom bombs—both products of American civilization—the former are more dangerous. The atom bomb kills and there is nothing left to weep over—not even memories. A crime picture laden with sex, lust and violence poisons the very blood in the veins of a man and affects not only the man but also his family, his friends, his society and his posterity. These pictures are a subtle but sure poison that affects the whole human race.

In their incontinent greed for money, Hollywood producers have thrown all decencies to the winds. Human values that contribute to the civilized existence of man mean nothing to them. Day after day these merchants of crime put on the market filthy and dangerous pictures without even a twitch of conscience. Their whole approach seems to be: To hell with the world, as long as we make money, nothing matters. If these felons of the celluloid world are not stopped, the world will soon become a colony of criminals.

No one can teach the Americans anything these days. With the atom bomb, they have arrogated to themselves the entire wisdom of the world. Profit is the yardstick with which they measure all human activity and even crime and crime pictures have become their national industries. A people racing for self-destruction can never be stopped by others. But others can watch the Americans heading for disaster and learn a lesson. Our poor and peace-loving Indians must learn this lesson. They must avoid filthy and dangerous pictures coming from Hollywood and save not only themselves but also our generations to come.

We had expected a lot from our censors on whom lies the sacred responsibility of protecting our people from such pictures. But our censors have let us down. They cannot even see bad pictures after such pictures are pointed out to them. These blind people cannot lead a nation and we rely on our people to save themselves. The Editor.]

Star Ratings: *Disgusting and Highly Objectionable; **Very Poor—Not Worth The Money; ***Not So Bad.

*Hell's Half Acre (Republic)

CAST: Wendell Corey, Evelyn Keyes, Nancy Gates

"Hell's Half Acre" is a hellish picture crowded with racketeers, murderers, blackmailers and other ugly characters from the underworld. The story is set in Hawaii and the title refers to an underworld section of Honolulu with flourishing crime. From beginning to end it is one long show of crime, violence and wickedness and makes a disgusting sight. With the usual thin pretense it is an outright stinking crime picture which is bound to increase crime in the world. Practically all the characters in the picture belong to the dark world of vice and violence and most of the picture reeks of gunsmoke and corpses. And all this disgusting display of violent crime is supposed to mean entertainment for the masses according to the perverse code of Hollywood. Unless the socially conscious censors step in and sedulously thwart Hollywood's efforts to degrade the world by banning all such dirty crime pictures, Hollywood will go on reaching its dangerous and anti-social message of crime and violence right to the doors of the millions of picturegoers who innocently turn to Hollywood for entertainment and receive filth, either overt or covert. "Hell's Half Acre" is a palpably dirty crime picture and as such should be banned by Indian censors as a matter of duty to their country.

Wendell Corey is a racketeer who has turned respectable after making a good fortune from various rackets in Honolulu. When Robert Costa, who was once his associate in a bank robbery, tries to blackmail Corey, Corey's Chinese girl friend Nancy shoots Costa dead. To protect Nancy, Corey decides to take the blame on himself thinking that he would be able to get out of trouble. He asks Nancy to get $50,000 from his house and hire a lawyer to defend him. In the meantime Evelyn Keyes arrives in Honolulu tracing a clue which would tell her whether Corey was her husband who was supposed to have been killed at Pearl Harbour ten years ago. She is promised a meeting with Corey by the police and before the meeting decides to ride around the town in Elsa Lanchester's taxi. From Elsa she learns about Corey's house which was occupied by Nancy and goes there to meet Nancy. But she is told by Phillip Ahn that Nancy was out and goes away. Actually Ahn, who was a former Chinese associate of Corey, had murdered Nancy to stop her from taking $50,000 from Corey's strongbox. When Corey, who was awaiting trial for Costa's murder, learns of Nancy's murder he escapes from the police custody and hiding himself in the hell's half acre decides not to rest until he has found Nancy's killer. Later Evelyn manages to meet Corey and discovers him to be her long lost husband. But since Corey does not want her young son to discover a racketeer father with a criminal past, he persuades Evelyn to consider him as dead. In the end Corey learns that Ahn was Nancy's murderer and while helping in his trapping by the police, Corey manipulates things in such a manner that he himself is killed leaving Evelyn free to start a new life.

Final Verdict: This is an ugly crime picture with sordid characters and situations which by no stretch of imagination makes for healthy and wholesome entertainment. It is a sure breeder of crime and as such should be banned with haste.

*Hell And High Water (20th Century Fox)

CAST: Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi, Victor Francen

The world we are living in today is an unhappy one, acutely troubled as it is by ideologies, blocs and

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'cold wars'. Perpetual international tension in politics is the most discomforting feature of our times. Never before in the history of mankind did such ubiquitous and excruciating tension exist in the world. Never before did a dark and frightening shadow of doom envelop the whole world. Never before was the world faced with a threat of being ended with a snap. And never before did death appear more frightening than it does today as science in its supposed march towards progress is becoming a playmate of death. Even eight years after the last World War, guns are still blaring in the world, large number of human beings are still dying unnecessarily and so-called well-wishers of the people are still beckoning death to visit humanity. Practically every nation seems tense with anxiety and poised to meet some colossal calamity. The U.N.O. which was designed to maintain and promote world peace has just become an international cockpit of argument from where emanate world's most of the disquieting and frightening headlines. The inventions of unimaginably destructive weapons of war like atomic bomb and hydrogen bomb have brought the world face to face with Doomsday. It is no more necessary to strain the imagination too hard over what the end of the world would be like. The instruments of ushering in Doomsday are at hand in plenty in stock-piles and when they are dropped on the world with the hundred times more ferocity and intensity of the ruin-rainers of Hiroshima, Nagasaki and Bikini Atoll, the world would vanish without perhaps even a sigh or a hiccup and if people's beliefs are correct all the old and new dead would rise again for the Final Judgment. That is the one advantage of atom and hydrogen bombs. They have made us, at least, visualize the sudden and snappy end of the world. But the vision made possible is too terrible and frightening to those who love life without being hypocritical or philosophical and want the humanity to continue and at least not strangulate itself. The realization that these infinitely terrible instruments of death and destruction are in the possession of some restive hands has further reduced human life to just an agonizing span of suspense.

In this tragic climate with the world at the doorsteps of great doom, we badly need sanity. Only absolute sanity can make one acutely anxious to promote peace in the world and denounce those who blinded by their whims and wild ambition fail to see suicide hidden in destruction of others and are rushing the world towards the bottomless abyss of atomic warfare. But wherever else that sanity may be found or may hoped to be found, in America it is becoming a rare commodity and in Hollywood it just does not exist. Americans seem to be so lunatically proud of their possession of these stockpiled deadly weapons of destruction that they have closed their eyes to all other facts in life. They have convinced themselves that because they are mighty they are also right. They refuse to listen to others. They refuse to respect the sentiments of others. They refuse to admit the wisdom of others. They only insist that in whatever it be, they are always right and every now and then flourish their deadly weapons to solve the world's problems. At home they believe in violence and repression, abroad they believe in violence and destruction. And while America thus indulges in its crazy political antics, the rest of the world waits and watches with abated breath and with concern and anxiety pooled in its eyes much like the wise elders watching a wild and moronic child who has got hold of a loaded firearm and is romping hysterically about with his finger twitching on the trigger. Sane and sweet words cannot help the situation because the child is wild and stupid and force and admonishment cannot be risked because the young moron is dangerously armed. It is just a tragedy of circumstances and only unforeseen circumstances might avert the tragedy.

In this tragic state of affairs, while American writers and journalists are gleefully speculating about the possible third world war with statistics and military maps etc., that arch idiotic, dishonest and criminal institution called Hollywood is doing its own stupid and dishonest bit to add more tragedy to an already tragic situation by producing blatant propaganda pictures geared to create more hostility in the world and to spread more falsehood and violence. It has already produced scores of pictures conveying the calculated impression that unless every Communist, half-Communist, quarter-Communist, semi-Communist, pro-Communist and everyone who does not agree with destructive and idiotic American scoundrels in politics like the dirty and unscrupulous Junior Senator Joe from Wisconsin, is wiped out from the surface of the earth, the Americans cannot chew their gum in peace and plaster their rooms with pin-ups. It has already produced a picture dealing with an American atomic bomb and American gangsters—both the things being only too ugly and unpleasant symbols of the American way of life. It has also produced a picture about Japan's atomic bombardment, praising the Americans no end, as if this American performance of destroying millions of civilians in one shot without any warning will go down in history as one of the most heroic deeds. Apart from these it has produced other propaganda pictures trying to convey that heroes are ejected only out of American wombs in this world. However, though an exaggerated sense of patriotism may be tolerated, the brazen, malicious and dangerous falsehood which is contained in Hollywood's latest crooked propaganda attempt is too hard to swallow and should make all decent, honest and peace-loving people sit up.

The name of this shabby, dishonest picture is "Hell and High Water", made in Cinemascope, a latest pictorial device symbolic of America's emphasis in every field on size and surface rather than on sense and substance. According to this picture, the Communists had a plot whereby they wanted to drop an atomic bomb on Korea themselves from a captured American plane and later start a world war after blaming the atomic bombardment on the Americans. The Americans, of course, get the scent of the plot and destroy the Communists with their own atomic bomb thus saving Korea from complete ruin and the world from another World War. Now this is a brazen, monstrous lie and a most dirty slander against the Communists, be they of Russia or China. Nowhere have the newspapers ever carried a report to this effect. Even if there could exist a very secret information to this effect, the American newshounds would have known how to reach it and the American Press would have certainly made a thundering capital out of it in its hysteric anti-Communism. The implication that Communists are so eager to start a world conflagration that they would even drop an atomic bomb on themselves in order to jump into a fray with Americans, is crude and fantastic nonsense. It is just a political opinion when politics is too burdened with fraud and falsehood. Americans and Communists are constantly throwing such allegations on each other leaving the rest of the world too confused to be able to sift truth from professional politics. In any case, people know how many times American politicians and militarists have openly suggested the employment of the atomic bomb as a solution of numerous problems. But the baseless slander against Russian and Chinese Communists contained in this picture is not just fantastic nonsense to be waived with indifference as another example of crude American propaganda. It is a dirty and damaging slander against Russia and China and is an obvious and designed promoter of tension and hostility in the world. Commenting on this picture, even Bosley Crowther, the famous film critic of New York Times, has said that "the idea that such a foreign intrigue would be manipulated as shown here is mad". Nobody, of course, can thrust peace down America's gullet and if it so chooses it can go on with its slanders and counter-slanders warming up the explosive world atmosphere. America is an avowed enemy of Russia and for it Communist China does not even exist. With America nothing exists which is beyond its nose. But in a neutral country like India which is sincerely given to maintaining friendly relations with all the countries to the best of her ability and to the ideals of world

peace, a crude, shameless and dangerous propaganda picture like "Hell and High Water" most certainly cannot be welcome. India does not want its relations to be impaired with any country, to contribute to world hostility and to hurt its neighbours. India neither wants to hurt Americans nor Russians nor Chinese. If New Delhi respects the sentiments of the American Embassy, it also respects those of the Russians and Chinese. "Hell and High Water", therefore, should be banned outright in India and the censors should see that by their judgement they do not embarrass the peace-pursuing Indian Government.

The picture tells about a group of scientists of many nationalities receiving information that Communists had established a secret arsenal of atomic weapons on an isolated island in the Arctic region. The scientists therefore bond together and start on an investigation in a submarine. Richard Widmark, a former U.S. Naval Submarine officer, is hired by the group to command the submarine on its underwater trip to the Arctic. Soon after they sail, they are forced into a battle by a Chinese Communist submarine, which the expeditionists destroy ultimately. On board, Widmark falls in love with Bella Darvi, the daughter of Francen, the leader of the group. On reaching the Arctic, the scientists manage to capture a Communist officer from the Communist island and the Red officer reveals to them that the Communists had established an arsenal of atomic weapons on the island. He also tells them that the Communists planned to drop an atomic bomb on Korea using a captured American plane so that they may blame the Americans for the outrage. The scientists now start doing things quickly and Bella's father loses his life in an attempt to signal the submarine when the Communists take off in the American plane to drop an atomic bomb on Korea. In the end however, Widmark and his crew succeeded in shooting down the plane. The plane crashes on the island destroying with it the whole Communist arsenal on the island. Widmark and Bella stand close to each other on the return trip.

Final Verdict: In the present times of world tension, this is too blatant, slanderous and dangerous a propaganda picture to be allowed to be shown in any country which is sincerely devoted to the ideals of peace in the world. The picture should be banned in India forthwith.

*Bait (Columbia)

CAST: Cleo Moore, Hugo Haas, John Agar

It sometimes seems that Hollywood producers and writers derive their ideas for motion picture plots from the direct promptings of the Devil himself the way they come out with more and more shockingly new and devilishly ingenious ideas dealing with crime and perversity. "Bait" gives the picturegoers of the world a new angle on how to commit a murder with 'moral justification'. The problem is: suppose you are a middle-aged man and want to murder a young man because you do not want to share with him some huge wealth to which he is entitled, how can you commit the murder in a way that the heinous crime will appear to be morally justified or at least not entirely unreasonable? Well, "Bait" provides the answer. All you have got to do is to marry a young, seductive woman and see that your proposed victim is provoked by her charms and makes love to her and when he has sinned with your wife, just perish him with all the moral indignation at your command. This device can be called inviting a moral crime to commit a legal crime. Columbia Pictures hope to make profits by passing on this dangerous and filthy idea to millions of picturegoers spread all over the world. And it once again proves that motion picture production in Hollywood has just become a dirty game of profits without any moral or aesthetic values. Only an unscrupulous greed for profits could have provoked the producers to present before the public a sordid picture like "Bait" which so specifically suggests this new murder scheme. The picture shows a middle-aged, greedy prospector marrying a young woman with the sole purpose of using her to lure his friend into having an affair with her so that the friend, who is entitled to a half share in the greedy prospector's gold mine, may be murdered by him under apparent moral provocation. It is true that the picture does not show the crooked prospector succeeding in his devilish scheme nor does it approve of the filthy idea. But once an entire motion picture has been woven round such a stinking theme and the rankly filthy idea has been specifically suggested to millions of innocent and impressionable picturegoers, it makes little difference whether the villain succeeds in the end or not and whether the picture commends the theme or condemns it. By now practically all honest and sober thinking men agree that as far as the medium of motion picture is concerned, it is not necessary to preach evil to corrupt public morals, mere portrayal of evil on the screen is enough. "Bait", thus, is a filthy and dangerous picture and deserves to be banned.

The picture which shows the Devil himself in the beginning, concerns a greedy and unscrupulous prospector, Hugo Haas, who has some tall stories about a hidden gold mine which few believe. At last Haas finds in Agar, a young farmer, a man who is prepared to believe him and who agrees to start a search for the gold mine with him. After some arduous exploring, the two men succeed in discovering the gold mine but Haas now regrets the deal with Agar and secretly decides to prevent Agar from sharing with him equally the discovered gold. So he thinks of a nefarious plan to marry a shady but shapely waitress, Cleo Moore, so that he can use her as a 'bait', engineer Agar into an affair with her and then under that excuse commit his murder. Cleo agrees to marry Haas and accompanies him to the mountain-cabin where, having laid his trap, Haas waits to seize Agar. Haas' devilish scheme works to a certain extent and Agar and Cleo, living together, soon fall in love with each other. But beyond that they do not make any slip and Cleo, for practical purposes, remains faithful to Haas. Finding that the provocation he wanted was still not coming Haas decides to rush things and pretending to take a trip to town leaves Cleo and Agar alone in the cabin. But they get wise to his sinister scheme and after taking his share of the gold Agar goes away with Cleo to plan a common future while, unknown to them, Haas, who is left behind in cold and hunger and with a broken leg, prepares to pay his penalty with an approaching death.

Final Verdict: Placing emphasis on sex and a sinister plan of murder, the picture is a stinking piece of entertainment, ugly in theme, content, presentation and appeal. It should be banned straightaway in the name of sheer decency.

*Ride Clear Of Diablo (Universal-International)

CAST: Audie Murphy, Susan Cabot, Dan Duryea

"Ride Clear of Diablo" is the usual noisy Western from Hollywood with gun-play, blood-spilling and robberies which every decent picturegoer should steer clear of. The picture is about the usual nice man who cannot remain nice and peaceful because his relatives have been murdered and he has to avenge their death. Having a man who is out to avenge the murder of his relatives as the hero, the picture proceeds with the usual routine of fights, chases, gun-battles, robberies, killings and other assorted devilries. For a slight change the real crooks in the picture are a sheriff and a lawyer, both respectable men in appearance but devils underneath. Among the sympathetically drawn characters are the revenge-bound hero and a notorious gunman. This reversal in usual characterizations painting a usually good sheriff as a villain and a usually dislikeable gunman as a sympathetic character may please some imbecile Western-fans but only adds more stink to the picture which not only shows the usual unpleasant contents of a Western but portrays even sheriffs as crooks.

Learning that his father and kid brother had been murdered and the ranch's cattle rustled, Murphy returns to town bent on finding the killers and taking revenge upon them. The town's sheriff, Paul Birch, and lawyer

William Pullen try to make Murphy give up the idea of revenge because they themselves were the brains behind the murder and loot of Murphy's family. They had got the rustling and murders done with the help of the henchman Russell Johnson. Murphy, however, insists on his mission and becomes a deputy sheriff. With the object of getting him killed as soon as possible, Birch begins giving Murphy some dangerous assignments. He first sends him to capture a notorious and murderous gunman, Dan Duryea, but when Murphy returns with Duryea as his captive the sheriff is disappointed and gives him more dangerous jobs. Managing his release on technical grounds, Duryea decides to help Murphy whom he had begun to like. When Murphy falls in love with Susan, Birch's niece engaged to Pullen, and she also responds, Pullen does not like the development and orders Johnson to murder Murphy and then carry out a robbery. But Johnson, along with his sweetheart Abbe Lane, a saloon singer, double-crosses Pullen, pulls out the robbery and runs away with the gold but does not murder Murphy. At this, Birch informs Murphy that Johnson is the man he wanted for vegeance. Murphy runs after Johnson and kills him in a gun battle. Murphy is followed by Birch and Pullen who were out to kill him. In the meantime Duryea warns Murphy of their plans and exposes them to him as the men responsible for his family's killing. In the final fierce gun fight Duryea is killed while trying to protect Murphy from Birch and Pullen and they in turn are shot dead by Murphy. In the end Murphy marries Susan.

Final Verdict: With all its devilry, crookedness, gun fights and robberies, the picture is an ugly essay on hatred, crime and violence and deserves to be banned in a peaceful and nonviolent country like India.

*Dangerous Mission (R.K.O.)

CAST: Victor Mature, Piper Laurie, Vincent Price

"Dangerous Mission" is another ill-tasting concoction served in a Technicolored goblet. Portrayed against some interesting natural scenery, the picture is filled with disgusting contents and deals with crooks and criminals, their criminal, violent activities and their victims. The theme of course, is murder. Beginning with one murder, the rest of the picture is devoted to showing a long, sinister, planned attempt by a criminal to commit another murder. The proposed victim happens to be an innocent girl but since the girl chances to witness a murder by some criminals, she ceases to be innocent for the criminals and they prepare to murder her too. What a useful, instructive and educative story! The world is already much burdened with and sick of incidental, accidental and professional murderers. But here is Hollywood mixing murder with our entertainment also. For Hollywood crime is the life-blood of screen entertainment and so practically every picture from Hollywood must deal with crime and murder. Whether a picture is laid against the background of a frozen, ice country or against a steaming desert area, and whether it is set in the historical past or in the astronomical future, Hollywood always can and does find its easy way to fill it with ugly and obnoxious contents and anti-social themes of crime and murder. "Dangerous Mission" supplements the ugliness of human acts in the picture with the ugliness of nature. When human beings are not unleashing their dirty and deadly designs, Nature is unleashing its fury in the picture in the shape of avalanches and wild forest fires. Having one long, sinister murder theme and composed of scenes of an elaborate murder plan alternated by scenes of attempt to thwart the plan, the picture is basically an ugly crime picture which simply disgusts with all its extremely unpleasant contents and, therefore, deserves to be scrupulously avoided by all decent picturegoers.

The story has Piper Laurie working in a New York nightclub as a cigarette girl. When she witnesses a gangster commit a murder, she is frightened at the prospect of being involved in it and so to forget the whole thing she rushes to Glacier National Park in Montana and finds a job behind the souvenir counter in the hotel. But the killer and Manhattan's district attorney both come to know that she had witnessed the murder and so both set out to get her. While the district attorney wants her as a material witness in the murder trial, the gangster, of course, wants her for the purpose of eliminating incriminating evidence, in other words, for the purpose of killing her in cold blood. Soon Vincent Price, on behalf of the killer, and Victor Mature, on behalf of the district attorney, manage to arrive at Glacier National Park. The detective Mature goes about as a vacationist and the gangster Price pretends to be a magazine photographer. Both do not know each other's mission and both become friendly with Piper and mark time. When the peace of the place is disturbed by an avalanche, a blazing forest fire and broken power lines threatening to electrocute people, Mature emerges out of the troubles a brave and heroic man and wins Piper's love. Price in turn finds a sweetheart in Betta St. John, a Red Indian girl, whose father happens to be a killer wanted by the police. At last Price gets an opportunity to fulfil his mission when Piper gets into his car. Driving along at high speed Price pushes Piper out of the running car in order to kill her. But with the help of the Park Rangers and their leader William Bendix, Piper manages to survive this attempt on her life. Mature now reveals his identity and with Bendix and Piper sets out to hunt down Price who in the meanwhile wanted to get away by forcing Betta to lead him out of the Park through a hazardous route across the glacier. As Mature and Piper overtake Price on the glacier, there starts a gun battle during which Mature slips down a hill. Price seizes Piper and rushes along. But they do not get far and soon fall into a deep crevasse. As Mature rushes to rescue Piper, Price keeps firing at him but Mature manages to haul Piper out to safety while Price is buried under snow. In the end Piper agrees to take the stand in New York and marry Mature.

Final Verdict: It is one long ugly and disgusting show of crime, murder and shootings. A picture which seeks to entertain through crime, chaos and disasters deserves to be banned.

W. M. Khan, that veteran villain of many stories, sees a new victim in the juicy young Shakila in "Noor Mahal", a love tale produced by Ramniklal Shah for Shah Pictures.

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Editor

S. SHANTARAM

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NIGAR, MOTISAGAR

HEERA SAWANT, RAJ

&

S. K. SHAM.

★

Produced by

SETH RAM BACHAN &

WORKERS

★

Direction

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A. M. BHANJI

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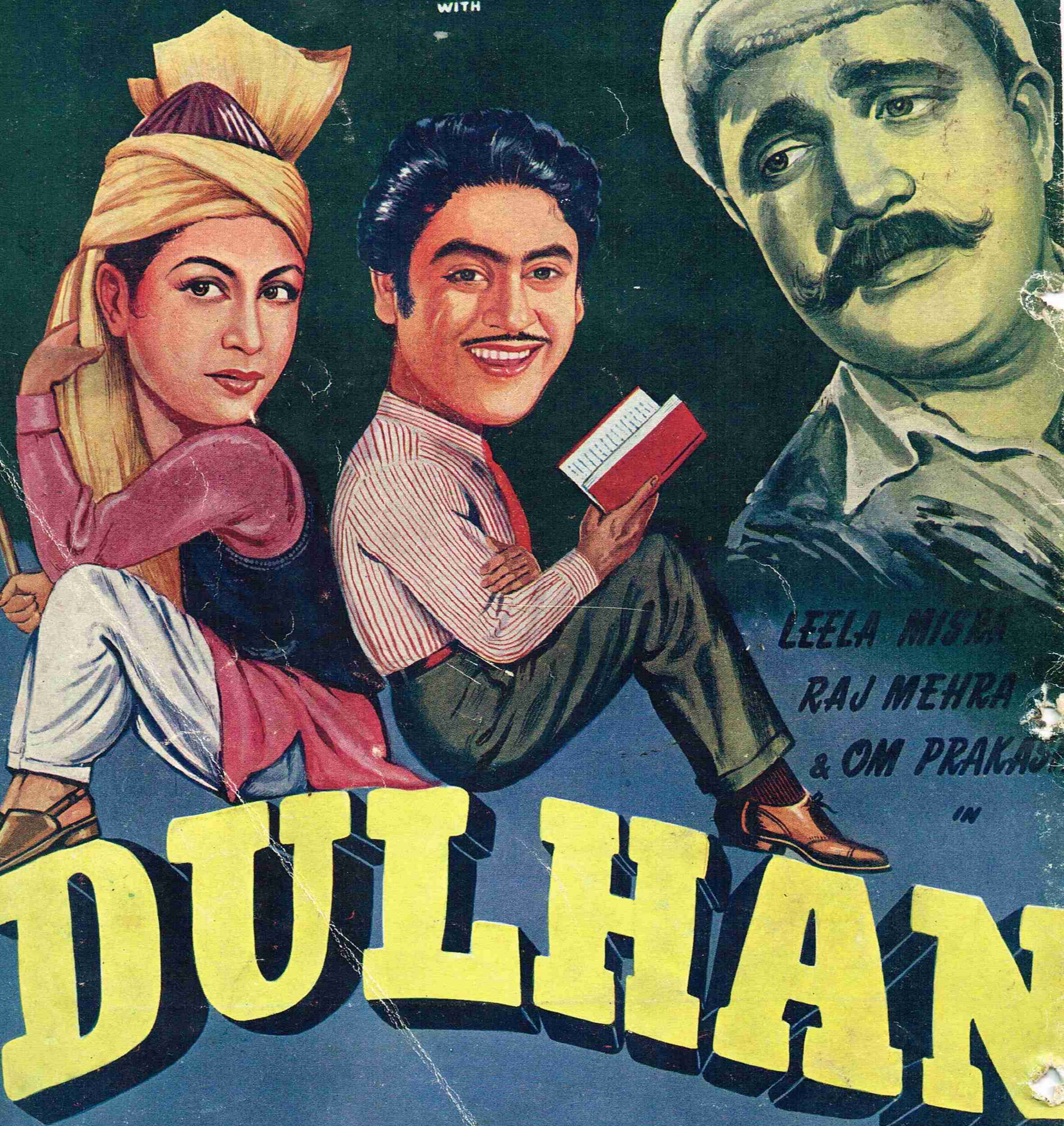

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